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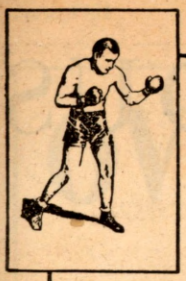

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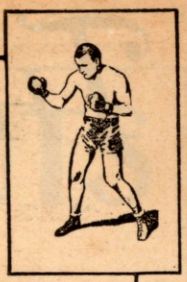

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X JULY, 1931 No. 6

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

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"The Ring's Most Valuable Boxer Award." Who won the fourth annual trophy, emblematic of the highest sportsmanship, skill and influence on the game? The winner will be named in the August issue.

"Are Fighters the Marrying Kind?" Some of our best boxers have had extremely happy lives and Wilbur Wood tells about them.

"Those Campus Wows." A timely article by Spike Webb, coach of the intercollegiate championship Annapolis team.

"When George Washington Threw All Comers." Read how The Father of Our Country learned the intricacies of the mat sport. By James Hay, Jr.

These, in addition to fiction by Daniel M. Daniel, news from all parts of the world and stories by Hype Igoe, Frank Graham, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Nat Fleischer.

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The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45. General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City. Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary. Advertising Manager—Norman H. Meiners, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS

New York Commission Not Within Reason in Repudiating Schmeling

By Max Fleischer

BOXING in this country is making a valiant, uphili fight to return to prosperity and success. It will make this fight a winning one this year. But actions such as that of the New York Commission, which has repudiated itself by announcing the Sharkey-Carnera fight as being for the world championship, are not going to help the situation any.

I admire James A. Farley, William Muldoon and General John Phelan, who make up the New York body, for their honesty and their good intentions. But I cannot admire them in this case for their perspicacity and, in fact, for common sense. They have placed themselves in an anomalous position which has drawn adverse comment all over the world.

Although THE RING has stood firmly in favor of a return Schmeling-Sharkey fight, because of the sportsmanship involved, and the promise made by the German to give the American champion another chance, I must take issue with the New York Commission on its startling about-face.

Whatever may be held against Schmeling, one thing is still important—he is the world's heavyweight champion. The title cannot be taken from him unless he loses it in the ring.

That the German has got himself into a mess in this country is really no fault of his. Those who handle his affairs are responsible for his predicament which has cost the German thousands of dollars and will cost him considerably more before he is through. And all because of the so-called shrewd management.

That Schmeling has been badly advised, is obvious. Even his manager, Joe Jacobs, must admit that, now that he has had time to realize that steering Schmeling from the Sharkey path was anything but good judgment. But, regardless of these errors, there is only one way in which Max can lose his title—in the ring.

* * *

THE New York Commission last June sponsored the Schmeling-Sharkey battle as a championship match. THE RING, following that move, with the aid of Tom Donohue, Connecticut State Boxing Commissioner and former N. B. A President, induced the National Boxing Association members to back New York and designate the bout as for the world's championship.

THE RING also induced the European Federation to do likewise, and with the announcement of favorable action, this publication awarded to the winner—Schmeling—a championship belt.

Regardless of how Max won the title, the championship belonged to him after the referee had awarded him the fight on a foul. The New York Commission, at a subsequent meeting, stood by the referee's verdict and crowned the German the successor of Gene Tunney.

Now the New York Commission feels that it erred. It declares that Max has lost whatever rights he possessed by his refusal to meet Sharkey, as he had agreed. And the Fistic Fathers, to "rectify" their error, have "taken" the title from Schmeling and announced that it will be awarded to the winner of the Sharkey-Carnera battle. By what authority?

That the New York Board has gone a step farther than the rules of the game permit, is obvious. I still believe that Sharkey is Schmeling's master. I still believe that had the fight gone further, he would have knocked out Schmeling. I still believe the Bostonian is the greatest of all the current heavyweight fighters.

But we must face the facts. I am a stickler for rules and so far as I can see, there is no code by which the New York Commission can deprive Schmeling of his championship and give it to Sharkey or to Carnera. Stribling alone can win that title by outpointing Max, knocking him out or winning on a foul.

Championships are won and lost in the ring and only in the ring. The New York Commission and the National Boxing Association for that matter, often have deprived a champion of his crown only to find that when that champion faced a contender in the ring, the "shorn championship" was still at stake and where the contender won the bout under championship rules, he, and not the fellow to whom the solons had awarded the title, was the recognized leader of his division.

* * *

I WOULD like to see Schmeling shorn of his laurels because he has not lived up to the sportsmanship which a fellow of his standing should show. But until he is beaten in the ring, this publication will give him the title which rightfully belongs to him.

I am satisfied that the action of the New York board will result in one thing. It will force the issue for a fight between the winners of the Sharkey-Carnera and Schmeling-Stribling battles. With New York recognizing the winner of the Sharkey-Carnera contest as the world champion, and the National Boxing Association doing likewise with the victor in the Cleveland fray, there will be two title holders in this country and each will have his following and support of certain states.

Now, in the light of the New York Commission's ruling, Carnera is recognized as an outstanding heavyweight contender—and for no other reason than that he has knocked out a flock of pushovers—has gained a hairline decision over Jimmy Maloney, a washed up heavyweight, and has won over George Godfrey on a foul.

Yet, in its official stand, the New York Commission has simply followed the example of the Garden Corporation of Illinois which previously had thought so highly of the Venetian, that, with the aid of the managers of both Schmeling and Stribling, the corporation sewed him up to a contract to fight the winner of that bout in September. Not alone that, but the Garden held him in reserve in the event Stribling would be unable to face the champion.

It remains a certainty therefore, that if Carnera was good enough to be sewed up by the Garden for a September championship fight, then Sharkey, should he whip Carnera, would be the logical man to replace the Italian in such role. And such a contest, should it take place as I believe it will if Sharkey succeeds in his summer campaign, will be a real heavyweight championship tilt.

But until then, whether New York recognizes it or not, the Schmeling-Stribling fight at Cleveland is the only heavyweight world's championship fight and the winner of that, will be the only world title holder. The Brooklyn battle, on the other hand, will be one for the American championship, with Sharkey in the role of the crown wearer.

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Read Following Original Reproduction of Letters Received:

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I was a middle weight and your course made me beat the heavyweight champ of Boise City in one round with Secret Punch.
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Your course reached me yesterday and please don't ask if I am satisfied. Nothing that I have paid money for even to my meals which are quite palatable has ever pleased me or done me more good than your course. I now have an insight on your scientific art that I never expected was possible. You give such reasons for everything and so plain that any child could not go wrong. (Signed) Willie Kid Green,
Lacus Comsy, B.B.B.L. Co., Mdse. Dept.

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(Signed) Jonus Cooper.

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(Signed) Roy Elgbocka, 673 Cooper Cliff Rd.

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(Signed) Tom Sliwicki, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gus Martel:— Dallas, Tex., Dec. 11, 1930.
I received your boxing course and Secret K. O. Punch. I have some 10 or 12 Boxing books and I must frankly admit that yours is the most complete and sensible one I have ever read or seen.
Very sincerely, Frankie Mahon.

Dear Gus:— Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1931.
I want to thank you for all the benefits I derived from your course. Am feeling 100% better physically and mentally, sleep better, eat till I am full and only at ½ the cost. You should say your course is more than free because I am sure I saved more than its cost the first week.
Your friend to the last,
(Signed) Murray Schachter, 1919 Rockaway Ave.

Another letter from one of his pupils to RING MAGAZINE:
Feb. 5, 1931.
Albert D. Kent, 84 Washington Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
I have read ads. in local papers and in the RING concerning Gus Martel, and have also read different stories appearing in different publications on the same subject and would like to ask a couple of questions.
Q. Who in your estimation piled up the largest string of K.O.'s. Was it Gus Martel? A. Yes, as an amateur.
Q. Why isn't Gus Martel listed in the record book. Is it because he was an amateur? A. Yes.
(Signed) Nat Fleischer, Editor RING MAGAZINE.
"World's Authority on Fighters."

Another from QUESTION BOX OF RING MAGAZINE, Feb. 1931.
Q. Who would win a Gus Martel-Al Singer Contest, and how many rounds? A. Martel likely to win. Very unwise to predict number of rounds. Martel was a great fighter in his days.

Gus speaks from an experience of over five hundred knockouts, and carries a punch that floors them all. His course will carry you to the top, boys, as it carried him. His fully illustrated secret punch, copyrighted, if good enough for five hundred knockouts, and good enough for the police to adopt as a police weapon to battle criminals, HOW ABOUT YOU?

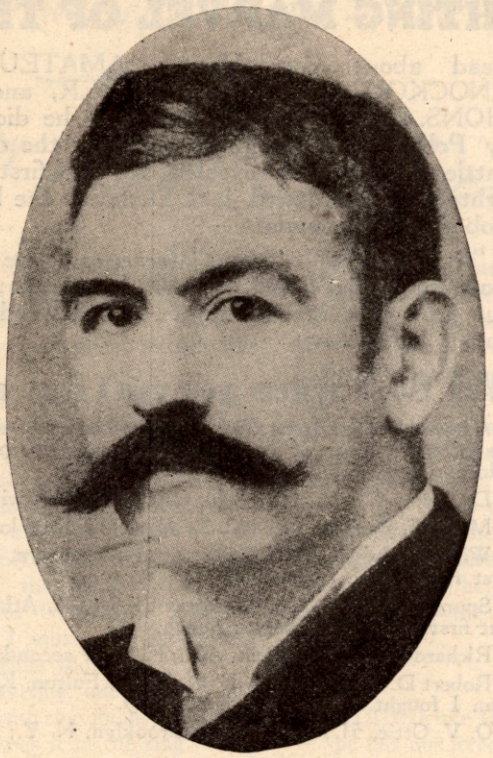
Popularity Often

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THE Schmeling - Stribling match brings up once more the question of popularity. Here's a contrast—Schmeling, who has failed to fire the imagination of fistic followers even in his own country, and Stribling, the idol of the South, the King of the Canebrakes.

We all remember that old cartoon drawn by Charles Dana Gibson, labelled "The Champion." It showed Jim Jeffries surrounded by a crowd which included representatives of all walks of life. Gibson intended to convey the idea that to the champion always went the acclaim of the crowd. However, that hasn't always been true. We have had title holders of tremendous popularity, and others who simply could not arouse the admiration of the crowd.

Measured by popularity, the greatest fighter in the history of American pugilism was John L. Sullivan. In victory and in defeat, the Boston Strong Boy had a legion of friends who never deserted him. To them he was king—champion or no champion. Next to John L. comes Jack Dempsey. His popularity, however, only dates back to the day when he was dethroned by Gene Tunney in the Sesqui Centennial Stadium of Philadelphia, a defeat that, overnight, brought to Dempsey the plaudits of the crowd which he had so much wanted when he held the crown, but which he seldom had received.



John L. Sullivan
Fired public imagination

At the other extreme, we find two champions running neck and neck for the palm, with Schmeling just a shade ahead of his predecessor, Gene Tunney. Schmeling is the most unpopular heavyweight title holder and all because he has failed to display the courage of other great heavyweights.

By taking the easiest way out in claiming a foul in his battle with Jack Sharkey, Herr Max lost the respect of those who admire the fighting spirit in a man.

For that at least, he could have been forgiven, for he was within his rights in forcing the penalty for low hitting upon Sharkey. It was what followed that caused the desertion of the fans. It was his refusal to meet Sharkey in another bout. Had he come forth in true sportsmanship and gone through with the return battle that he had promised to the Bostonian who had him whipped to a frazzle up to the time the low punch was accidentally struck, the German undoubtedly would have gained the admiration of millions of fight fans the world over.

Instead he balked. He wanted no more of Jack Sharkey's punches. Therefore to-day, when he should be sitting atop of the roost, a popular hero, a la Dempsey, he stands before the public a much maligned, ridiculed champion, one who is referred to as fearing to risk the crown he won while in a sitting position, against the man who he apparently knows is his master—Jack Sharkey.

* * *

AS for Tunney, his unpopularity has been brought about not by any lack of fighting spirit, fear or failure to meet the requirements of a truly great leader, fistically speaking, but because of his personal dislike for the sport that had enabled him to rise from a shipping clerk to the millionaire class and into society, and because he had dethroned the colorful Jack Dempsey. Had Tunney accepted hero worship, had he catered to the element that has made a hero out of Dempsey, he too would have found himself a pugilistic idol.

His was a most unfortunate case, for he brought public dislike upon himself by casting aside those who had enabled him to reach the heights as soon as he had attained his goal.

As the years pass on, those who study their fistic history, will give to Gene Tunney the place which he rightfully has earned. They may say what they want about Tunney and his social aspirations but they can never take from Gene his fistic greatness. He was a master technician, the cleverest heavyweight, excepting Corbett and Jack Johnson, since the advent of the glove fights, and a most punishing hitter. That is far more than can be said of several of his predecessors and of the present incumbent, Max Schmeling, who won the title sitting down.

As for Schmeling, he has failed to date to show a championship class. He lacks the fighting instinct of any of the former heavyweight champions.

* * *

POPULARITY always goes to him who merits it. Schmeling has failed to gain it even in his own country, for no true lover of boxing holds up for admiration a fighter who fears to risk his crown against those who might defeat him.

Coming back to New York practically broke, one eye partially closed, his face covered with painful bruises and minus the championship that he had held for ten years, Sullivan still remained the "Idol of Fistiana." He was just as popular in the hour of defeat as he had been when he held the title of King. To the sporting world, he was the Champion of Champions to the end of his life.

Corbett wasn't a popular champion because the public's fondness for Sullivan had made thousands of enemies for his young California conqueror. Many sporting men refused to admit that Corbett was a great pugilist. They would rather think that he had gained the top rung of the ladder by beating a fat, untrained, physically broken-down gladiator who had lost his punch in a long-drawn-out battle with John Barleycorn.

When Corbett was whipped for the title by Fitzsimmons, the sporting public acclaimed the victory of Ruby Robert because of their dislike for Gentleman Jim. They felt that he was a dude, like Gene Tunney, and that, unlike Sullivan who was at all times willing to meet all comers, Corbett was in the game only for what he could get out of it. His two years of idleness seemed to prove the point to their satisfaction.

Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, proved a popular title holder. The public liked him because in Freckled Bob they could picture an extraordinary fighter, a triple champion, a punishing hitter and a clever boxer, a combination of every-

Eludes Champions

Sullivan and Dempsey Achieved It, Schmeling and Tunney Failed

thing that makes for greatness in the ring. Then, added to that, was the ring "color" which he possessed. "Ruby Robert," "Freckled Bob," "Fitz," "Old Freckles"—these designations by the fight fan were signs of his popularity.

The public likes a fighter and that is why they adored Fitz and took Jim Jeffries to their heart. Jeffries, like the man he whipped for the title at Coney Island in the eleventh round, was a fighter who gained approval through his strength and forceful hitting. Added to that, he developed the famous Jeffries crouch with its popular appeal.

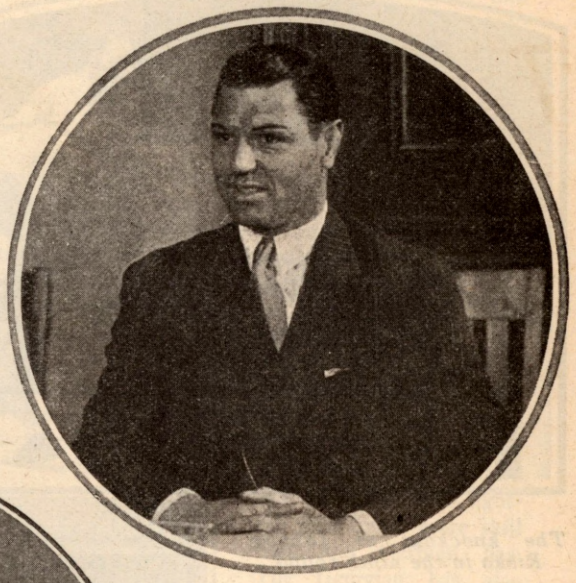
* * *

FOLLOWING Jeffries, came the era of unpopularity, for every champion who succeeded him was more or less in disfavor with the followers of the sport, although one of the title holders, Dempsey, eventually overcame public enmity brought on by the draft evasion charge, and became, after his retirement, the greatest favorite the sport has known since the days of John L. Sullivan.

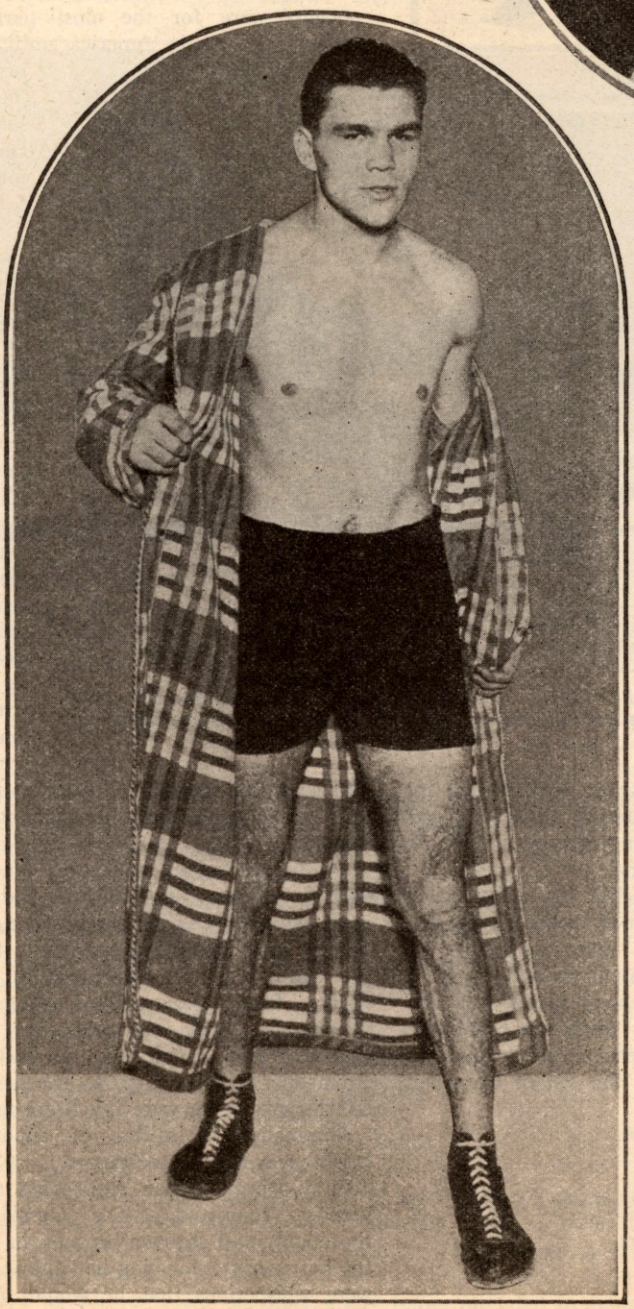
Jack Johnson gained the ire of the public through his many escapades that had reacted against the safety of boxing. As a fighter, he was extolled but as a member of society, he had fallen into disrepute.

Marvin Hart and Tommy Burns, who had preceded him, were not sufficiently in the limelight to have the public fancy aroused to any extent. The former was not internationally recognized and Burns was minus the color to get him into the popular appeal class.

As for Willard, he lacked favor because he disliked his profession. His treatment of boxing as a circus vocation, brought him the jibes of the populace. His introduction



Jack Dempsey
Hero of the crowd



Max Schmeling
Won the wrong way

of the commercialism on a high scale into training, made him a target for abuse. He never was regarded as a good fighter. He was looked upon more as a freak and when he was whipped by the comparatively puny Dempsey, his downfall went unmourned.

* * *

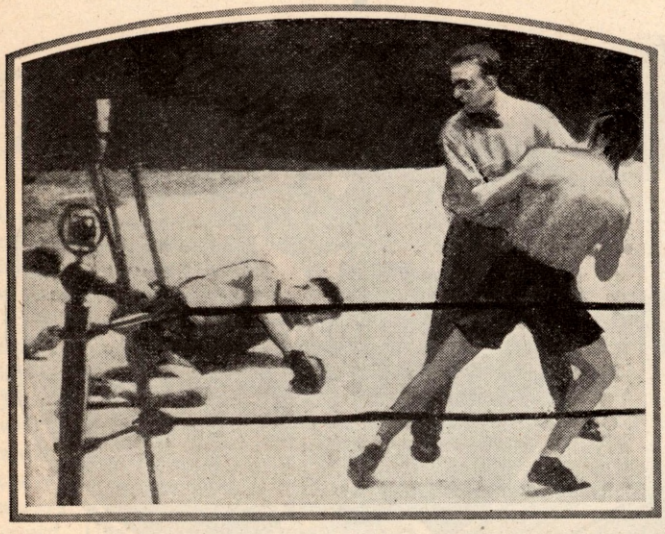
BUT Dempsey didn't fare any better. His failure to join the colors, through no fault of his own, brought the condemnation of the American Legion upon his head and try as the Manassa Mauler did through many years to erase that stigma, he couldn't do it until he had lost his title to Tunney. Then the fight fans, for the first time, apparently came to the realization that a great fighter, a most colorful gladiator, a marvelous physical specimen, the most magnetic ring warrior since Sullivan had been ousted from his throne.

From then to this day, the name J. Dempsey is synonymous with popularity.

There never was such a fistic attraction as he. He was the magnet that enabled the late Tex Rickard to become the world's greatest sports promoter. He was the man who brought into the field of pugilism the million dollar gate. He was the fighter whose popularity caused an influx into Soldiers' Field of Chicago of the most gigantic gathering that ever had been attracted to a fight—120,000 persons who paid $3,000,000.

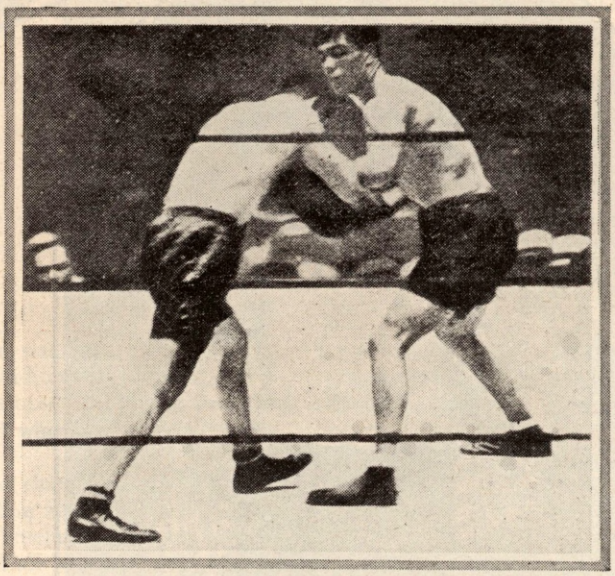
Max Schmeling,

Relative Merits of German and Young Stribling, Give American Pronounced Advantage in Boxing and Hitting



The knockout of Johnny Risko in the ninth round

HAD anyone ten years ago expressed the opinion that a German heavyweight champion would arrive in America in 1929 and in 1930 would engage in a battle designated as for the heavyweight championship of the world, the utterance would have been received with considerable merriment. Yet Max Schmeling, now claimant of the world's heavyweight title, heavyweight champion of Germany and doubtless the best heavyweight in Europe, accomplished the supposed impossible feat, and is soon to engage in a heavyweight tussle with Young Stribling, by way of attempting to settle the dispute as to the ownership of the title. It also appears that for four years preceding his arrival in America, Schmeling was actively engaged in boxing with varied and numerous contenders for the German and European honors.



The battle with Paulino in which Schmeling gained the decision at the end of fifteen rounds

There is evidence to support the belief that the boxing tournaments held by American and French troops during the world war and following the Armistice, were responsible for the interest in glove fighting in Germany in recent years.

Not only in Germany was this movement noted, but also in other European countries. Time was when the championship titles of Europe were divided between Great Britain and France, but all that is past and gone, as this list of European champions indicates:

Heavyweight—Pierre Charles, Belgium.
Light heavyweight—Vacant.
Middleweight—Mario Bosisio, Italy.
Welterweight—Gustave Roth, Belgium.
Lightweight—Francois Sybille, Belgium.
Featherweight—Vacant.
Bantamweight—Carlos Flix, Spain.
Flyweight—Vacant.

With Belgium, Italy and Spain dividing the boxing titles of Europe, it was decidedly in order for Germany to do something to restore prestige, and Schmeling is the answer. This German fighter certainly has done enough to focus the public eye on the Fatherland, and raise the expectation of other efficient boxers in the near future.

* * *

DURING the time that Schmeling was working his way up in the heavyweight division in Germany, his opponents were for the most part fellow countrymen, men never heard of in America until the German heavyweight's record was published in this country. The only one who had some reputation, was Gypsy Daniels, a chap who had done considerable boxing in different parts of Europe, and who had a certain amount of skill. Daniels and Schmeling met in Berlin in 1927, and the dispute lasted ten sessions with Schmeling getting the award of the referee.

Daniels evidently harbored the impression that he was the master of the German title-holder, and he applied for another match and got it. He also got an opening in the first round and put the German champion down for the full count of ten. This upset took place in 1929, and the belief was quite general that Schmeling would insist on a return match and a chance to redeem himself. But it seems that Schmeling was deeply absorbed at the time in his preparations for an American tour and he left the Gypsy in complete control of his knockout honors.

On his arrival in America Schmeling was quickly matched with Joe Sekyra, a Bohemian lad from Ohio with a fairly good reputation as a fighter, but not of championship mould. Sekyra held Schmeling even in a ten round bout, and while the German got the decision his margin of advantage was slight. The contest was staged on January 4, 1929.

Schmeling next journeyed over to Newark to fill an engagement with Pietro Corri, an Italian with a very weak jaw. Schmeling stopped Corri in the first round, and the German and his managers were much encouraged.

Gradually the calibre of opponents for Schmeling was heightened, and on February 1, 1929, he met the Hungarian, Johnny Risko, a man who could take unlimited punishment without complaint. The German punished Risko very thoroughly and stopped his man in the ninth round. This was the best work Schmeling had shown in this country, and there were whisperings that he would likely defeat Jack Sharkey in a title bout later on.

However, his Board of Strategy decided he needed another

a Technical Critique

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

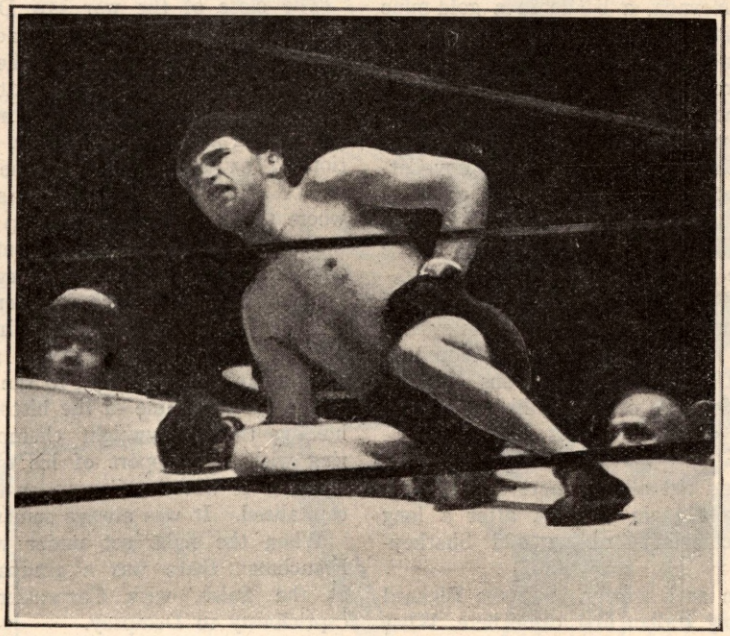
good workout, and he was matched with the Spaniard, Paulino Uzcudun, the bout taking place in New York City, June 27, 1929. The Spaniard never was of much account as a boxer, and Schmeling had no trouble in avoiding Paulino's blows and inflicting sufficient punishment to warrant the judges giving the decision to the German at the close of the fifteenth and last round.

Inclusive of the bout with Paulino, Schmeling's record up to this time was as follows: Bouts engaged in, 52; knockouts, nearly all in Germany, 31; decisions won, 18; lost 1.

* * *

FOLLOWING the Paulino match Schmeling began an exhibition tour, in the course of which he boxed 23 exhibition bouts. He rested during the winter of 1930, and in the spring got his match with Jack Sharkey for the world's heavyweight championship. As indicating that the public had considerable faith in his ability to defeat Sharkey, a great crowd went to the battle ground in the Yankee Stadium, the receipts being $749,934.

The bout was one of the most uninteresting and unsatisfactory ever staged in the metropolis. For three rounds Sharkey outboxed, outhit and outgeneralled the German, and looked like a sure winner of the bout. Then in the fourth round, with Sharkey battering his man with a succession of rights and lefts to head and body, the German suddenly fell to the floor from a foul punch and went through the motions of registering extreme agony for the benefit of the referee and spectators. I was one of the judges and I did not see a low blow struck. Hundreds of others failed to see the low blow. The German's seconds helped him to his corner, where he was attended to by his helpers. He appeared to be in great pain and when the bell sounded for the fifth round, he declined to answer the gong, under orders of his manager.



And here we see Herr Max reaching the goal of his ambition—winning the heavyweight championship while on the floor!

A count was started, but was stopped for some inexplicable reason, and then followed one of the most disgraceful scenes that ever marred a boxing contest. Schmeling's manager took charge of the ring, stalking up and down the inclosure as though he were the referee, and meantime giving orders to Schmeling to stay in his corner and not to pay any attention to anyone else.

Schmeling obeyed orders and sat quietly in his corner until the referee and one judge capitulated and called the blow foul.

The State Athletic Commission evidently was not of the opinion that Schmeling had been injured to an extent that prevented him continuing the contest, and that body soon took action vacating the championship title so far as the bout was concerned. The Commission has also named the Sharkey-Carnera contest, which took place at Ebbets Field on June 10, as for the world's heavyweight championship. Therefore, the winner of the Stribling-Schmeling bout will not be recognized in this State as the champion of the class, and the victor in the Sharkey-Carnera bout, while acclaimed by New York State as the champion of the world, will not be accepted as champion outside of this State.

* * *

AS for Schmeling's future, much depends on what Schmeling does in the bout with Stribling, for if he deports himself in the unsatisfactory and unmanly manner that characterized his performance against Sharkey, he will by no means be a hot favorite at any point of the compass. Should he win decisively on points or by knockout, this result would in a measure restore him to good standing in the community.

Comparison of the abilities of Stribling and Schmeling appears to indicate that the Georgian is much superior to the German in boxing skill. Stribling has engaged in many more bouts than Schmeling, and has met numerous fighters with much more skill than the German has. The Georgian has also baffled many a boxer superior in cleverness to Schmeling. In fact Stribling has proven that he is one of the cleverest boxers in the history of the heavyweight class.

In the matter of effective hitting the Georgian also has a pronounced advantage over the German, having knocked out many fighters who have records far superior to any of Schmeling's knockout victims. Judged from all points of view, and with everything carefully considered, Stribling is superior to the German. The table which has been listed below gives the writer's estimate of the relative merits of the boxers. One hundred points, naturally, is the perfect score in any one particular:

	Schmeling	Stribling
Defensive skill	80	100
Aggressiveness	75	70
Ring Generalship	80	90
Effective Hitting	85	95
Sportsmanship	75	90
Clean boxing	90	90
Holding	85	90
Totals	570	630

It is unlikely that there will be any repetition of the Sharkey-Schmeling claim of foul, for Stribling is not given to low hitting. There is also a remote prospect of a knockout, due to Stribling's caution in attack, and his ability to ward off any blows intended to achieve a knockout.

The chances are that the bout will go the limit of 15 rounds with Stribling getting the award of the referee.

RICKARD HAD a WAY WITH IT

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THERE'S no getting away from it. "Tex" Rickard had a way with it, and the others haven't been able to find the combination. Boxing promoters who have struggled in the wake of Rickard have been trying in vain to solve the so-called mystery of his success.

And now it becomes apparent that "Tex" not only had a way with the ballyhoo and the build-up, but possessed outstanding abilities in match making and bringing the proper cards together.

Of course, Rickard operated at a time when boxing was on the steady upgrade. No doubt he had a lot to do with getting this development started. When he matched Gans and Nelson, at Goldfield, the bout got nation-wide publicity. A fight out in the hills of Nevada, a battle in a gold-mine setting, with all the embellishments of a rough and ready camp, intrigued the public and fired its imagination.

From that start came a growth that achieved its smashing climax in the Dempsey-Tunney battle at Chicago, which was witnessed by about 110,000 persons.

The Dempsey-Willard affair at Toledo, the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Jersey City, the Dempsey-Firpo imbroglio in New York, the Dempsey-Tunney contest in Philadelphia—all made the gradual and brilliant build-up for the great scene on Soldier Field, out by the lake in Chicago.

Yes, Rickard had a way with it. And it might be of interest to those who have come after him to take his system apart and find out just what made it tick—just what brought that amazing ballyhoo, what brought out the fans and the fifty-dollar patrons—the Golden Age of boxing history.

* * *

RICKARD'S methods stand out all the more saliently today, with boxing interest again aroused, after a long dormant period, by the Schmeling-Stribling and Sharkey-Carnera matches.

Take the Carnera situation as a starter. Suppose Rickard had been around when the big Italian first came here. What would have happened?

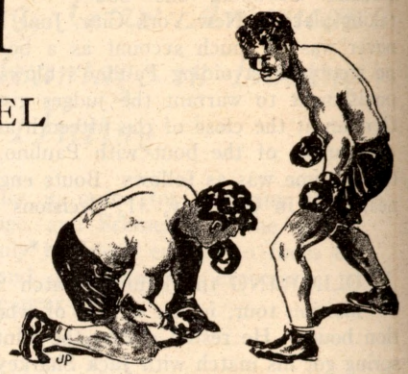
Well, Rickard would have taken over Carnera's affairs in toto. He would have appointed a representative who would have been announced as Carnera's manager. Having made certain that nothing contrary to his wishes and interests could be done in the Italian's camp, Rickard would have proceeded with Carnera right in or around New York.

There would have been no circus tour, with its aspersions. There would have been no Chevalier fight, with its suspension, and a serious setback that kept Carnera out of New York when he should have been packing the Garden preliminary to filling the Yankee Stadium in the first outdoor show.

With Carnera, Rickard would have outdone the job he achieved with Firpo. You all recollect how crude the Argentian was when he landed here. But pretty soon he was being billed as the Bull of the Pampas. Fight followers were led to believe that Firpo was an immediate and serious menace to Dempsey.

As it turnd out that September night at the Polo Grounds, when Firpo knocked Jack out of the ring and, as many believe to this day, took the title—Luis Angel certainly was a menace. But it was the Rickard ingenuity that built up not only the ballyhoo but made Firpo believe he could turn the trick.

The Rickard publicity was so convincing that the Bull believed it all himself.



LET us examine into the workings of the Rickard system in his greatest accomplishment, which I believe was the so-called Battle of the Century—the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

The close of the war saw Dempsey defeat Willard in a sensational fight at Toledo. Jack was hailed as the greatest of all the heavyweights, and the morning after the fight announced that he would be a battling champion.

Rickard looked around and noted that Carpentier, with a war record as a flier in France, looked like the best proposition. "Tex" appreciated that the 165-pound Frenchman would not be a serious match for the slugging Dempsey. And here's where the Rickard showmanship put it over.

It was the Battle of the Century—and nobody seemed to give serious thought to the tremendous discrepancy in weight. It was the great French war hero against our own champion who, for one reason or another, had not seen any service.

Popular enthusiasm, through skilful ballyhoo, was shifted away from the American, to the challenger.

For the first time in the history of the sport an American holding the heavyweight championship failed to enter the ring with the support of his own people against a foreign fighter. It was the Carpentier war record on which Rickard capitalized. It was always something.

When the fight got under way and Dempsey beat the Frenchman there was a gradual shifting of support until, at the finish, with Carpentier knocked out, it swerved capriciously to Dempsey.

* * *

RICKARD started out as a gambler—in the Klondyke, in Nevada—he was the man who took chances. At all times those chances weren't very kind to "Tex." But fundamentally he was the man who was content to lay the odds. He was always ready to gamble.

Rickard thought in tremendous terms. When he spoke of a fight he saw 100,000 persons, he saw a million dollars, at least. At Chicago his vision took the form of two millions. Nothing small—ever—about Rickard.

He believed in big guarantees. He believed in high prices. If he thought a fighter could draw he'd make the sky the limit. He'd land his man and then make the public pay the bill. That was his credo. "If you get the outstanding attraction the public will support it," said "Tex." "The cheap fight will attract the cheap house. The million-dollar fight will bring out the million-dollar gate."

We seem to have lost sight of that fact, though it is quite true that the current crop of big promoters has no Dempsey as the star attraction. Rickard was fortunate in having a Dempsey to work with, but I am almost certain that if he were on the job to-day he would build a new Dempsey.

Rickard certainly had a way with it—and it's time to take the system apart and see if we can't return to the old prosperity.

Fistic Cartoonettes

By "Lank" Leonard

OLD DIXIE VISIONS

Jack Johnson Only Southern Fighter to Win Heavyweight Title

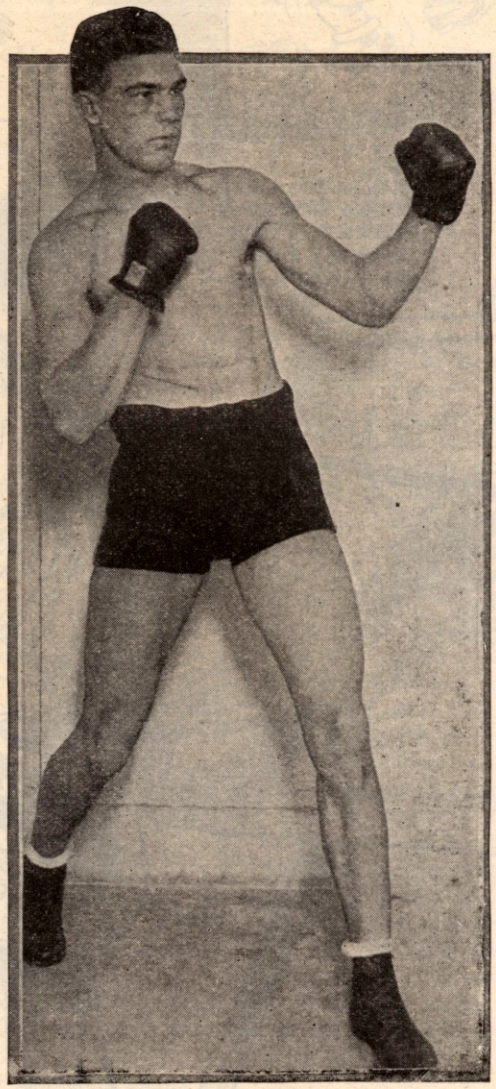
MANY years have elapsed since the Sunny South boasted a heavyweight champion of the world. Yet as a matter of fact the Sunny South did not do any boasting to speak of, as the champion in question was Jack Johnson, a native of Galveston, Tex., who won the world's title from Tommy Burns in 1908.

Johnson was a wonderful boxer, and had size and speed in abundance. He also had color, but not the right shade to suit the followers of boxing in Dixieland. Therefore there was little shouting when the big black won the title from Burns.

Previous to Johnson's entry into the title class, Marvin Hart, of Jefferson County, Ky., made a bid for the top honors of pugilism. James J. Jeffries, the world's champion, retired from the ring in 1905, and, having a liking for Hart, called him aside and informed him that he was about to receive the championship as a gift.

Jeffries was a pronounced specimen of the shrinking violet style of champion who reasoned that when he became the title holder the honor was his to confer on anybody he chose. Therefore at the close of a bout between Hart and Jack Root, with Hart the winner, Jeffries "handed" the title to Hart, who returned warm thanks for the gift.

But the gift failed to stick to Hart, for the reason that many experienced and clear-headed men interested in boxing pointed out that gift titles never had been retained by the recipients, and that the Jeffries-Hart presentation was no exception to the rule that titles must be won in the ring.



Young Stribling, Hope of the South

* * *

THEREFORE the Sunny South abandoned possible longings for a heavyweight champion and for several years remained quiescent.

Yet hope springs eternal in the human breast, and about seven years ago, the admirers of boxing in Dixieland began to take interest in the career of one, William L. Stribling, who was born in Bainbridge, Ga., December 26, 1904. He began fighting as a middleweight but soon took on poundage until he was a full-fledged light-heavy.

His next leap was into the heavyweight class, and he performed so well in that division that the boxing experts began to figure on him as the South's next champion. They evidently feel sure of his ability to carry off the honors of the heavy class, and when he got the match with Schmeling for the title, there was general rejoicing in Dixie.

The adherents of boxing in the South would not be satisfied with anyone who failed to reach the topmost rung of the ladder and that they believe Stribling is destined to reach the apex of the class is quite apparent. Southern followers of sport have been cheered by the incomparable feats of Bobby Jones, the King of Golf, and also by the remarkable achievements of the great baseball expert Ty Cobb, and it would be idle to expect them to become enthusiastic over a boxer who could not approximately equal the accomplishments of leaders in other branches of sport. Stribling's conduct has appealed strongly to Southern sentiment, and he is today the leading figure in the eyes of the sport populace.

Every move of the fighter has attracted the admiring attention of his fellow men, his two battles with the huge Carnera, in which each won on a foul, his aviation feats, and his eagerness to fight any and all comers, have made him a pronounced favorite in the South.

Naturally it becomes of interest to consider his fitness for a title contest, and his ring methods. In physical measurements he is the ideal heavyweight, scaling 185 pounds, with no superfluous flesh, and standing a quarter of an inch above 6 feet. His reach is 73 inches, his chest normal 38 inches, and his waist 29 3-4 inches.

* * *

STRIBLING'S speed is remarkable and his ring generalship impressive. He is not a seeker of knockouts, but depends on boxing skill to win for him. In a great majority of his fights he has won on points at the end of the bouts. He believes in protecting himself from attack by quick movements, and if he gets the desired opening he will send over a crashing right or left.

In the matter of boxing skill he is not excelled by any heavyweight in the world, and is a master of the art of avoiding punishment. In fact as he stands today he is the equal of any heavyweight in the world, and should give an excellent account of himself without reference to the ability of his opponent.

Therefore all that Stribling is required to do to bring the utmost degree of happiness to his legion of friends in the South is to win the heavyweight title.

It is a safe bet that nearly every sportsman in the South presents what appears to him convincing evidence that Stribling is the real class. Should the South's favorite son fail to achieve victory, it will be a long time before the fans of Dixie again take interest in a candidate for the heavyweight honors.

Comparison as to the relative merits of Stribling and Schmeling is exceedingly difficult because of the fact that in very few instances have each battled with the same op-

STRIBLING CHAMPION

By CHARLES WEBSTER

ponents. Nearly all of Schmeling's fights have been in Germany and against opponents utterly unknown in America.

Yet there is small question that the boxers Stribling has met in this country are superior in all respects to the fighters that Schmeling has met in Germany. Stribling starting his boxing career in 1921, has struggled through every class from middle to heavy, has engaged in more than 300 matches, winning a large percentage of the total number, scored more than 100 knockouts, won more than 100 bouts on points, lost 12 decisions on points, one on a foul, and drew 20. In view of the fact that Stribling in his great progress met and defeated many of the leading boxers of the world, he should not be forgotten by those intent on an intelligent forecast of the coming event.

* * *

STRIBLING, in more than 300 fights has never been put down for the count of ten. There are few boxers, big or little who have not been knocked out during their career in the ring, and in a majority of cases, while fighting in but one class. But Stribling, boxing in three different classes, never has had the letters "K. O." opposite his name during his career in the ring. This is not only a remarkable achievement, but also is a strong commendation of the Georgian's defensive skill. The fact that Stribling went 10 rounds with Jack Sharkey, in 1929 and lost the decision after a closely contested bout should be estimated at full value in making a recapitulation of the performances of Pa Stribling's boy.

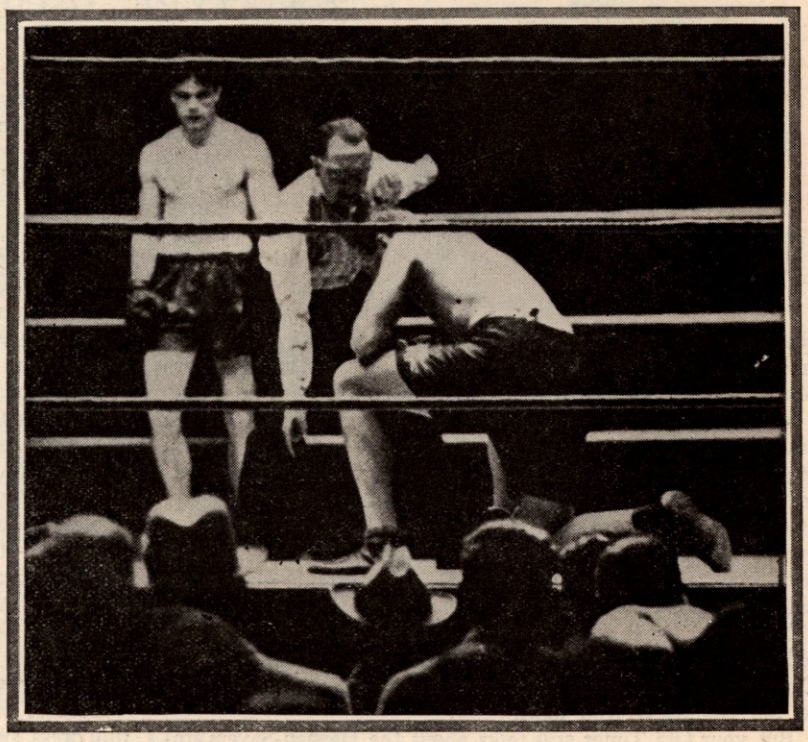
Stribling also took a 10-round decision from Tommy Loughran in 1925 and lost a 10-rounder to Loughran in 1927.

Doubtless the bout in which Stribling was the recipient of considerable censure was his 15-rounder with Paul Berlenbach in New York City in 1926. Berly was at his best in that period and was a puncher of dangerous type. He began shooting heavy lefts and rights at Stribling in the first round and continued the bombardment to the close of the 15th round. But Berly did not land on the young Georgian, who was on his feet at the close, but none too comfortable. The reason Berly did not get close enough to Strib to effect a knockout was that Stribling, after sampling one of Berly's wallops, beat a retreat, and kept out of range for the remainder of the battle. Strib retreated steadily throughout the greater part of the contest, and was not knocked out although decisively defeated on points.

The criticism received by Stribling for his lack of aggressiveness in the battle with Berly apparently soured the Georgian and had much to do with the selection of Cleveland as the battle ground on July 3.

In a limited number of bouts in which the rivals met the same men, there is found material for a certain amount of comparative conjecture. The bouts in question are as follows:

Schmeling	*Opponents*	*Stribling*
Won 10 rounds	Joe Sekyra	Won 10 rounds
Knockout 9 rounds	Johnny Risko	Won 10 rounds
Knockout 1 round	Pietro Corri	Won 10 rounds
Won foul 4th round	Jack Sharkey	Lost 10 rounds



Here is Stribling's knockout over Phil Scott, which put the Georgian back into title scramble

It cannot be denied that Schmeling hit the most effectively in the bouts with Risko and Corri, and that Stribling showed the greater defensive skill in all of the bouts. It is possible that Sharkey had improved over his 1929 form when he outpointed Stribling, and was more formidable when he faced Schmeling in June, 1930.

Yet it is not very probable, and the fact that Stribling was on his feet and undismayed when the bell ended the 10th round indicates that the Georgian's defense was excellent, even though his attack was not so effective as could have been desired.

Basing my prediction as to the result on the bouts that each have fought with the same opponents the writer is of the opinion that the contest will be a decidedly close one and is quite likely to last the 15 rounds. Taking into consideration the defensive skill of Stribling it does not seem likely that the German will succeed in landing a knockout punch on the Georgian. On the other hand, Stribling should not have any serious trouble in scoring enough points to win the decision.

* * *

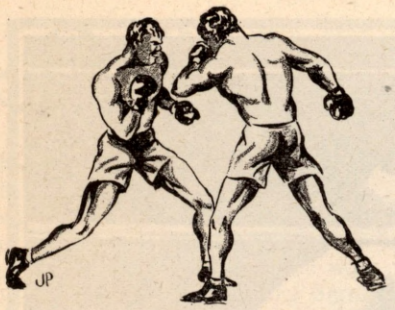
THERE is one phase of the situation that may result in trouble at the end of the final round, and that is the fact of the bout being judged by a referee only. With two judges and a referee the danger of an erroneous decision would be materially lessened.

Again there is the hazard of a claim of foul, for unless the rules of the New York Commission are used in the contest, it will be an easy matter for either contestant to make a claim of foul and give a realistic impersonation of a man suffering from a low blow. So far as Stribling is concerned there is small danger of his resorting to the foul claim as a means of winning the decision.

CRIBB *to* CARNERA

Cuckoos Call While Boxing Awaits the New Dempsey

By HYPE IGOE



FROM Cribb right down to the current cuckoos, those heavyweights, what with one thing and another, have made a lot of excitement. It's very interesting to trace the run of competition from the days when Cribb fought the American negro Molyneaux in England to the Schmeling affair with Stribling.

When Molyneaux went abroad, he got the match with the antique Cribb because the negro came from this side. You see, basically, the game hasn't changed. Schmeling got his match with Sharkey here because Max came from Germany. If Schmeling had come from Hoboken he would have got very little tumble and perhaps would have landed in a few semi-finals at the smaller clubs. It's important—this international angle.

Now we have it again in the Schmeling-Stribling fight. The old America vs. Europe! It stood out when Dempsey fought Carpentier. And there was considerable international tinge to the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

But your Old Timer still talks about the Heenan-Sayers imbroglio. As you know, John Heenan, the Benecia Boy, who really was born at Troy, N. Y., went over to England looking for the world's championship. He met Tom Sayers, a smaller man who had plenty of that old-fashioned commodity known as guts.

Anyway, they fought and they bled, and they knocked each other all over the bally turf—it was an outdoor fight without gloves, as all battles were in those days—and then the ring was torn down while they reeled blindly.

A draw, they called it. Well, when the news got to this side, it was all Heenan, of course, and the boys marched down Broadway to hoot in front of the British Consul's house, and holler for a war with England!

* * *

YES, sir, they took their fighting seriously, did our grandfathers. And do you recollect reading about John L. Sullivan's battle with Mitchell on the wet turf at Chantilly, France, their fight to a draw?

Sullivan was a wonderful fighting machine. But the smaller Mitchell put up one of the classics of ring history and gave John one whale of a fight. A draw, and how the lads over on this side howled! The idea of Sullivan being held to a deadlock by Mitchell roused the braw lads and again they were for fighting England.

However, things calmed down when Mitchell came to this country, riled the crafty Corbett, and was knocked into a pot of 'arf and 'arf down at Jacksonville, Fla.

The real international magog was the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. France was lined up against a then unpopular American champion. The Battle of the Century. That was the real crest of the Era of Ballyhoo. Dempsey-Firpo was grand. Dempsey's fights with Tunney were American naturals.

But the Dempsey affair with the outweighed Carpentier, well, it was a strange thing. They didn't let the experts see the French hero. They were afraid the beans would be spilled.

The real fights were the all-American affairs. Yes, Dempsey's narrow escape with Firpo was a thriller. But you've got to take the American sequence that started with the Sullivan-Corbett fight in New Orleans as the vital history makers in boxing.

* * *

ASK dad. Or maybe, granddad. They know about this Sullivan man. Dempsey was popular. And yet, when he fought Carpentier, the crowd was with the foreigner.

Sullivan was a religion. When the news came North that Corbett had knocked John L. for a chapter in ancient history, strong men wept, and wives found dinners left cold and uneaten while their spouses wondered whether the world had come to an end.

But it was just another move in the gradual improvement of the breed of fighters, and the placing of boxing on a stronger plane.

Corbett started the game toward the peak which it reached under Rickard. Gentleman Jim, they called him. When he landed in New York from San Francisco looking for a fight with Sullivan his trousers were frayed, his chances were laughed at. When he returned to Broadway, the conquering hero, they wanted to haul his carriage down the big stem.

Corbett was the first of the heavyweights to fit into a full dress suit. He was the first to fit into a social setting. Sullivan was rough, Fitzsimmons was not exactly a drawing room prize himself. Jeffries was a bear.

Dempsey managed to grow into a social flower but never really liked the role. It was left for the literary Mr. Tunney to play the social game for a complete knockdown. However, we seem to be a few steps beyond our yarn.

* * *

BOXING started toward better and bigger things with the rise of Corbett, and it got its first sensational ballyhoo on this side when Fitzsimmons knocked out Corbett at Carson City.

Bob Davis, then a reporter, wrote that Corbett had been stopped with a solar plexus punch. For weeks and weeks the sports columns fondled that new toy—the solar plexus! As a matter of fact the blow was as old as fighting itself. But Davis gave it a new importance and made the punch itself new in so far as the general public was concerned.

The solar plexus gave tremendous impetus to fight writing in this country. Now started a really interesting era, which saw Jeffries beat Fitzsimmons, and led to the Jeffries retirement and the return to fight Johnson.

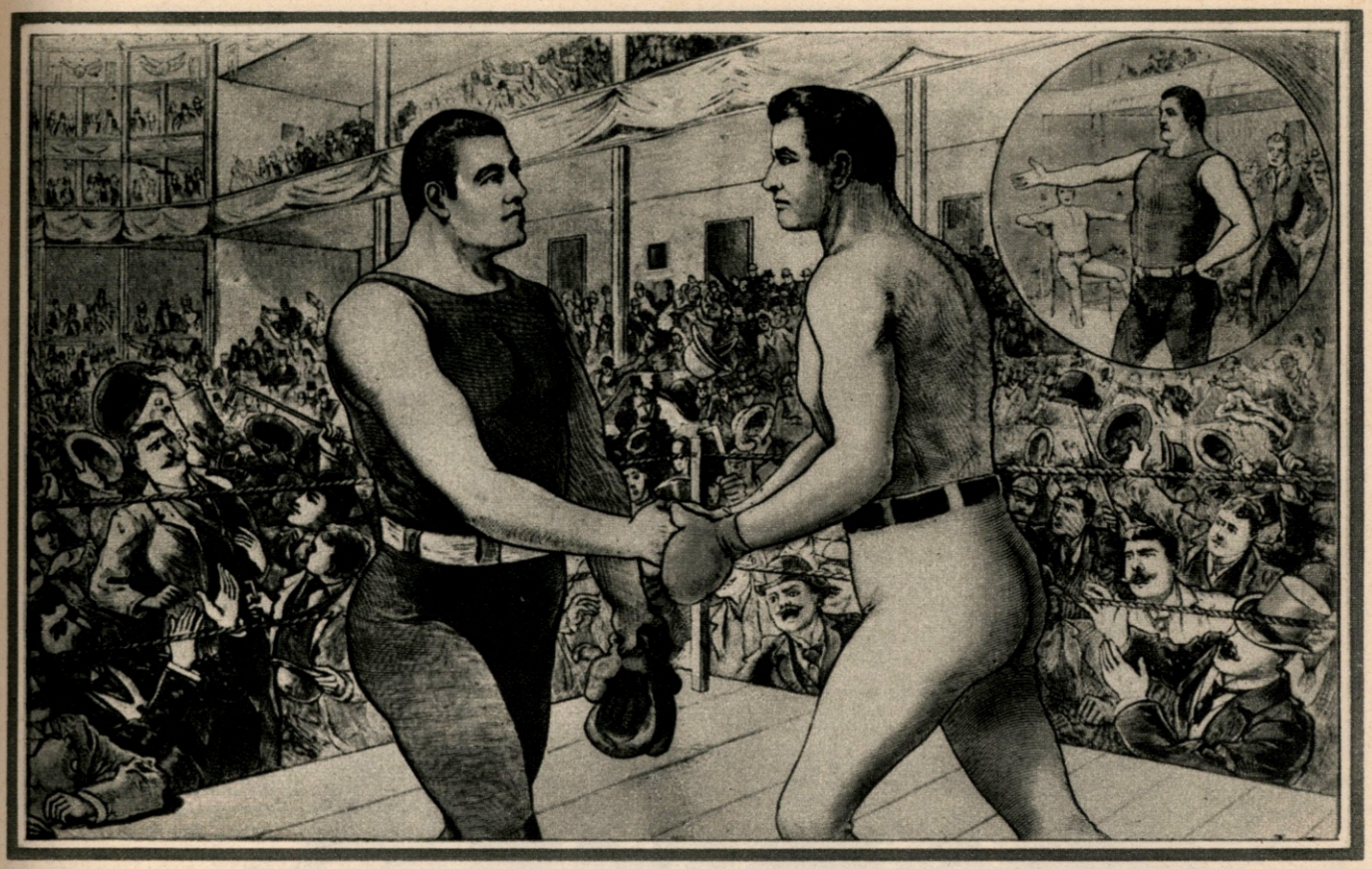
Boxing was lucky. Fitzsimmons was a physical freak. He was a colorful fellow. A blacksmith gone pugilistic. And Jeffries, the man bear, made fine copy, too, once he got going.

Johnson's fall before Willard always will remain a much doubted affair. However, there seems to be no reason to believe that no matter what Johnson himself thought or did about this battle in his exile, Willard won on his merits.

Jess wore down a boxer who had done little training, and had prepared for the fight on a diet of fried chicken and biscuits. Johnson was a fine cook, and he liked to eat his own concoctions.

That brings us right down to Dempsey and Willard—and now the cuckoos call, while boxing history awaits the New Dempsey.

In the DAYS *of* BENEFITS



By A. D. PHILLIPS

TEN days after John L. Sullivan was deposed by James J. Corbett as American heavyweight champion, the sports of New York flocked to Madison Square Garden to do homage to the fallen king. The Mighty Boston Gladiator had a legion of friends, and to them, champion or no champion, Sullivan was still the idol of fistiana.

With battered features and the ignominy of defeat, Sullivan was a morose man when he started the journey northward from New Orleans. But he regained his spirits when he learned that his army of admirers had not deserted him.

When he reached New York, he found himself not only minus the championship, but since he had wagered almost all he had on his chances in the fight with Corbett, he was practically broke. Although he had made more than $700,000 during his ten years reign as champion, he had nothing to show for it and the New York sportsmen came to his rescue with a benefit in the Garden on September 17, 1892, which netted Sullivan $6,630.70.

To help the affair, Jim Corbett, the new champion, was asked to appear on the stage with John L., and "Gentleman Jim" willingly consented. They shook hands, after which Sullivan read a long speech in which he praised his conqueror and asserted his happiness that an American had won the title.

But shortly after that meeting Sullivan and Corbett engaged in a dispute which made them bitter enemies and it was not until 1910, out at Jeffries' training camp in Reno, that a truce was signed and their differences patched up.

The above picture is a scene in the Garden, showing the tumultuous greeting accorded the champion and former title holder as they shook hands. In the upper insert Sullivan is shown making his speech while Corbett is sitting in the corner.

Sullivan was the recipient of several other notable benefits, among them one in Boston and two in the Garden following the one in which Corbett had appeared. On August 31, 1895, he found himself pinched for cash and a benefit was arranged at the New York sports arena that netted only $1,500 but five years later, a third Garden benefit enabled him to carry off $15,000 in receipts and subscriptions. On that occasion Bob Fitzsimmons, next to the beneficiary, was the star. He boxed three rounds with Jeff Thorne. Gus Ruhlin and Charley Goff also sparred as did Tom Sharkey and Jim Guilder. Then followed an exhibition by Sullivan and Jim Jeffries. The Boston Strong Boy was fat and gray, but he still was able to demonstrate his strength in three, three-minute rounds.

It was at one of the benefits given to Sullivan at Harry Hill's famous emporium on the Bowery, in New York City on March 31, 1881, that the Boston Strong Boy suddenly came to the fore and overnight, gained international fame by offering $50 to any man who could stand up before him for four rounds. When he made that offer through Billy Madden, his manager, he had in mind one person—Paddy Ryan, who a few months previously at Boston, when Sullivan asked to be permitted to spar with Ryan at a benefit, with a sneer, replied:

"First go out and get a reputation."

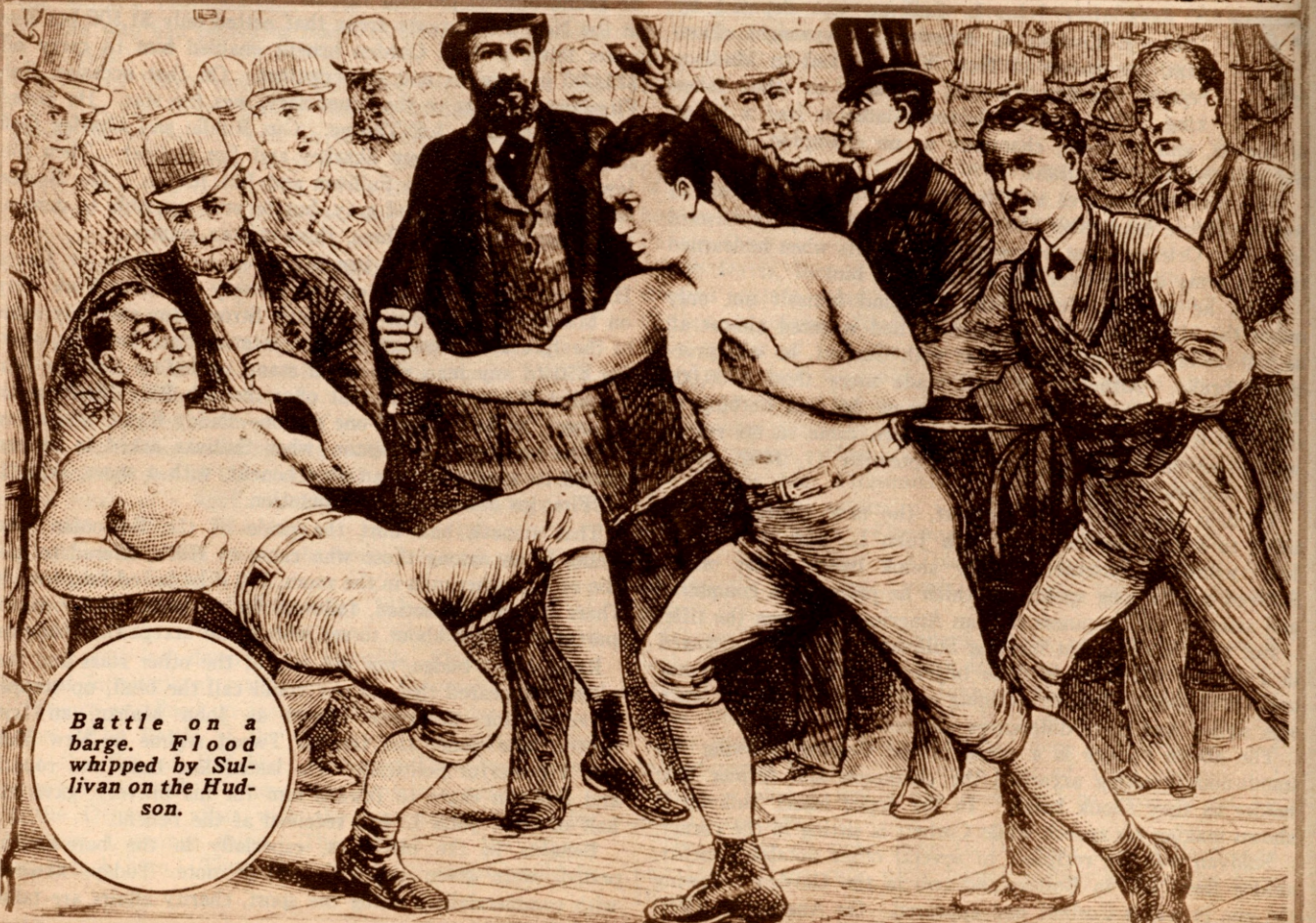
That remark had hurt the pride of the Bostonian who, seeing Ryan among those who came to Hill's, offered to give him or any other man in the room, $50 if he lasted four rounds. There was a commotion, followed by complete silence as the sportsmen looked about to see who would accept the challenge.

Ryan didn't budge, nor did any of the other stars and just when it appeared that no one could call the bluff, up stepped Steve Taylor, otherwise known as John Mahan, an Irish fighter, who under the famous Tweed regime in New York was a powerful politician. He lasted less than two rounds, and Sullivan eager to reward him for his bravery, gave him half of what John L. had received at the benefit.

Benefits in the old days, especially in the bare-knuckle period, were given every fighter of note. Today, however, with commercialism ruling the sport, charity affairs are taboo.

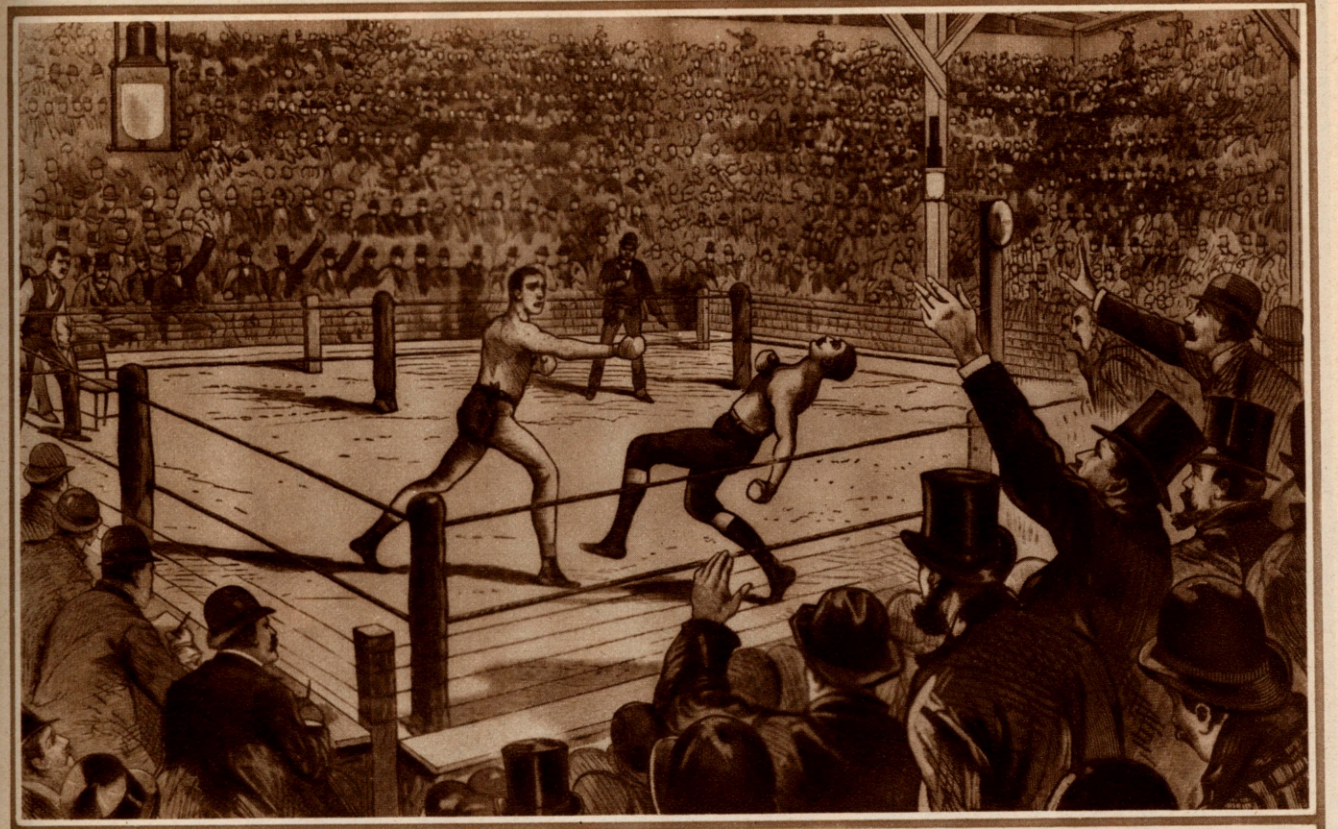
Pugilists' Progress

An early bare knuckle fight on the grass. Cribb beats Molineaux.

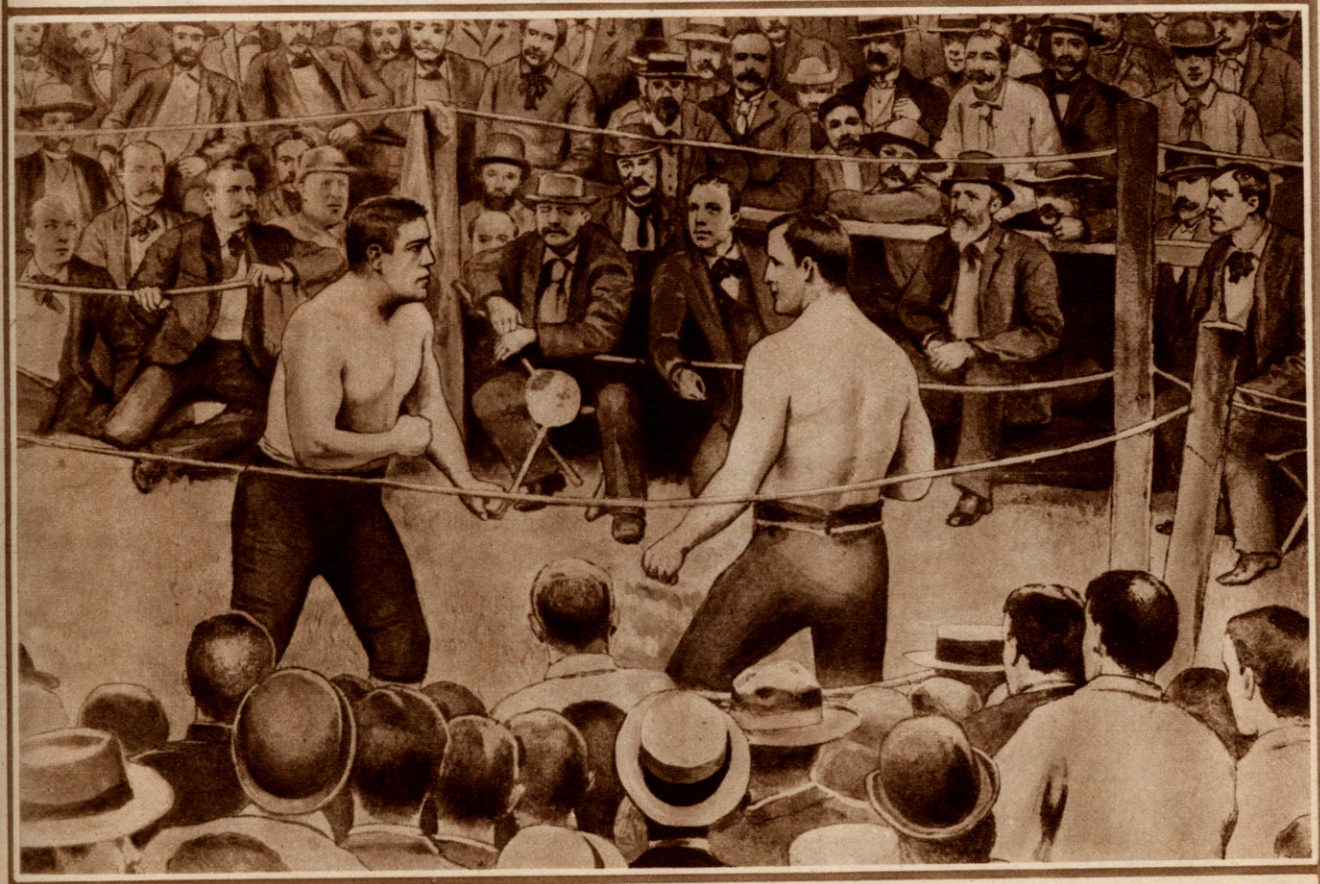


Battle on a barge. Flood whipped by Sullivan on the Hudson.

Boxing Growing Fast!

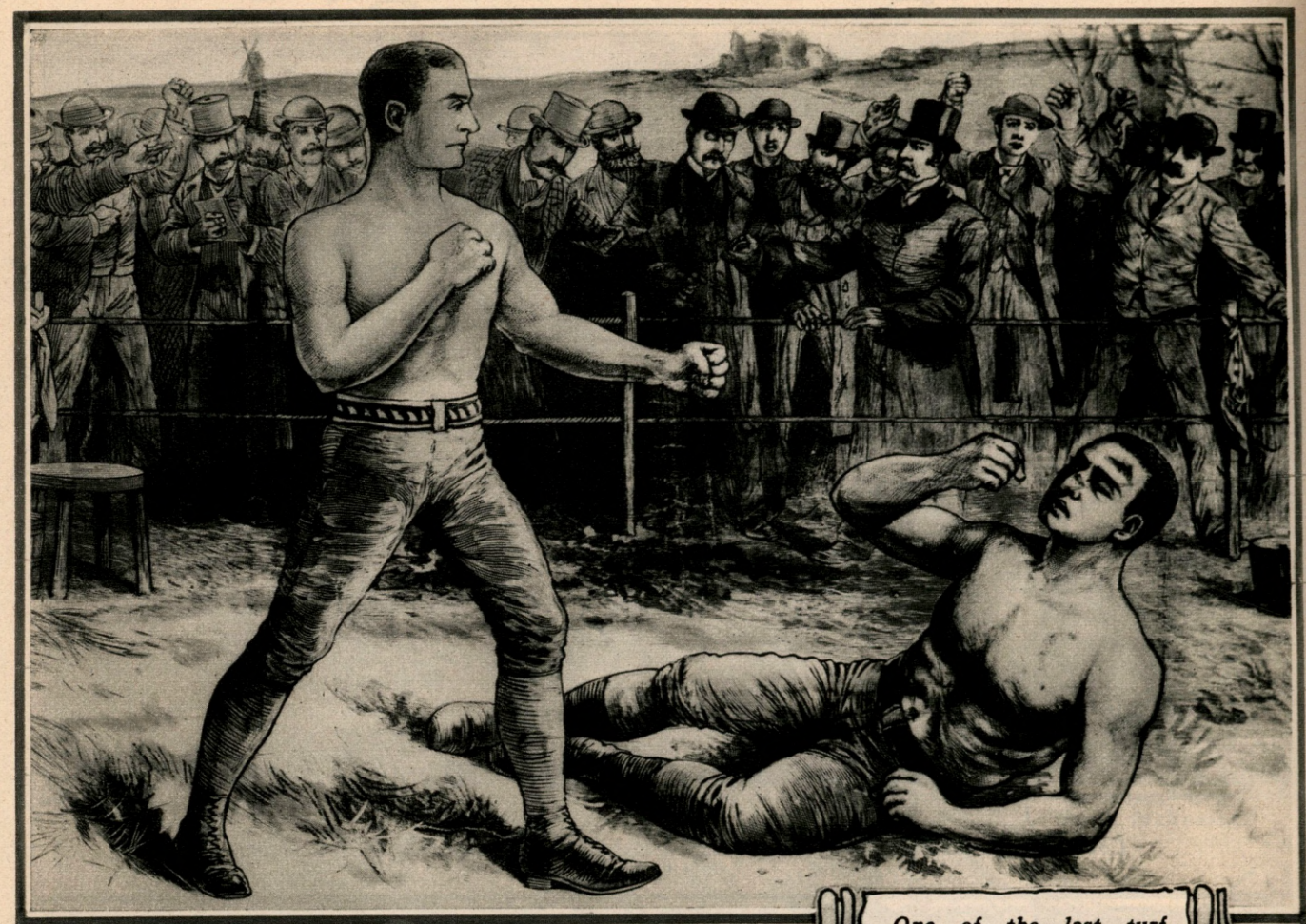


Contest in an old-fashioned indoor ring. Fitzsimmons stops Maher at New Orleans.



Farewell to bare knuckles. Sullivan (left) whips Kilrain at Richburg, Miss.

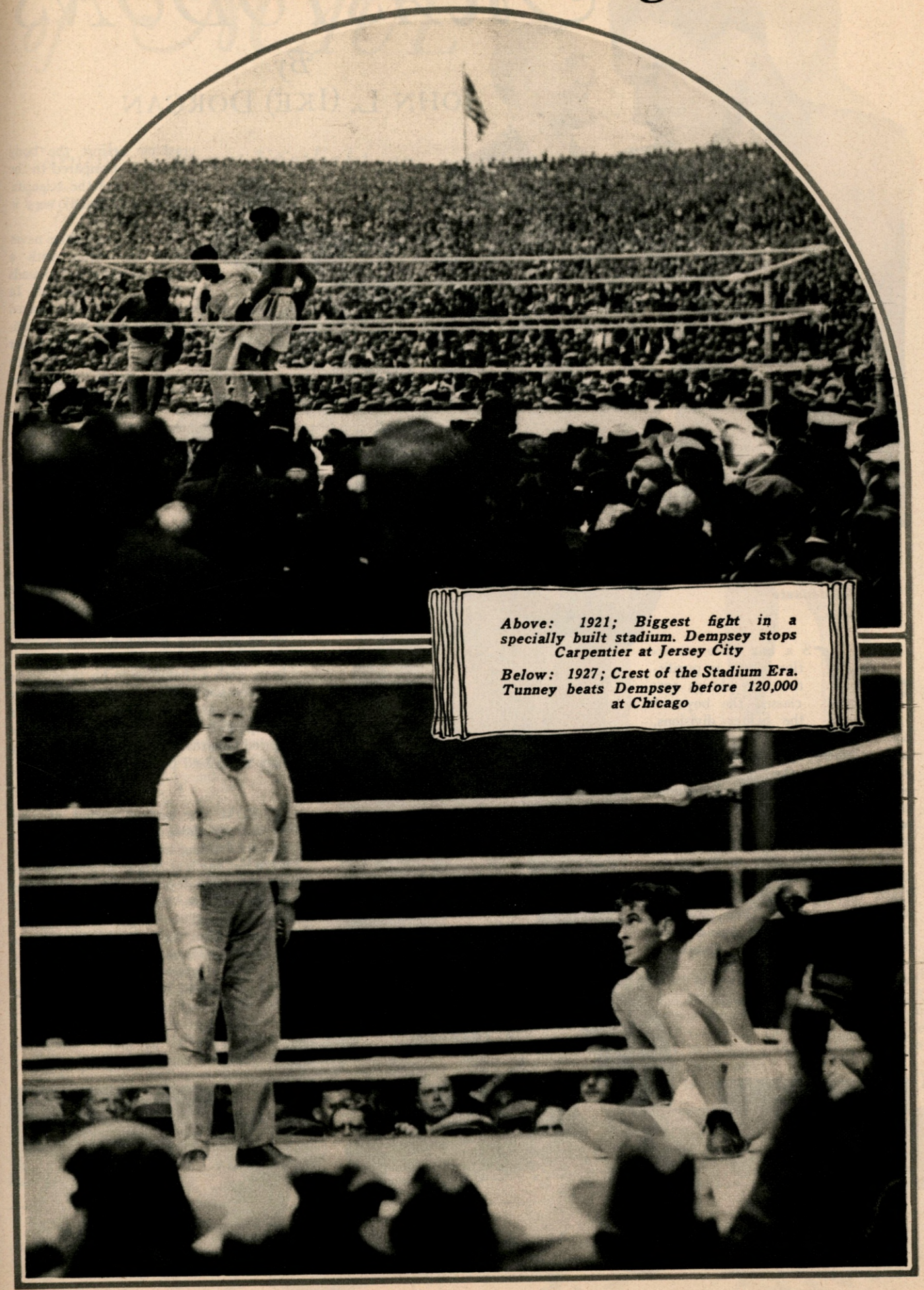
Before the Stadium Era



One of the last turf fights. Kilrain goes 106 rounds with Jem Smith on the Island of St. Pierre, in the Seine, near Paris.

1884; An early indoor fight in America. Mitchell and Kilrain fight a draw in the New England Institute, at Boston

The Modern Age



Above: 1921; Biggest fight in a specially built stadium. Dempsey stops Carpentier at Jersey City

Below: 1927; Crest of the Stadium Era. Tunney beats Dempsey before 120,000 at Chicago

MASTODONS

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

Roberto Roberti, Italian giant who found size alone inadequate

AS a box office attraction, giants in pugilistica have always outclassed the boys of the lighter divisions, including the champions, yet with rare occasions, the fight fan has been treated to more thrilling action, finer exhibitions of ring science, endurance and courage among the lighter weight lads than when the behemoths of the ring have been on exhibition.

There always seems to be something about the heavyweight that attracts the fight follower. Perhaps it is his personality. Then again it might be the pleasure one derives from seeing a big, husky chunk of beef crash to the canvas with a resounding thud. Or, it may even be the fun a fan gets out of seeing two giants slug away at each other, with hefty wallops crashing against the body of each as compared to the light taps and the scientific boxing one usually sees in other divisions.

Old time authorities never found any fault with a fighter weighing 160 pounds tackling a heavyweight. In fact, some of the greatest contests staged after the Sullivan-Corbett bout were handicap matches in which one great scrapper spotted his rival from twenty to forty pounds and came through a victor. Sam Langford, Joe Choynski, Joe Walcott, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid Lavigne, among others, never hesitated to cross gloves with men at any weight.

So long as a fellow possessed skill, and "bottom" or stamina, to enable him to last through a reasonable period of fighting, weight of an opponent meant nothing to him. Tom Sayers, Jem Mace and Joe Coburn, each a champion in his time, never weighed above 170 pounds when at their best, yet at that weight, and ofttimes ten pounds lower than that, they defeated goliaths who outweighed them by half a hundred pounds.

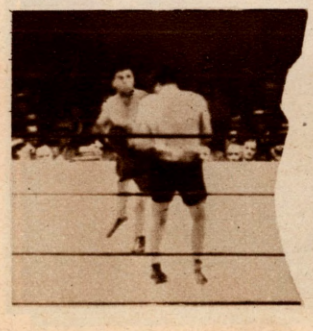
* * *

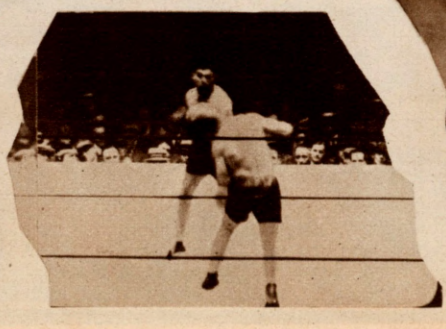
FROM the earliest period of ring history down to the present day, the outstanding heroes of the prize ring were not the men whose avoirdupois exceeded normalcy. Note the size and weight of the mastodons who never quite attained the heights of glory, and compare them with the doughty figures of their conquerors. At the top of the list of gargantuans we find:

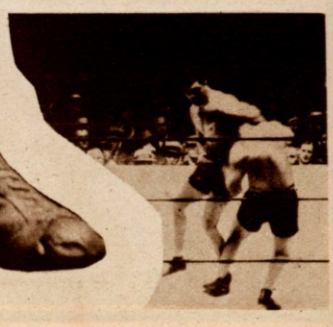
Charles Freeman, the Michigan Colossus, weight 323 pounds; height, 6 feet 10 inches.

Then as we glance down the line we come across the following

Primo Carnera, the biggest money maker of all foreign heavyweights







# of MAUL

Carnera Throws Spotlight on Gigantic Battlers of Boxing History

giants of the squared circle:

Isaac Perrins, the Tipton Slasher, 260 pounds, 6 feet 6 inches.

Primo Carnera, the Italian Gondolier, 267 pounds, 6 feet 5¾ inches.

Jean Petit, the French Titan, 6 feet 4 inches, 266 pounds.

Jess Willard, the Pottawatomie Giant, 6 feet 6¼ inches, 242 pounds.

Matt O'Baldwin, the Irish Hercules, 6 feet 7 inches, 240 pounds.

Tom Tring, the Carlton House Porter, 6 feet 5 inches, 252 pounds.

George Godfrey, the Keystone State Goliath, 6 feet 3 inches, 245 pounds.

Victorio Campolo, the Argentine Behemoth, 6 feet 6 inches, 223 pounds.

Jose Santa, the Portuguese giant, 6 feet 6½ inches, 263 pounds.

Jose Santa of Portugal, the largest of the new heavyweight crop

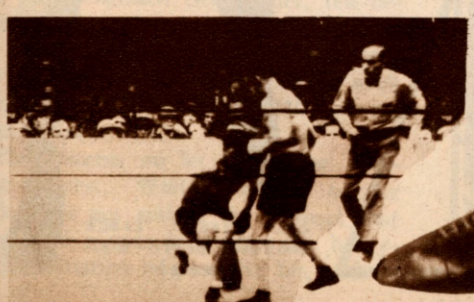
James J. Corbett (left), giving Victorio Campolo, Argentinian champion, some advice. Campolo is one of the biggest and best of the foreign heavyweight invaders

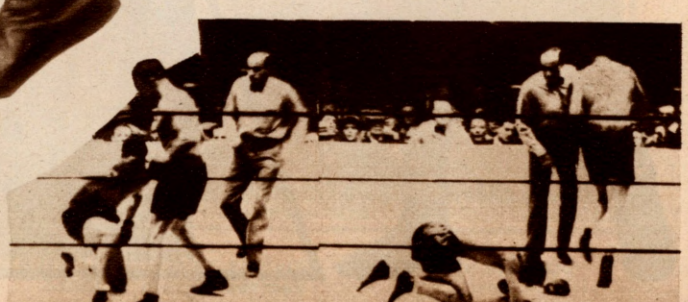
* * *

IT would expose these mastodons to ridicule to place in parallel columns names like Figg, Broughton, Mendoza, Sayers, Mace, Mitchell, Coburn, Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey and Tunney, yet every man among those just named, was far superior in fistic prowess to the giants enumerated above. It is a fact in pugilism, that a fellow of normal height and weight is more agile, shifty and quicker with the strike than the freaks who possess bulk but can't make proper use of the weight and height nature has bestowed upon them.

When Carnera first attracted attention here, it was not because of his fighting ability, for he had none. It was his physical makeup, the build of a freak, a man-mountain as he was called, that brought in the shekels to those who handled his affairs. He was a circus attraction and as such, he drew throngs wherever he went.

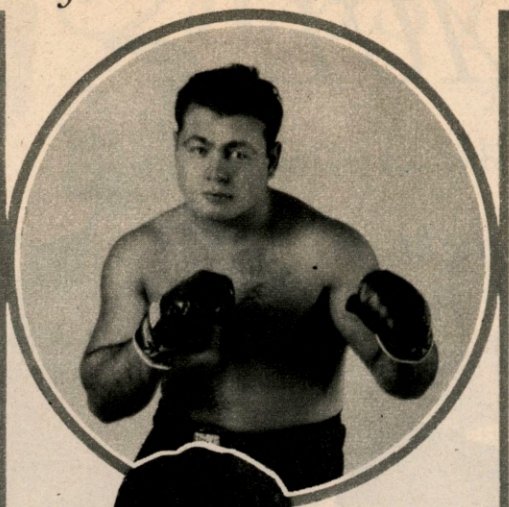
There have been many (*Continued on page* 44)





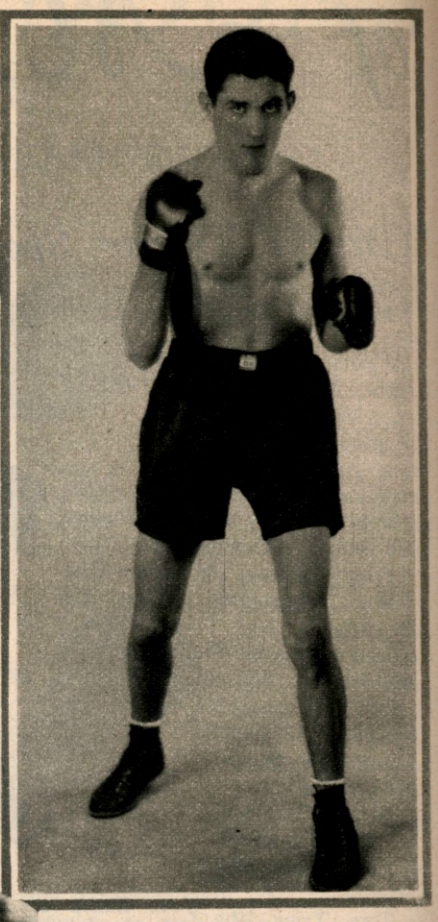
FISTIC STARS *from* AROUND *the* COUNTRY

Art Chapdelaine, Springfield, Mass., featherweight of promise.

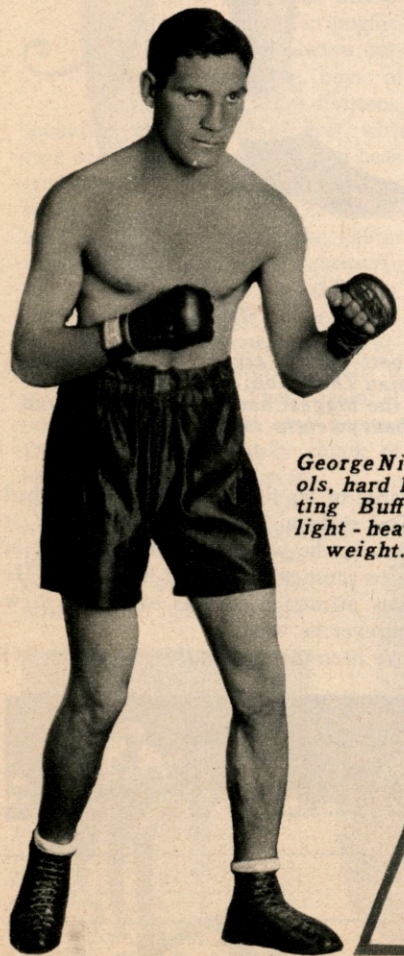


Tony Galento, hard hitting New Jersey heavyweight

Tommy Paul, Buffalo's bright featherweight star.

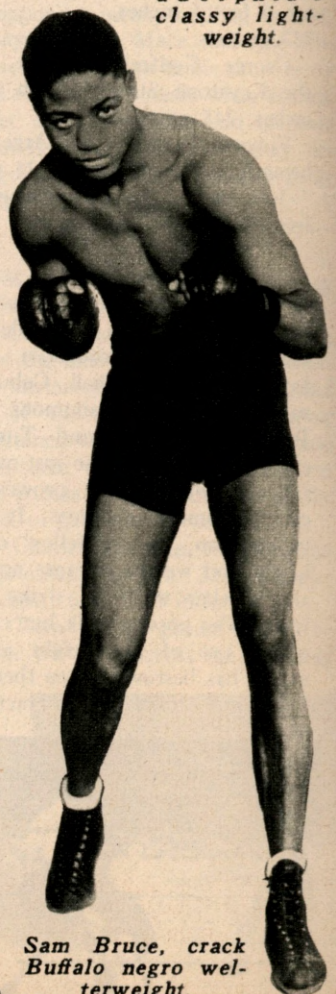


Al Rowe, Philadelphia's classy lightweight.



George Nichols, hard hitting Buffalo light-heavyweight.

Hymie Wiseman, corking Hebrew featherweight from Des Moines.

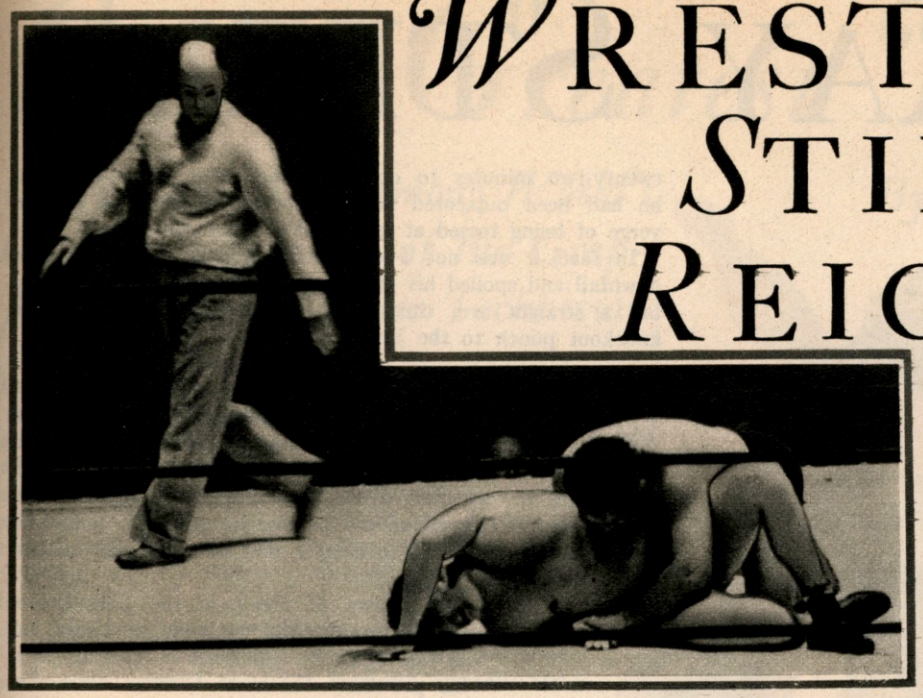


Sam Bruce, crack Buffalo negro welterweight.

WRESTLING STILL REIGNS

Big Outdoor Season Looms Up—Conqueror of Strangler Lewis May Meet Londos for World Title

By "TEX" AUSTIN



When Ed Strangler Lewis pinned Don George's shoulders and won the Herman-Browser championship which he lost a few days later in Canada

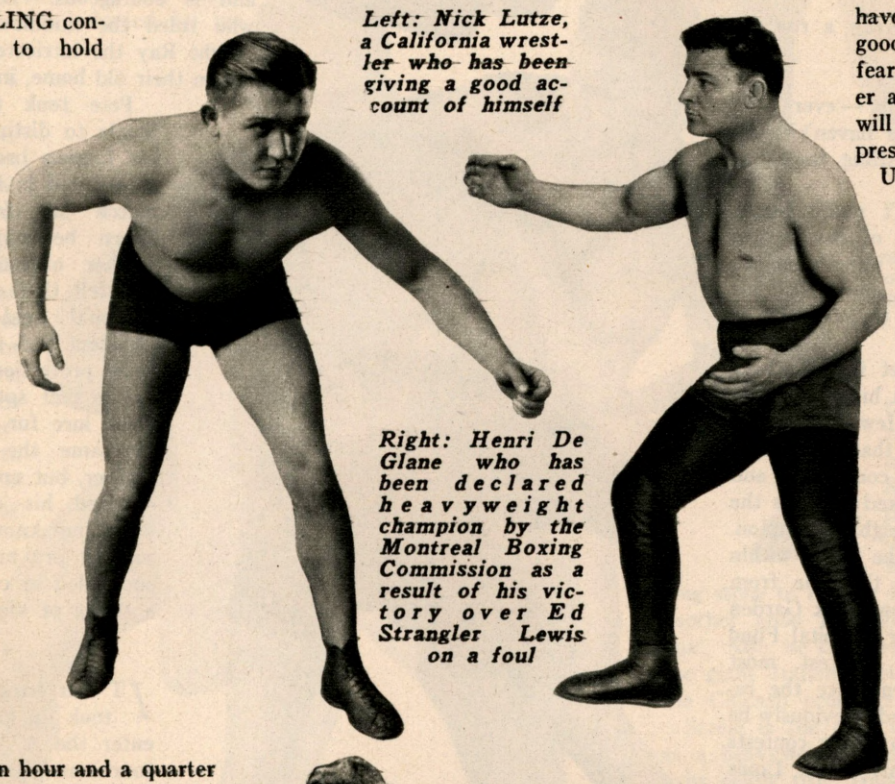
WRESTLING continues to hold the attention of the sports world and from present indications, several big matches will be staged this summer in outdoor arenas that will overshadow the outdoor fight features. Two big matches that thrilled thousands of spectators in recent weeks, give an inkling of what is in store for the outdoor session.

In New York, at the Cancer Hospital Fund show which was sponsored by America's leading promoter, Jack Curley, a grueling contest that lasted an hour and a quarter found Jim Londos, the Greek Adonis, still in possession of his world's heavyweight championship crown because of his victory over Ray Steele. Out in California, at Wrigley Field, the rival combination of which Ed Don George was the recognized title holder, fell before Ed Strangler Lewis, who regained the crown he had lost to Gus Sonnenberg last year, only to lose it on a foul a week later to Henri De Glane, a 220 pounder from France.

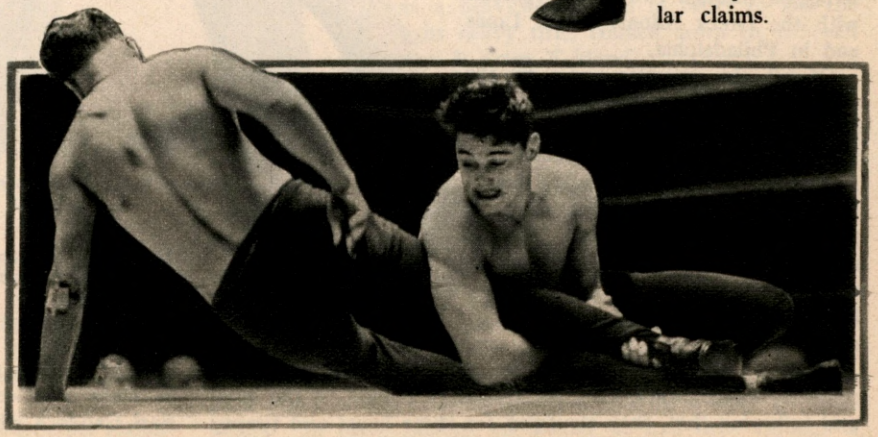
There seems no let up in the wrestling interest. While boxing is coming back, it is not getting the support that it enjoyed a year ago. After the heavyweight situation is cleared a bit, and we have a real, honest-to-goodness champion, a fearless, courageous fighter at the head, the sport will regain its former prestige.

Until then, boxing will continue to suffer at the hands of the mat sport. But even the popularity of wrestling will not continue if new faces are not placed before the public. With this in view, Jack Curley has sent an agent to Central Europe to sign new talent and one to India from where he expects to pick up several stars, including the great Gama. But what we most need is a bout to settle the respective titular claims.

Left: Nick Lutze, a California wrestler who has been giving a good account of himself

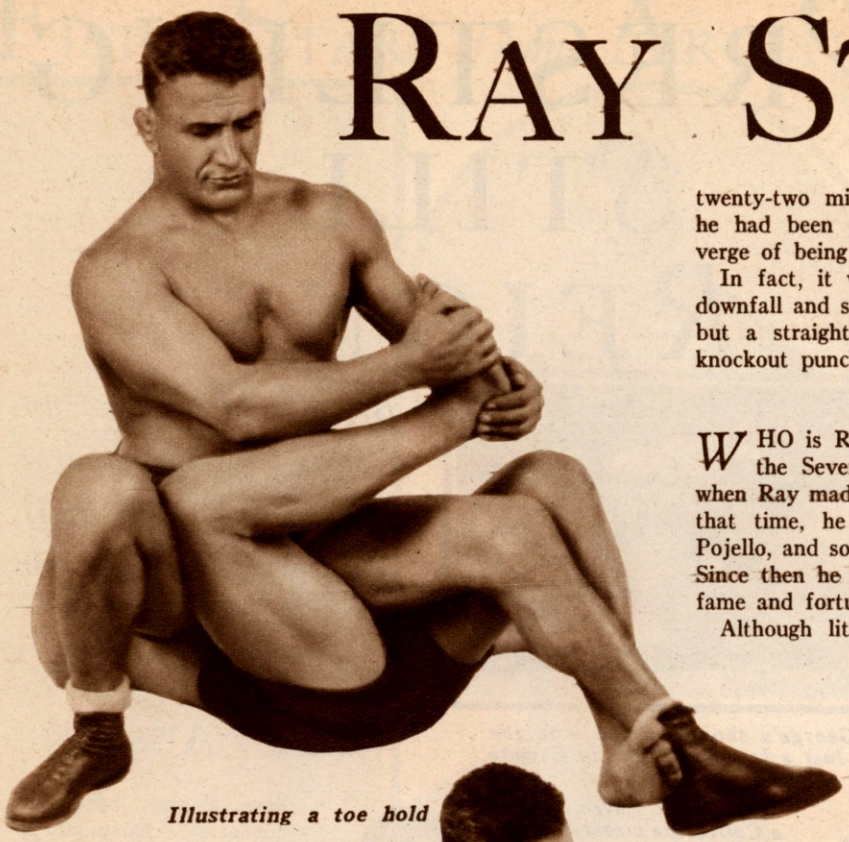


Right: Henri De Glane who has been declared heavyweight champion by the Montreal Boxing Commission as a result of his victory over Ed Strangler Lewis on a foul



Sandor Szabo star Hungarian wrestler applying a leg hold to Richard Stahl, a clever German

RAY STEELE,



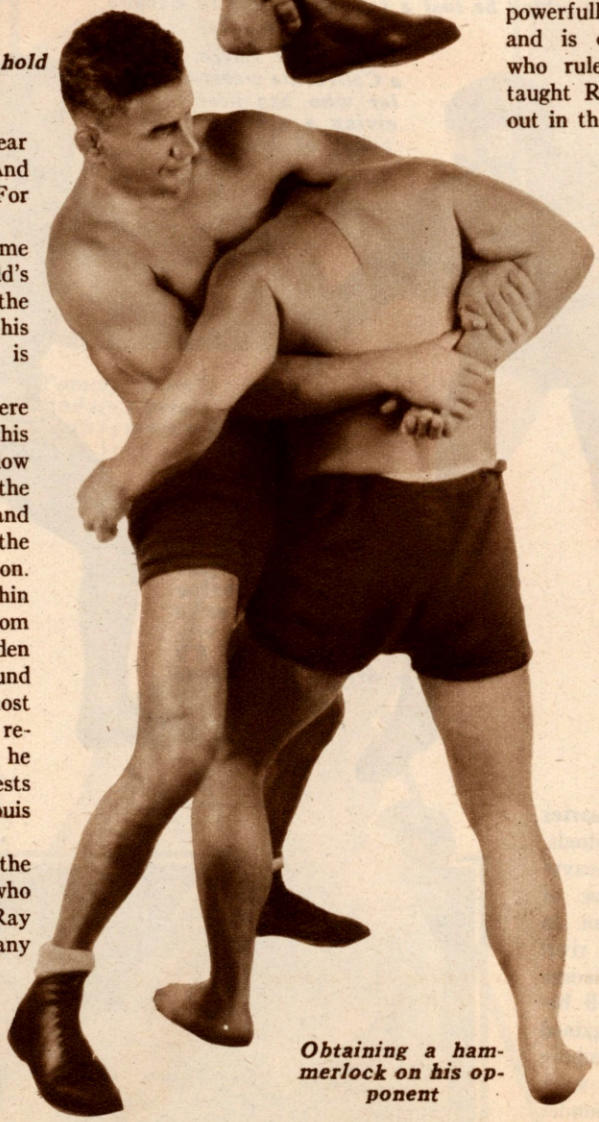
Illustrating a toe hold

PETER SAUER — ever hear of him? You haven't? And you're a wrestling fan! For shame!

Yet I can't really blame you, for Peter is one of the world's greatest mat stars but doesn't let the average wrestling fan know that his name is Sauer. To the fan, he is Ray Steele.

Now that the secret is out, there is little need to give a history of this famous grappler, for few who follow the sport don't know that Ray is the world's outstanding contender and by most critics is looked upon as the next world's heavyweight champion. And why? Because he came within a hairline of winning the title from Jim Londos in the New York Garden recently at the Cancer Hospital Fund show in one of the greatest, most scientific matches seen since the revival of the sport, and previously he struggled through two hectic contests with the Greek Adonis in St. Louis and in Philadelphia.

Of all the wrestlers now in the spotlight, there is only one man who is feared by the great Londos—Ray Steele. Jim would rather tackle any fellow in the field, than this hardened, powerfully strong, scientific grappler. In their last three matches, these exponents of the mat sport have wrestled almost six hours, a record since wrestling came back into its own.



Obtaining a hammerlock on his opponent

Their bout in the Mound City took an hour and seven minutes before Steele had his shoulders pinned to the mat, and following that, they struggled for three hours and twenty minutes to a draw in Philadelphia. Then came the bout in the Garden and in that contest it took Londos an hour and twenty-two minutes to down his man, but not until after he had been outscored heavily on points and was on the verge of being tossed at least half a dozen times.

In fact, it was not a wrestling hold that caused Steele's downfall and spoiled his chance of winning the championship, but a straight arm thrust that had the same effect as a knockout punch to the jaw.

* * *

WHO is Ray Steele, was a question asked at a show in the Seventy-first Regiment armory several months ago when Ray made his debut under the Jack Curley banner. At that time, he wrestled a thirty-minute draw against Carl Pojello, and so impressive was he that he created a sensation. Since then he has risen to heights that have brought to him fame and fortune.

Although little was known of Steele in the East before Curley brought him on from the Coast, out in California he had quite a reputation for his prowess. He is of German extraction and like other athletes of his race, he is powerfully built, has a heap of endurance and is courageous. His brother George, who ruled the middleweights for a time, taught Ray the intricate holds of wrestling out in their old home, in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Pete took the name of Ray Steele to distinguish himself from his famous brother, for whom he substituted in his first professional match just fourteen years ago. When he started wrestling, his mother objected to the calling. She felt that one son in the professional field of athletics was sufficient and urged Ray to study some profession.

The mat sport, however, had a great lure for Ray and he finally overcame the objections of his mother, but not until after he had changed his name so that she would not know that he had taken part in pro matches, and he had succeeded in coming through with a string of victories.

* * *

IT was back in 1915 that Ray took up grappling in order to enter the A. A. U. championship tournaments and for four years he remained a simon pure. He met with great success and it was only after his brother George had gained the pro middleweight crown that Ray decided to go after the money.

For his first professional engagement Ray received $10, and his second netted him only $14.26. At the time he was working in an iron foundry and so encouraged was he by his showing that he dropped work at the mill to make a close study of the methods of the sensational Earl Caddock, the "Man of a Thousand Holds," who at the time was the leading figure in the sport.

I asked him how he came to take the name of Steele and

Coast's Greatest Wrestler

Californian Ranks Among World's Cleverest Exponents of the Grappling Art—A Master Technician

By JACK CURLEY

the Coast mat star laughed as he replied:

"I tackled a fellow named Jordan out in Lincoln, Neb., my home town. I was a light heavyweight at the time and never cared how heavy my opponents were. I often spotted some of my opponents twenty or thirty pounds and thought nothing of it. On the occasion of the Jordan match I thrilled the fans with an excellent exhibition and on the following day, Cy Sherman, writing for the Lincoln Star remarked:

" 'Peter gave me a great account of himself. His performance was astonishing. He used vise-like grips from which Jordan couldn't extricate himself and his brawny arms were like chunks of steel.'

"And almost overnight the wrestling followers began to refer to me as Ray Steele and that name has been adopted by me since."

* * *

WHEREVER Ray Steele is known he enjoys a big following and every place he earned his "rep" by "knocking off" the popular local favorite. However, he is not particularly in favor with the promoters, because he has been a menace to attractions who promised to draw big gates. He is the ruination of big drawing attractions.

For instance, out west, Clarence Ecklund was the light heavy champion and always drew packed houses—Along came Ray and Ecklund was no longer the promoter's meal ticket.

Ray demonstrating a Japanese leg lock

Up in Vancouver, the former manager of Frank Gotch promoted wrestling. He was just beginning to realize a bit on his investment with Gober, the Indian, as the big card, when presto—he made the big mistake by bringing in Ray Steele and Gober was shipped to Bombay, India, in fragments.

Recently Jack Pfeffer of New York imported Sergei Kalmikoff from darkest Siberia and got him a great start with a victory over Ferenc Holuban. The promoters smacked their

Steele about to throw his man with a half Nelson and crotch hold

chops and smiled in anticipation of cashing in on the be-whiskered Sergei. They made the usual mistake by matching him against Ray Steele as a stepping stone to further fame and fortune, and another good box office prospect hit the dust. Also, he knocked off Raphaillo Genna, the giant Italian, spoiling a great card for the Chicago promoters.

Steele is the only wrestler who wrestled as a heavyweight and in order to get the light heavy title, trained down to 175 and won it from Ecklund.

His home now is at Glendale, California. Less than 200 yards away is the transcontinent terminal of the T. A. T. aero service.

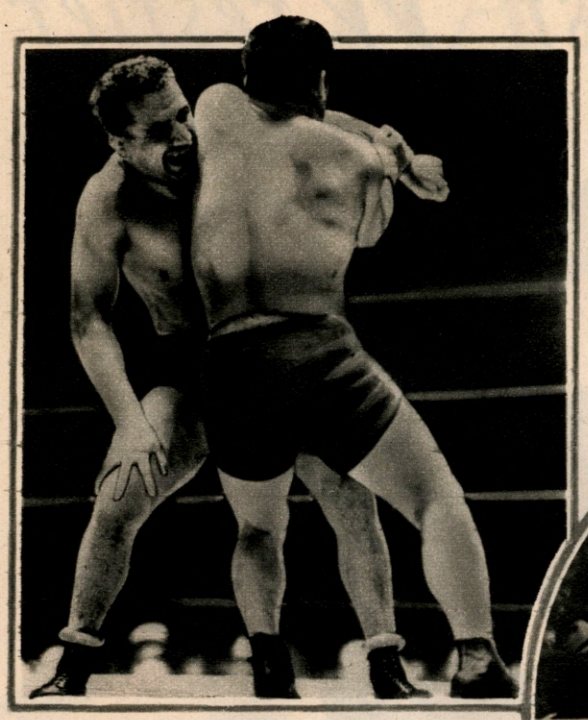
Asked which of his many battles he considers his hardest, without hesitation, Steele replied:

"All of my matches with Londos, whom I consider the greatest of the present-day stars. I really don't know whether the one in Philadelphia which went more than three hours to a draw or the Cancer Hospital Fund contest was the toughest, but both were gruelling affairs. In each, Londos knew that he had been through a mill and he was lucky to get a draw in the first and win the second."

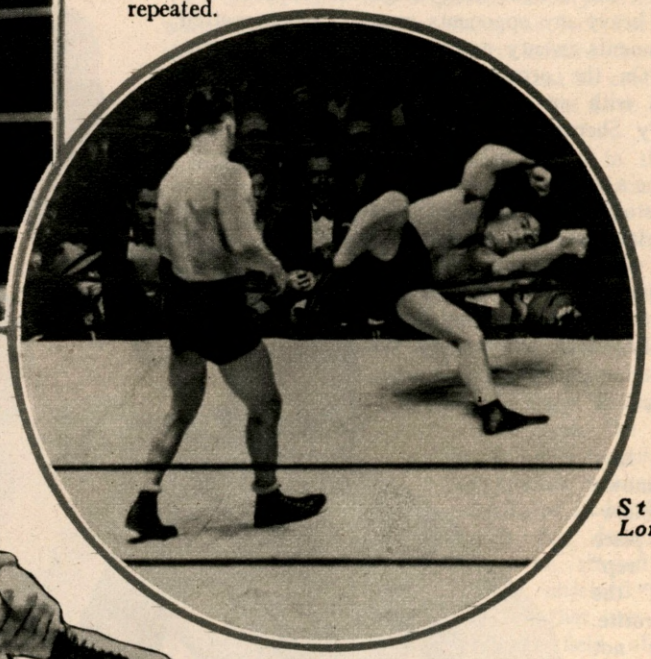
CAMERA STORY *of a* GREAT MATCH

NEW YORK was the scene of the greatest wrestling match seen since the revival of the sport, when Jim Londos, the recognized champion of the New York Commission, successfully defended his title in the Garden against Ray Steele of California by pinning the shoulders of the challenger to the mat in an hour and twenty-two minutes. The affair was a most grueling one, in which every hold known to the sport was on exhibition. Throughout the contest Steele had the upper hand. He was the aggressor and would have won on points had the bout gone the limit.

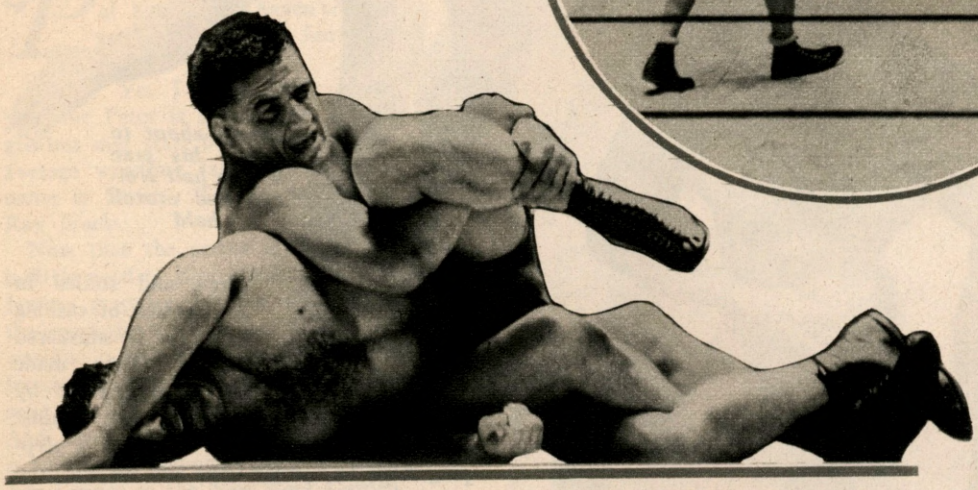
It was a great match, the kind the public would like to see repeated.

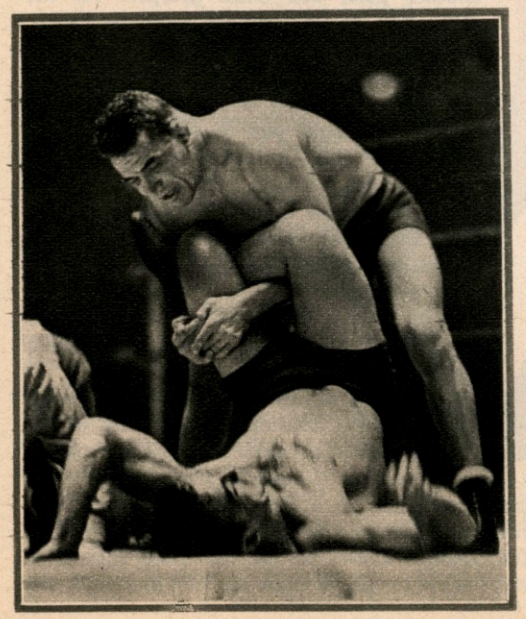


Ray Steele in agony as Londos applies pressure in a Japanese arm lock in Cancer Hospital Fund show in Madison Square Garden



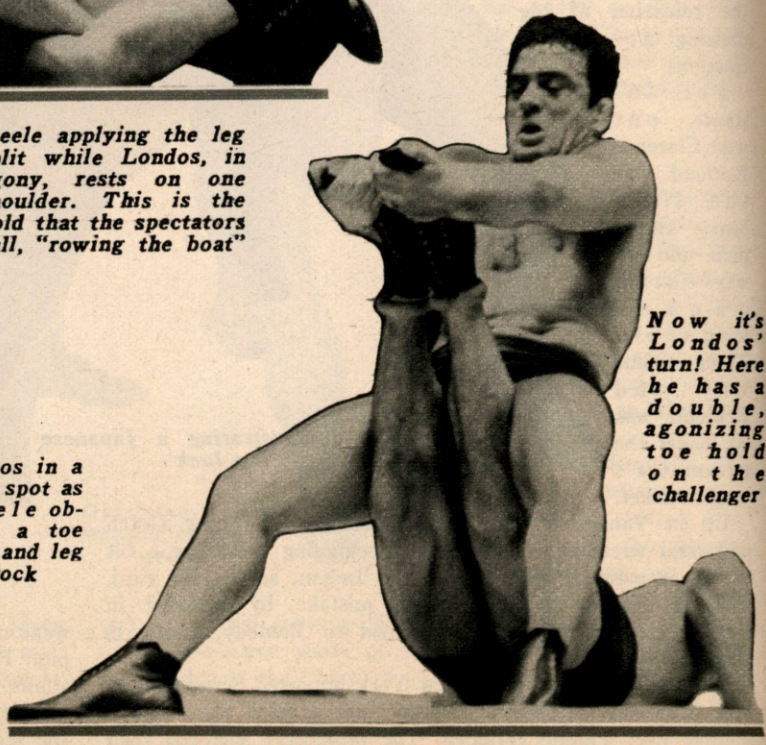
Steele tosses Londos into the ropes





Steele applying the leg split while Londos, in agony, rests on one shoulder. This is the hold that the spectators call, "rowing the boat"

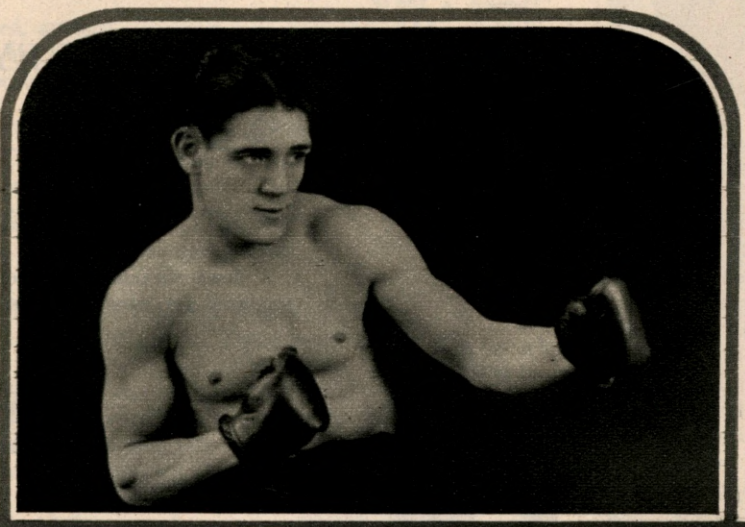
Londos in a tight spot as Steele obtains a toe hold and leg lock



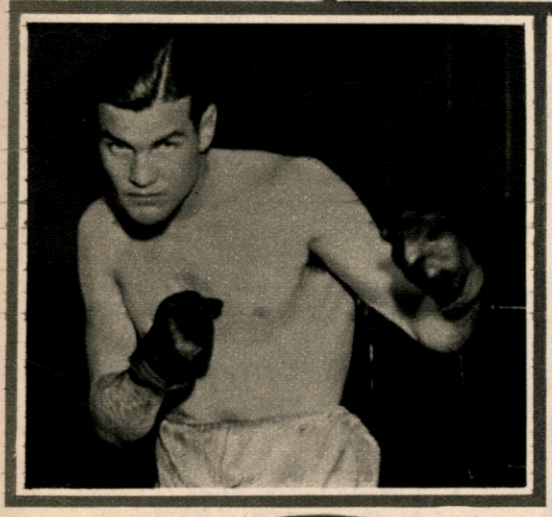
Now it's Londos' turn! Here he has a double, agonizing toe hold on the challenger

YOUNGSTERS *FORGING* *to the* FRONT

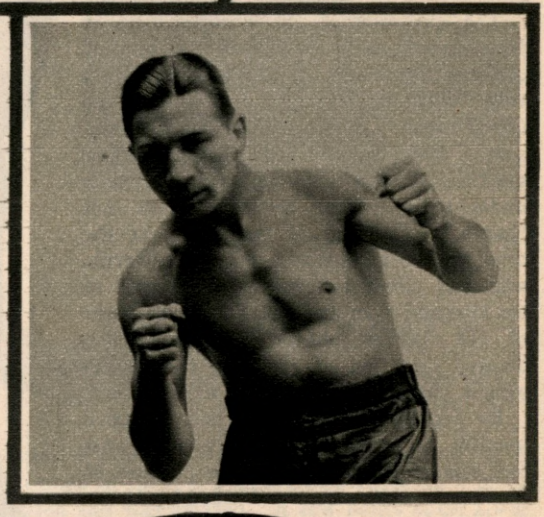
Harold Rogers, Sioux City bantamweight



Chino Alvarez, Florida's crack featherweight

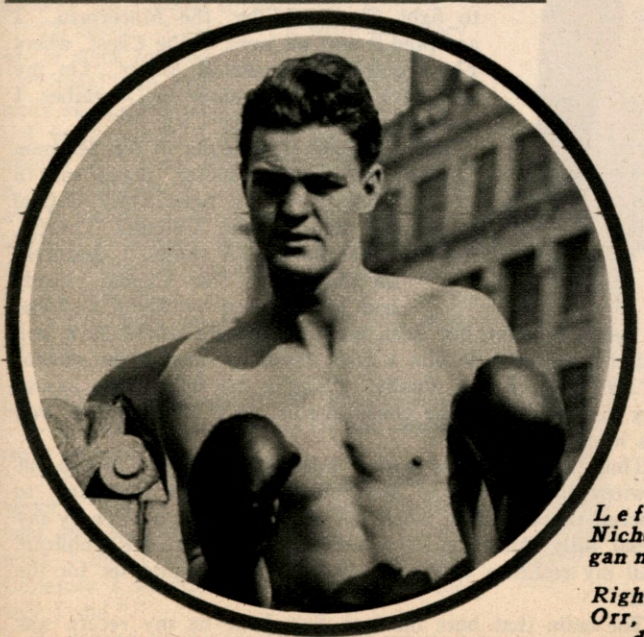


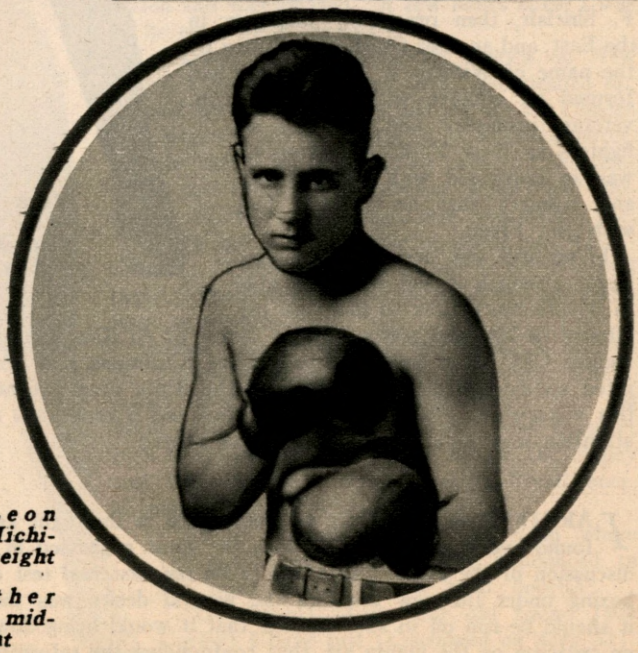
Al Trainor, Philadelphia's rugged welterweight



Left: Paddy Creedon, nephew of old Paddy Creedon. Resides in New Jersey

Right: Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati welterweight





Left: Leon Nichols, Michigan middleweight

Right: Luther Orr, Tenn., middleweight

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART FIFTEEN

THE Gotch-Hackenschmidt wrestling match which I had promoted and which Gotch had won was history and the synthetic squawk that resulted from it had died away. The fall of 1911 was coming on and I turned again to boxing. Just as that year ended and 1912 began, I made the "match that came out of a paragraph"—that between Jack Johnson and Jim Flynn for the heavyweight championship of the world.

The inception of the Frawley Law in New York state in the fall of 1911 marked the true beginning of the "White Hope" era that ultimately developed Jess Willard and the ill-fated Luther McCarty, but was given over mainly to sheer slugging matches between bulky fellows, who, while undoubtedly white, certainly were not "hopes." The first of these and, at the time, the most publicized, was Carl Morris, who had climbed down from the cab of his locomotive in Sapulpa, Okla., the night of the Jeffries-Johnson fight with the avowed intention of restoring the heavyweight championship to the white race.

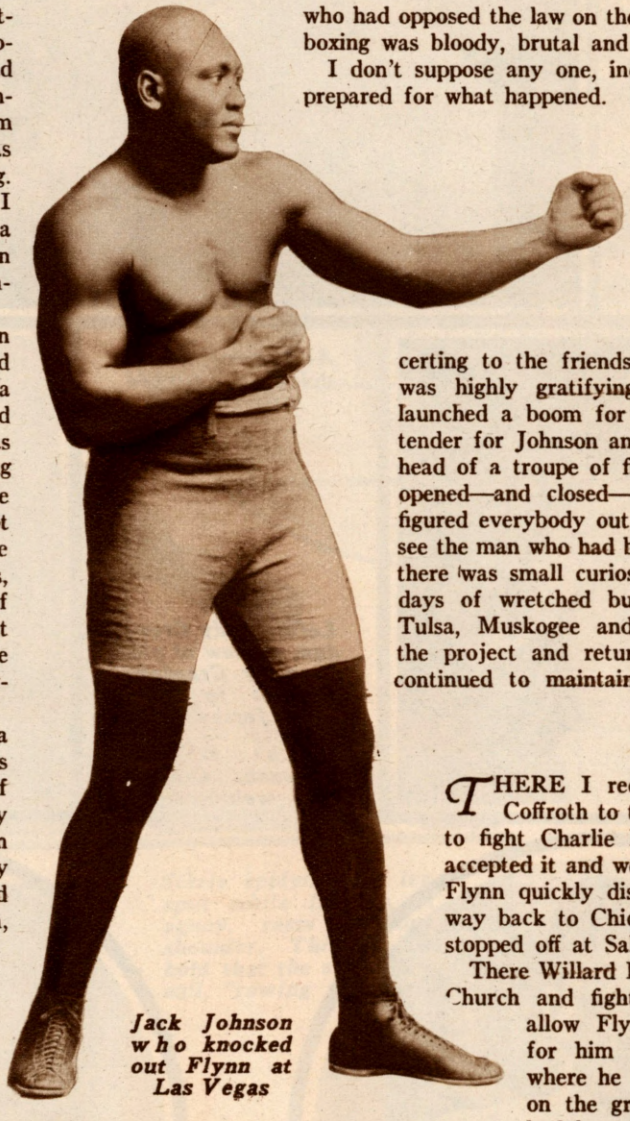
By September of 1911 he had run up a handful of victories over obscure giants and was in New York for the purpose of proving his skill. He was backed by Harry F. Sinclair, then practically unknown in the East, and another Oklahoma oil man by the name of William B. Ufer. They had formed an alliance with Billy Newman, veteran promoter and manager of fighters in New York, and Newman was so impressed with Morris's size and strength that he matched him with Jim Flynn.

Flynn still was under my management, although I had not been able to devote much time to him, but my interest in him was revived by his defeat of Al Kaufmann in Kansas City a few weeks before. Since Kaufmann had been rated among the more promising of the white heavyweights, this victory put Flynn right out in front and a great deal of attention was centered on his fight with Morris.

* * *

I ARRIVED in New York to handle him in this fight and found every one connected with the sport engrossed in a discussion of the event. This was to be the first real test of boxing under the new law and the general desire was that it should be run off in such fashion that it would bring down no criticism on the manly art, thus confounding the reformers who had opposed the law on the strength of the claim that boxing was bloody, brutal and degrading.

I don't suppose any one, including the reformers, was prepared for what happened. Flynn, although he did not knock him out, hammered the huge Morris to a pulp, sprayed the ring with his blood and by the very ferocity of his attack almost brought about the repeal of the law.



Jack Johnson who knocked out Flynn at Las Vegas

The result, disconcerting to the friends of boxing in New York, was highly gratifying to me. I immediately launched a boom for Flynn as the logical contender for Johnson and took him on tour at the head of a troupe of fighters and wrestlers. We opened—and closed—the tour in Oklahoma. I figured everybody out there would be curious to see the man who had beaten Morris so easily, but there was small curiosity evinced and after five days of wretched business in Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Muskogee and Choctaw, we abandoned the project and returned to Chicago, where I continued to maintain my base of operations.

* * *

THERE I received an offer from Jim Coffroth to take Flynn to Colima, Cal., to fight Charlie Miller, the Motorman. I accepted it and we went to the Coast, where Flynn quickly disposed of Miller. On my way back to Chicago alone in December, I stopped off at Salt Lake City.

There Willard Bean, elder of the Mormon Church and fight promoter, urged me to allow Flynn to fight Tony Caponi for him at the Colonial Theatre, where he ran his shows. I demurred on the ground that Caponi already had been beaten by Flynn and was no match for him, but Bean insisted the fight would draw well and that I would do him a great favor by making the match.

"All right," I said, finally. "You're the fellow who has to stay here and take the consequences, so if you want it, you can have it."

Thus the match was made. I had to go on to Chicago but I wired to Flynn, who had remained in San Francisco, to proceed to Salt Lake, where he would be looked after by my friend Billy Porter, sporting editor of the Herald-Republican, until my return a couple of days before the date set for the fight.

The train that bore me into Salt Lake on my return was late and did not reach the town until one o'clock in the

morning. To my surprise, Flynn was waiting for me when I alighted.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" I demanded. "Do you want to crab the fight, allowing yourself to be seen in public at this hour with the fight so near at hand? I can find my way to the Utah Hotel without your assistance."

"I know you can," said my rough-and-ready friend. "I didn't come down here to meet you just for the privilege of leading you to your hotel by the hand. I wanted to see you about this Porter. If it wasn't for you I would have taken a punch at him long ago."

"What's the matter?" I asked, amazed.

It seemed that Jim was put out because Porter had ignored the fight in his column and, personally, had been at no pains to conceal his disapproval of it.

"Well, to tell you the truth," I said, "I don't like the fight either. Porter is my friend but I can't expect him to boost a fight he doesn't like. You ought to be glad he hasn't knocked it so hard as to ruin it. So forget about it and go to bed."

* * *

PORTER had breakfast with me that day and, I quickly discovered, was ill-disposed toward Flynn as Flynn was toward him.

"It's a rotten match, Jack," he said, "and that mug is sore because I won't boost it. If it hadn't been for you, I would have harpooned him in the paper and run him out of town."

I assured him I didn't want him to write anything he didn't believe, that I understood and sympathized with his attitude and that whatever he wrote would have no bearing on our friendship.

Early on the night of the fight Porter started to drink in a saloon across from the stage door of the theatre and by the time the men entered the ring he was hopelessly drunk and couldn't be pried away from the bar. So it happened that he didn't see the fight, which resulted in a knockout by Flynn in the second round and a terrific roar from the customers.

On my way back to my hotel after checking up, I passed the office of his newspaper, where I was well known, and found the foreman of the composing room in the doorway looking for him.

"I haven't seen him or got a word from him," he explained, "and there is nobody around here who saw the fight and can give me a story about it. What the dickens am I going to do?"

"I'll fix it," I said. "I'll write the story of the fight for you."

"Great!" he said. "Come right in and write as much as you like."

I wrote nearly a column and I wrote it exactly as I knew Billy would have written it. I panned Bean, Flynn, Caponi and, most of all, myself. I wound up with that hackneyed but always serviceable line: "This sort of thing, if continued, will kill boxing in this state!"

Then I went on to my hotel and went to bed.

* * *

THE next morning Porter, somewhat apprehensive, came to see me and showed me a copy of the paper.

"I must have been very drunk when I wrote it Jack," he said. "It was a rotten fight and deserved to be panned but, on the level, I didn't intend to make it that bad. Certainly I wouldn't have panned you the way I did."

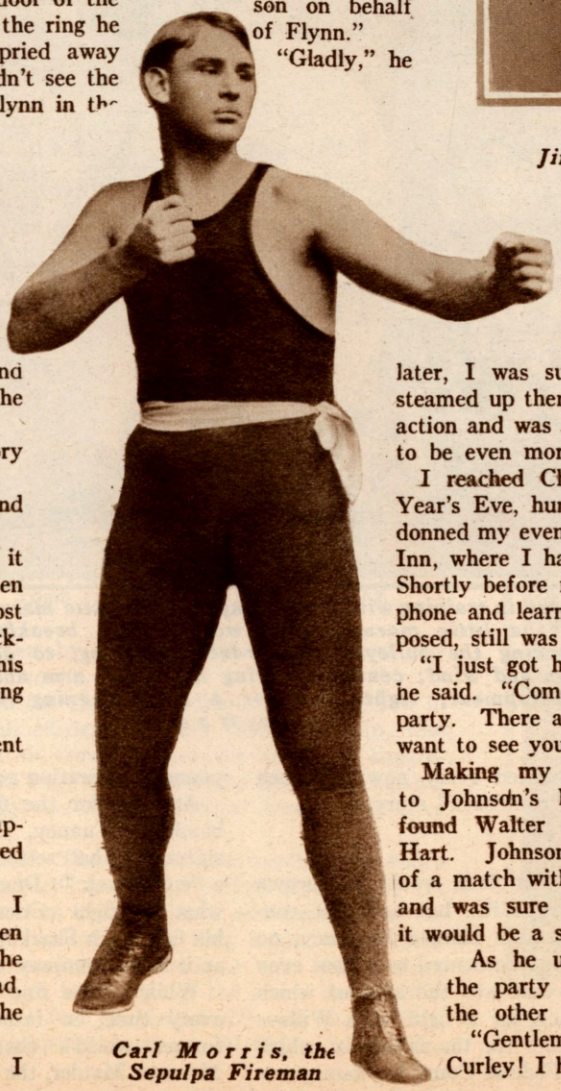
He looked at me dumbfounded when I laughed so hard the tears rolled down my cheeks and it was a long while before I could convince him that I had written the story. After that all he could say was:

"What a friend! What a friend!"

"All right," I said. "Now I'm going to ask you to do something for me. I just noticed a paragraph in an old newspaper that's been lying around this room for several days. It's an "A. P." dispatch from Liverpool to the effect that Jack Johnson and his wife are sailing for this country to spend the holidays in Chicago. Write an interview with me in which I will hurl a challenge at Johnson on behalf of Flynn."

"Gladly," he said. "That's the least I can do."

Jim Flynn who annihilated Carl Morris in New York bout



Carl Morris, the Sepulpa Fireman

The interview, which appeared the following morning, was picked up all over the country and when I reached Chicago a few days later, I was surprised to find the match being steamed up there. I hadn't looked for such quick action and was amazed. A few hours later, I was to be even more amazed.

I reached Chicago about six o'clock on New Year's Eve, hurried to my hotel, got cleaned up, donned my evening clothes and set out for College Inn, where I had been invited to attend a party. Shortly before midnight I was called to the telephone and learned that Johnson, who, I had supposed, still was on the high seas, was calling me.

"I just got here a couple of hours ago, Jack," he said. "Come right out to my house to a real party. There are a lot of your friends here who want to see you."

Making my excuses to my host, I hurried to Johnson's house and there, among others, found Walter Eckersall, Eddie Geiger and Sig Hart. Johnson was excited over the prospect of a match with Flynn, for he needed the money and was sure that, having beaten Flynn once, it would be a soft touch for him.

As he ushered me into the room where the party had assembled, he announced to the other guests with a great flourish:

"Gentlemen! Meet your old friend Jack Curley! I have just (*Continued on page* 43)

Vale, Dempsey!

The Ring Bids Him Farewell, and Jack Sings His Swan Song

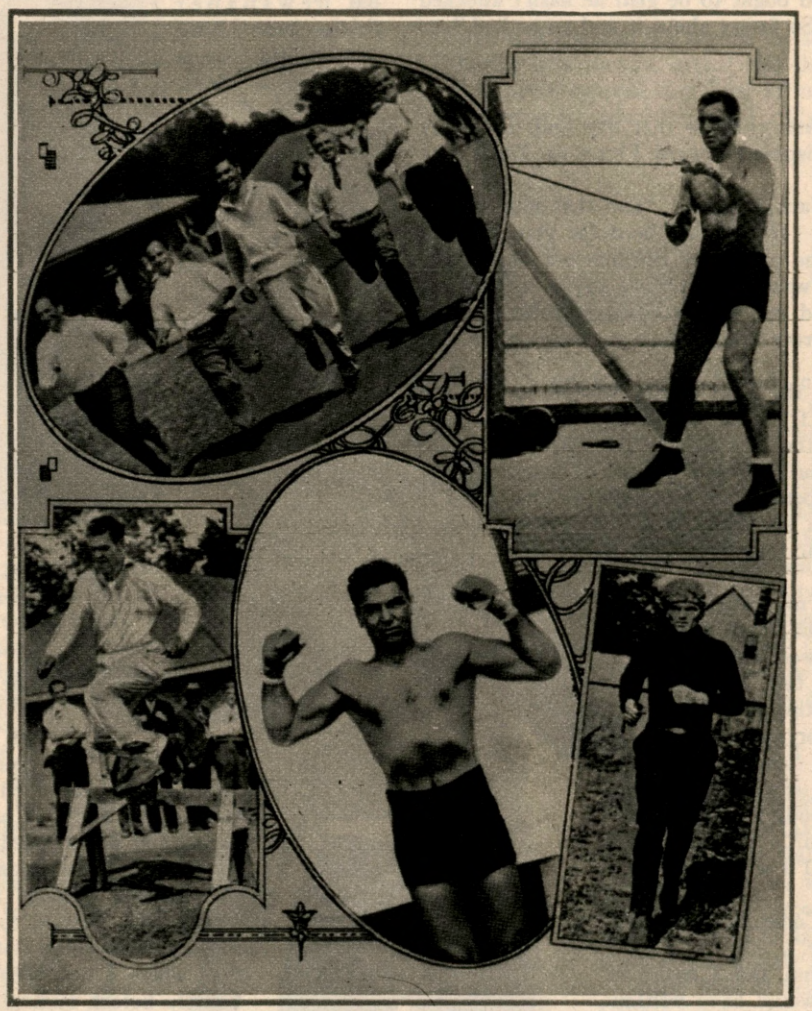
By EDWARD MERRILL

FAREWELL, Dempsey! Now it may be said with certainty. For some years the possibility of Jack's return to the ring remained a fistic factor. It was a vague possibility, indeed—but something to be reckoned with, just the same.

Now the possibility has vanished. Dempsey has sung his swan song. His valedictory has been pronounced. And perhaps the greatest heavyweight in the long history of pugilism may be waved definitely into retirement—waved out of the picture with his ambition blasted. He had hoped to be the first heavyweight champion to regain the title but the Fates, and the long count, willed otherwise, and now he is through.

That Dempsey was done had been realized for a long time even by his most enthusiastic admirers. And now comes his own pronouncement. His doctors have ordered a complete rest for him. Two months of inactivity. He's burned out. Through with the ring.

Although the public long has realized that the Idol of Fistiana had completed his ring battles when he failed to regain the championship from Gene Tunney, for ballyhoo purposes, to aid him in his latest work as a guest referee, Dempsey has consented every now and then to have his name linked with a "comeback" story.



A day in training with Jack Dempsey—the fistic marvel. Upper-left: a little morning road work before breakfast; right: working the pulleys. Lower-left: hurdling, to develop his legs and wind; center: showing his chest, arm and shoulder development; right: out for a little evening jog before calling it a day

* * *

IT did look a few weeks ago that Jack would be thrown against his old Nemesis, Harry Wills, but had that contest been arranged, no one would have blamed Dempsey, no matter what his condition, for having consented to a bout even at this stage, for $800,000. For that was the amount which Bill Clements had guaranteed Jack for a fight with Wills—the battle that never took place and for the failure of which Clements had brought suit in the Federal Court for damages—and Dempsey was willing to fulfill his part if the full sum were turned over to him.

In that particular case, when Dempsey issued a statement in court that he still was ready to meet Wills for the amount guaranteed by Clements, he was serious. After having the case thrown out of court, Dempsey said:

"Seriously," he said. "I would have fought Wills for $800,000 even in the condition I now find myself. Who wouldn't enter the ring nowadays for that sum? I'd do it because I know that Wills is in no better shape than I am. In fact, I know that even with my long layoff I'm in far better condition than is Wills and since I always felt I could whip him handily when we were in our prime, I know I could do so now.

"But why bring that up now that the court has thrown the Indiana case out and the Wills controversy has been settled for all time? There will be no more ring battles for Dempsey. You can tell the world that I'm through. I've had my fling. I have won the greatest honors the ring could bestow upon me, have made my mark fistically, have never done an act that could bring disgrace upon me or the sport which I so much love and which has enabled me to rise from the mines to wealth. I'll rest on my laurels and let the younger generation go after the laurels which were once mine."

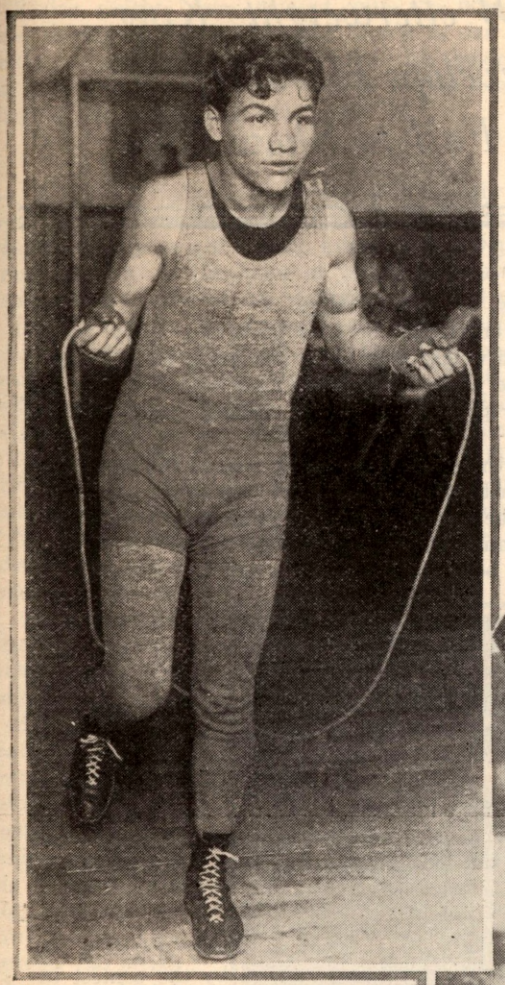
And so, for the first time since his second defeat at the hands of Tunney, Dempsey has come forth with a public statement that settles once and for all time the question of a "come-back." Dempsey is through. He has come to realize what the fight critics knew to be a fact after seeing him in his fight with Sharkey. It was obvious to the trained eye then, as it is to Dempsey now, that his days as a fighter were over.

While in the ring he gave the fans a run for their money every time he faced an opponent. The admirers of the former world's champion like to remember him as the Manassa Mauler, the Man-Killer, the (*Continued on page* 44)

The COMEBACK KID

Canzoneri's Knockout Victories Startle Followers of the Game

By HARRY GRAYSON



Strengthening the leg muscles and the wind with rope skipping.

TONY CANZONERI, the Miracle Man of Brooklyn, has proved conclusively that his knockout of Al Singer, from whom he won the world's lightweight title, was no fluke. The lad who once held the featherweight crown and now holds the reins over the division made famous by such gladiators of renown as Joe Gans, Jack McAuliffe and Benny Leonard, convinced Jackie Kid Berg and thousands of the Englishman's admirers that Tony is one of the greatest of the present day fighters by furnishing the year's biggest surprise—the knockout of Berg in the third round.

When Tony and Jackie squared off in the Chicago stadium, there were few in that arena besides Conzoneri's faithful, efficient manager, Sam Goldman, who figured that the champion would retain his crown. Wherever sportsmen congregate, there seemed to be the feeling that Tony's day had come and that England, for the first time since Freddy Welsh lost the title to Leonard, would again have a lightweight king in its midst.

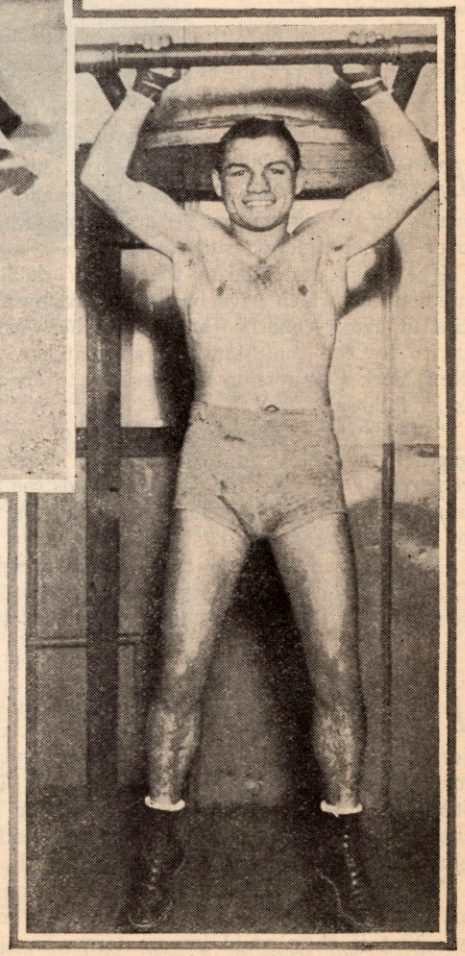
But they failed to figure on Tony's fists. The Miracle Man reached the zenith of his career and earned the right to a niche in the fistic Hall of Fame by his marvelous performance. The only reason he didn't achieve additional fame, the winning of a third title, the junior welter crown which Berg holds, was because under the rules of boxing, as explained elsewhere in this issue, that title was not at stake. Yet Tony had the satisfaction of knocking out the crown wearer of a division one notch higher than his own—a feat unexcelled in recent years. This, coupled with his previous knockout of another champion, Al Singer, gives Canzoneri an enviable record—one that few have achieved.

By his latest victory, this little Brooklyn champion has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the lovers of boxing that there are still a few stalwarts in the sport. With Mickey Walker, the middleweight champion who aspires to the highest honors in the kingdom now ruled by Max Schmeling, Tony takes his place as one of the two greatest fighters of the age. Truly great warriors, both of them.

* * *

THAT Canzoneri has earned a unique position in his field, is evident by the fact that not only has he won two championships, knocked out two world title holders, displayed remarkable ability as a bantam, feather and lightweight and has been one of the few champions who has succeeded to hurdle the comeback hazards, but is now in a nip and tuck battle with Tommy Loughran in the vote now being taken for THE (*Continued on page* 45)

A little game of leap frog while on a road run through Central Park.



Tony Canzoneri ready for some "chinning" exercise.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Berg Is Still Junior-Welterweight King
Middleweight Class Develops Hard Hitters
Amateurs in Nationals Fail to Show Class

MUCH argumentation and disputation have followed the recent bout between Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, and Judha Bergman, known in the ring as Jack Kid Berg, holder of the junior-welterweight championship. The bone of contention is the claim put forth that Canzoneri, in defeating Berg and retaining his lightweight crown, also captured the junior-welter title possessed by Berg.

The lightweight limit as observed and complied with all over the world at the present time is 135 pounds, the contestants to weigh at 2 o'clock on the day set for the bout. The limit in the junior-welter class is 140 pounds, and the weighing time also is 2 o'clock on day of contest.

Both Berg and Canzoneri were below the lightweight limit of 135 pounds on the afternoon of the day set for the bout, and as Berg was required to make not above 135 pounds for the contest with Canzoneri, and could not have won the lightweight title had he weighed above the limit of that class, it follows as a matter of fact that he could not lose his junior-welter crown when compelled to enter the ring at the lightweight limit.

Therefore, the only title at stake when Canzoneri and Berg faced each other in the ring was the lightweight title possessed by Canzoneri.

* * *

EVEN had Berg consented to risk his 140-pound title at 135 pounds, the championship would not have changed hands for the reason that the weight rules of boxing the world over do not sanction such an act.

The weights adopted by the New York State Athletic Commission and which have been accepted by the boxing authorities in every country throughout the world, must be lived up to by the contestants in all matches. The rule of the New York Commission in reference to championship matches is as follows:

"Whenever a recognized holder of a championship engages in a contest in this State, he must be at the weight required by the class for which he holds the title. No matches must be made by any clubs except at the weights called for by the boxing rules."

Thus it can be seen that as the weight for the Berg-Canzoneri bout was 135 pounds, and not 140 pounds, the junior-welter limit, Berg's title was not at stake.

* * *

IT is quite true that in the days previous to the adoption of a set of weights for the various classes, and the enforcement of those weights, boxers and managers made matches at any weight that suited them. There was no constituted authority in the period preceding the enactment of the Frawley and Walker laws, and the leading managers and boxers dictated to those with whom they dealt.

The motto of these rulers of the boxing world was: "A match well made is half won." What they meant by that was that if they could impose terms on the challenger that would bring him into the ring in weakened condition, it was an excellent piece of matchmaking, despite the fact that it was utterly unjust to the challenger.

Preceding the enactment of laws governing every feature of boxing, the lightweight limit was supposed to be 133 pounds ringside. Yet the champions of the class scaled all the way from 133 to 138 pounds, and titles changed hands at those figures.

Without doubt the most unjust perversion of the lightweight limit was made in behalf of Battling Nelson in his battle with Joe Gans, then the champion of the lightweight class. Gans was browbeaten and threatened by Billy Nolan, manager of Nelson, until the boxer consented to weigh 133 ringside with trunks and shoes.

Nelson was at that time a 130-pound boy, and Nolan's object was to so weaken Gans by low weight as to prevent him doing his best work in the ring. Gans did not weigh more than 131 pounds on entering the ring, and there is no doubt the low weight did much to reduce his customary vigorous boxing. As it was, Gans managed to fight for 42 rounds, and Nelson, angry at his failure to bring the champion down, finally committed a deliberate foul, and lost the decision then and there. Nevertheless, the strain on Gans broke his health, and he not long afterward died of tuberculosis.

* * *

DOUBTLESS the case that most closely parallels the Berg-Canzoneri incident is furnished by the contest between Frank Erne, lightweight champion, and Terry McGovern, featherweight title holder. They met in Madison Square Garden, July 16, 1900, nearly 31 years ago, in a match in which the title of neither was at stake.

McGovern had no intention of fighting Erne at the lightweight limit, which at that time was supposed to be 135 pounds, because Erne had won the lightweight title from George Lavigne at 135 pounds, both weighing in at 3 o'clock. Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, stipulated that Erne would be required to weigh 128 pounds at ringtime. He did so, and McGovern knocked out the lightweight champion in the third round. Whether the weight weakened Erne is a question, as McGovern at the time carried T. N. T. in both mitts, and few boys at any weight ever lasted the limit against him.

It is recorded that after the battle, Erne approached McGovern and said: "Terry, you won and I give you the lightweight title."

"I don't want your title," was McGovern's response.

The reason McGovern had no claim on the lightweight title was because Erne, the champion, was restricted to 128 pounds ringside, instead of 135 pounds at 3 p.m., as was the custom at that time.

* * *

BY the same token Berg could not lose his junior-welter title for the very good reason that he was required to make 135 pounds at 2 p. m., instead of 140 pounds, which is the limit of the junior-welter class wherever the class is recognized.

Much stress has been laid on the generosity of Berg and Erne in offering to surrender their titles when beaten in

handicap matches, and while their action reflects credit on them from the viewpoint of sportsmanship, it was at variance with the precedents of Erne's time and the hard and fast rules of the New York State Athletic Commission.

Boxing weights were devised with the object of putting men in ring at a poundage that would be fair to both contestants, and any contention that a title holder should risk his honors at a weight so low as to weaken him, is not only illogical but nonsensical and unjust.

* * *

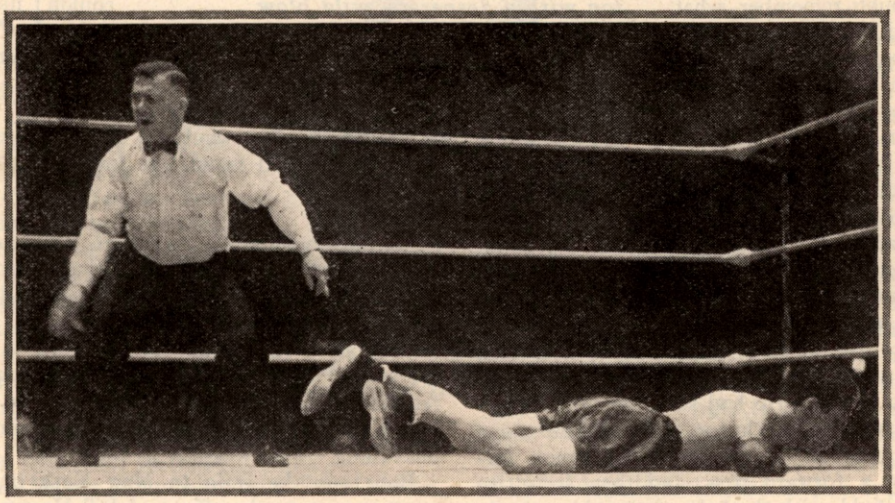
MANY fighters of ability at a certain weight, have become imbued with the belief that they were invincible at any weight. Billy Edwards, a 140 pounder many years ago, was in the habit of taking on heavyweights, and beating them. One of his victims scaled 200 pounds.

Joe Walcott, a welterweight not only knocked out two heavyweights, Joe Choynski and Dan Creedon, but he was anxious to fight all the leading heavies, and did challenge Jeffries, Corbett, Sharkey and others. Walcott, according to report knocked out Tom Sharkey in training quarters at a time when the Sailor was preparing for his battle with Jeffries. The latter, and Corbett declined to meet the Barbadoes demon on the ground that he was "too small."

No doubt some of the heavyweights of the present might advance the same argument against a meeting with Mickey Walker, who is a 160 pounder.

However, the matches that Walcott fought with heavies and the contests Walker desires with the big fellows are not handicap affairs, as the heavies can weigh whatever they please.

In the Berg-Canzoneri, bout Berg, 140 pound champion, was required to reduce to 135 pounds, and his title therefore was not at stake. Berg is still the junior welter champion wherever that title is recognized, and will be the leader until he is whipped at the weight limit.



Jackie Kid Berg being counted out in third round of lightweight championship fight with Tony Canzoneri at Chicago Stadium

* * *

Berg Makes a 'Come-Back'

THOSE who were singing the swan song for Berg, learned much to their surprise, that the Englishman is still there with his flying fists and the energy that made him so popular prior to the Chicago knockout. If Jackie Kid Berg is through, as many fight fans had predicted, then Tony Herrera must be mighty happy that he didn't meet the Whitechapel Whirlwind when he was at his best, for Tony had found in this "washed-up" English gladiator, in their recent bout in the Garden, one of the toughest fighters he had ever met.

Herrera reached Berg's chin with many a hard clout, terrific right hand jolts that carried T. N. T., yet he was unable even to floor Jackie. And Herrera can hit—make no mistake about that!

Berg came back with flying colors, despite the catcalls and other uncomplimentary remarks that greeted the official decision, a unanimous, just verdict. If he can score one or two more such victories, Berg will have earned a return shot with Canzoneri and such a bout will pack 'em in. It would be a natural.

Those who have the interest of boxing at heart, were particularly pleased at Berg's exhibition against the tough Herrera, for boxing owes the Brittish lad a vote of thanks for having done more, or at least as much, as any man in the game to keep the sport alive during a depression such as the sport has seldom before encountered.

* * *

A Fine Middleweight Crop

IN Vincent Sireci and Ignacio Ara, the middleweight class has two great prospects. They are the hardest hitters in a division that has had few real topnotchers in the past few years. Both carry dynamite in either hand, and this, combined with their courage and desire to mix at all times, makes them a great asset to boxing in these hard times.

Young Terry, the Trenton socker, is another hefty walloper whose style is pleasing. It seems that at last the middleweight class is due to come into its own again.

* * *

New York Amateurs Best

AMATEURS, representing every section of this country and Canada, in addition to Hawaii, furnished the thrills in four days of boxing recently in Madison Square Garden of New York City where the annual national championships were staged. One hundred and sixty-four entrants took part and when the smoke of battle disappeared, it was found that New York and Cleveland had each grabbed off two titles with Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans and Reno, Nevada, each annexing one crown. Boys from New York also carried off the team trophy by piling up fifteen points to eleven for Cleveland. Five lads wearing the Empire State emblem went into the semi-finals.

The crop of simon pures in this year's tournament was the poorest gathered in years. Of all, not more than half a dozen showed anything to warrant the belief that were they to turn professional, they would get anywhere. Many of the horde of state and district champions who competed in the nationals, have had from fifty to 100 fights, yet they displayed little over which one would become enthusiastic. Most of them would have been easy victims for the ordinary professional preliminary boy who has had less than half a dozen battles under his belt.

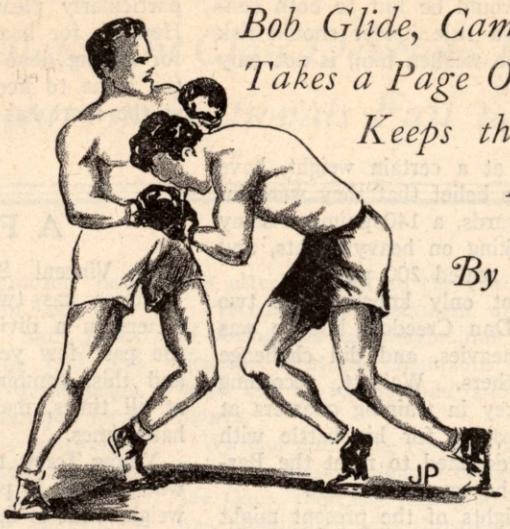
There is a world of difference between the pros and the amateurs, and from what was seen in the Garden at the Nationals, the amateurs of to-day are far inferior to those of a few years back. How some of them ever got into the nationals unless through politics, was a mystery for many failed to show that they knew the first essentials of boxing.

(*Continued on page* 46)

The Solar Plexus Kid

Bob Glide, Cambridge Football Star, Takes a Page Out of Fitz's Book and Keeps the Girl As Well As His Self-Respect

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Glide got up and shot a left to the button with a desperate, wild blow

"YOU'RE a fine lot of chicken hearts," the coach shouted. "New Haven leading you by thirteen points, walking all over your faces, making a holy show of you in front of 80,000 persons! The great Cambridge eleven! Why, I had a high school team over at Bridgeton eight years ago that would have chased you tea hounds out of the stadium."

The mighty coach got winded. "I didn't want to use Glide in this game. His leg isn't any too strong, and we need him next year. But Glide it will have to be. Bob, you go in there this half and run those birds ragged. And you, Stevens. Remember, old 55-30, on the weak side of the line when you manoeuvre into position. Glide with 55-30, and your tackle out two paces. Let's go!"

Most of you no doubt remember what happened in the second half of that memorable football battle between Cambridge and New Haven, in which Bob Glide made three long runs for touchdowns, and won for the Cantabs by 20 to 13.

A fortnight previous, in the game with Massachusetts Methodist, Glide had injured his left leg and surgeons had told him to quit football for the year. He had so many other things to look forward to—and he was the intercollegiate heavyweight boxing champion. But Bob had seen the handwriting on the wall for this Cambridge eleven. With Glide in the backfield the team had drive, spirit. With Bob on the side lines it just could not click.

So, at great sacrifice to himself, Glide had remained in training, watching the contest with Lawrence from the sidelines, aching to get into action. He had seen the first half of the New Haven game from the bench, too. But the call came at last, and you know the rest. Sixty yards from punt formation, forty-five from a forward pass, and then forty-two yards through a broken field, with the help of the old cutback. Glide the All American had saved Cambridge from another defeat—and in the traditional, romantic contest with New Haven, too.

* * *

THE weeks rolled by. Fall, with its golden woods, gave way to Winter, with the gale blowing across the old river and the snow swirling on the campus. Winter gave way to Spring, and then, one afternoon, there came bad news for Bob.

His father had died that morning. He was found sitting in front of a lot of private papers, behind closed doors. "John Glide, president of Glide Steel, dies of stroke," the newspaper headlines said.

The next week was worse than a nightmare for Bob. It was a horrible phantasmagoria. Nothing had been saved from the wreckage. The Glide fortune was gone. Glide Steel had slipped into other hands. The Street had crashed, and with that gigantic smashup had gone all that John Glide had struggled for in a fighting business career of more than thirty years.

They sat together in the drawing room of the Mavey home—Edith and Bob. She was dark, alluring, beautiful.

"I know, Bob, it's terrible," she sympathized. "But you need not worry. Dad will take care of you. Finish your course. I know he'd want you to play out your senior season on the team. He's quite proud of the fact that you are the captain-elect. After that, he'll make a place for you in the company. The Mavey Lines own a hundred steamships. I just know you would make a fine executive. I know dad would do anything I told him."

Bob smiled. "I see that you have arranged everything, Edie, and you're a great girl," he said. "But somehow you can't see things the way I do. I couldn't finish my college course on money given to me by your dad. I'm broke. True enough. But I'm not—well, I'm not a grafter, Edie."

"But, Bob, it would be only a loan," she pleaded.

"But, Edie, that would be only a subterfuge, and you know it, you dark-eyed fraud," he insisted.

* * *

BOB completed the semester. He took his examinations, passed them with better than average grades, and then begged off from the round of dances and festivities that came with Commencement Week.

Why, he even declined to be one of a party on the Aurora, the Mavey yacht, at the annual Cambridge-New Haven rowing regatta on the Thames. Edith was in despair. Something was in the air. She could not cajole him. She found threats unavailing.

Bob took the train to New York one June morning and went at once to the offices of Bill Harney, boxing manager.

"Why, Glide, what brings you here on a fine day like this, with the boys and girls raising the old Harry up at New London?" Harney asked.

"I've come to take you up, Bill," Glide said. "You know what you said to me last January, at the intercollegiate boxing championships. After I had knocked out—"

"You don't have to tell me what I said after you hit Torpey of Annapolis with that right on the button in the second heat," Harney laughed. "I said that if you wanted to turn professional I would come close to making a champion out of you in a couple of years. Well, that still goes."

"You're on, Bill," said Glide. "I don't believe any of that championship guff. But I do need the money, and need it badly."

And Bob told Harney the whole story. "Stone broke, eh?" the old campaigner mused. "Listen, Bob. I knew you could make it as the son of John Glide. I'm absolutely sure you can do it as Bob Glide, with only a hundred and—how much was that you said you had? A hundred and forty-three dollars. Well, you go right back to Cambridge, or New London, or wherever the boys and girls may be. Have your final fling at the old campus stuff and report to me next Wednesday."

* * *

"WHAT a yarn!" Harry Drayton, of the Star-Telegraph was exultant. "Bill Harney spills it to me this morning. Bob Glide, All America football star—the guy they say is even better than Coy and Heston and the Indian Thorpe—

Glide, the intercollegiate heavyweight champion, who in his last two tournaments averaged only two rounds per bout, with knockouts in all—this bird turns professional!"

George Layden whistled. "Bob Glide goes into the professional ring, eh? Why, that's page one, and go the limit. Play up the sob angle," said the City Editor.

"Father dead, family fortune gone, the kid is desperate for dough. Probably he's got lots of money in the bank, but without a boss he's doing the things he wanted to do long ago. Can't blame Bob for that. Give it a play—and hurry, for the Night Edition."

The story created a sensation. In the home of Gail Mavey, steamship magnate and father of Edith, it brought panic and consternation.

"You must break off your engagement, Edith," said the stern dowager, Mrs. Gail Mavey, in between sobs that shook all three of her double chins in paroxysms of well bred grief.

"I'll manage this thing myself, mother," Miss Edie announced. "He must be out of his mind."

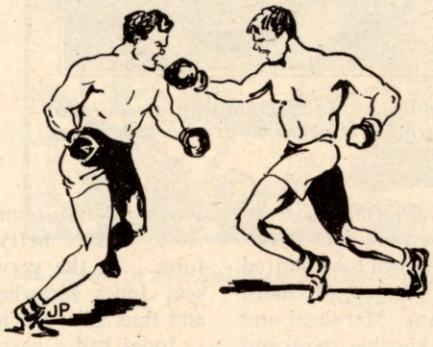
But Bob wasn't crazy, and he wouldn't be talked or bribed out of his determination. He needed $25,000, could earn it no other way in the short time he had alloted for that purpose, and would fight for it under Harney's management.

Too bad the family didn't like it. But if Miss Edith Havens Mavey felt that taking the money from her father was the more honorable way, well, Miss Edith had the wrong slant, and that was that. It was her own doing.

* * *

GAIL MAVEY first tried Harney. "Listen, Mr. Mavey. I know how you feel about this and I wonder why," Bill ejaculated. "Your trying to bribe me to throw him down isn't square and it's no compliment to me. You've been reading about us boxing managers in them magazines. Well, I'm sticking by the boy, and if you were the right sort you'd stick by him, too. He's no grafter, and if he sticks to me I'll make him champion."

Gail Mavey knew in his heart and soul that Harney was correct. Secretly Mavey admired Bob more strongly than ever. But Edith would not give up. She cried and she stormed—and then there was the sobbing Mrs. Gail to contend with.



Glide put everything he had into a terrific right that landed on the solar plexus

The next day found Mavey at luncheon with Starr Melton, president of the company that owned the big Coliseum.

"Starr, I see that you have matched this Glide boy with some professional for next month," Mavey opened. "That kid is to be my son-in-law if I ever live through this riot.

"I want you to call off that fight with this guinea pig Ritondo, or whatever his name is, and match Bob with a real good heavyweight. I want him licked, and whipped badly, in his first fight. I want all that professional career knocked out of him the first time he gets into a ring."

"Aren't you hard on the boy, Gail?" Melton asked. "Boxing is an honorable profession. Why not let him have his fling. Give him a year. Lay off him. He has spunk. He's as game as they come."

"I know all about that, Starr. You don't have to tell me about Bob Glide," Mavey exclaimed. "But I can't have a professional boxer for a son-in-law, and I've got to have peace in the family.

"I can't eat and I can't sleep. I want that boy licked—not killed, mind you—and then we'll have the wedding and ship them off somewhere for a year while I get back my peace of mind—and my digestion."

Melton sighed. "It's a nasty trick, Gail, but since you ask it, it will be done. I'll offer the lad two thousand more to fight Tommy Lowrey who, as you know, is about as clever a boxer as we have in the game, though somewhat past his peak. I'll let Lowrey in on the scheme."

"Listen, Bob, there's some sort of skullduggery in this sudden interest shown in you by Melton," said Harney to Glide some days later, after the Coliseum president had broached the new proposition.

"Lowrey is a fast boxer, but he's burned out. You might outlast him, he might knock you for a row of busted goal posts in five rounds. It's up to you. I'd say, take this match and be damned to them."

"You're the boss, Bill—and that extra two thousand looks good to me," Bob said. "I'll fight Lowrey or anybody else for $10,000. Tell Melton he's on, and don't crack about our suspicions. I think Mavey is at the bottom of this. Thinks he can drive me out of this stunt. Well, Mr. Mavey has another guess coming."

* * *

IT was hard training. Harney worked with Glide for a month, then announced that Bob had injured a hand and had the fight postponed for a month. By that time Harney had Glide right in the old pink.

Of course, you remember the fight that Friday night in the Coliseum. Who doesn't of the 20,000 who saw it?

Glide made a corking showing for four rounds, and then Lowrey slipped in with a left for the head. As Glide tried to ward off the blow, Lowrey shot his right for the heart and Glide went down for a count of nine.

Do you remember that crowd when Glide got up and shot his left to the button with a desperate, wild blow that almost knocked Lowrey cold?

And that sixth! Five times Lowrey put Glide down, and five times he got up while the steel rafters echoed with the roar of the crowd. "Come on you, Campus Kid!" the gallery boys shouted. "Come on you Bob."

And on he came, with the determination of the Glide who had run for three touchdowns against New Haven, and won the game.

He rose after the fifth knockdown with his head cleared. He had taken nine and had needed only three or four. As Lowrey walked in with a crafty smile on his face, Glide let go with the left, then hooked the right to the head, and Lowrey went down again. He was stunned and it looked like the jig was up.

It was hammer and tongs in the seventh, but toward the end of the round, after each had taken a trip to the canvas, Lowrey let go his left for the jaw, and Glide went out to stay out.

* * *

MAVEY rushed to Melton with fire in his eye. "I told you I wanted this boy beaten, not murdered, Starr," he said.

"Gail, that kid was too tough, Lowrey had to stop him or get knocked out himself," Melton beamed. "Bob wasn't hurt. Probably laughing about it now. He's all guts. Boy, I wish that kid was stuck on my daughter. I don't know but that I'll try to arrange it, at that."

"I'll say he's guts, Starr," laughed Mavey, his face aglow with pride as he rushed to Glide's dressing quarters. The big arena still roared with applause. And it was for Bob, not for the old professional who had won.

"Well, that's that, Bob," smiled Mavey. "You've had your fling, now let's stop this nonsense and get down to brass tacks. As you learned to night, you can't compete with the true professionals."

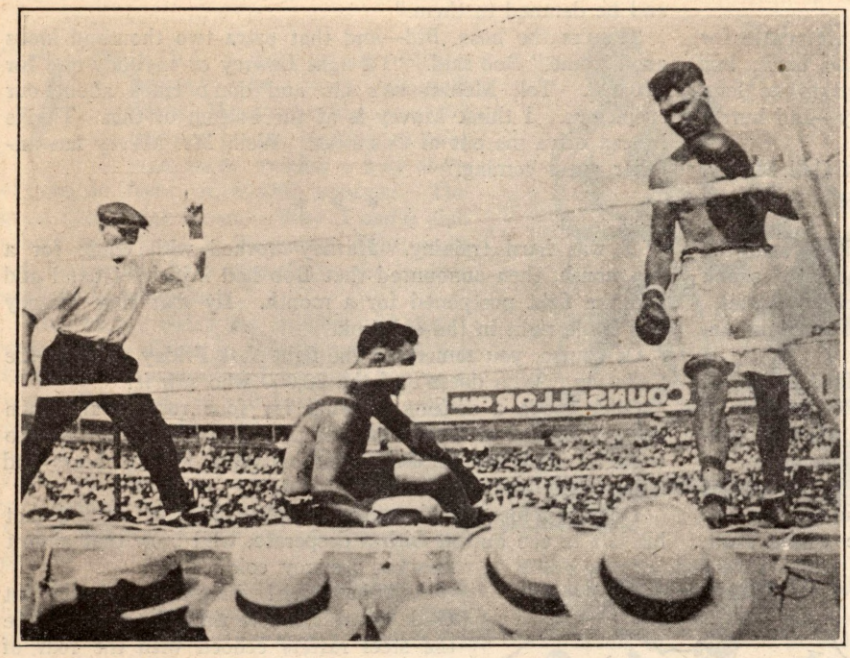
Glide sat on the edge of a rubbing table, stroking his chin. "Mr. Mavey, this isn't the finish, it's only the start," Bob said. "I know this Lowrey stuff now—know it like a book. I was a sucker to fall for that feint and the left. He couldn't do it again on a bet. What's more, I'm going to ask that he try to do it again.

"Mr. Melton!" He called to the chief factotum. "I want another match with Lowrey, and I want it quick."

"Done!" chuckled Melton. "Why (*Continued on page* 46)

OHIO *and Its* PLACE *in*

Schmeling-Stribling Championship Battle McCoole vs. Jones, and Dempsey vs.



When Jess Willard was battered to a pulp by Jack Dempsey at Toledo. Here Jess is taking a rest for the third time. He was floored seven times in the first round

ALTHOUGH New York and California share in staging the greatest number of heavyweight championship fights, contests for the crown have shifted over a wide area. Canada, West Virginia, Missouri, Indiana, Massachusetts, Louisiana, Maryland and Mississippi figured prominently in the bare-knuckle days and since the advent of gloves, San Francisco and New York have set the pace.

Ohio has been the scene of only three titular bouts, two in the days of the London Prize Ring rules, and one since the Queensberry code supplanted them. Not since July 4, 1919, has Ohio been honored with a heavyweight championship mill.

The first fight for the championship in the Buckeye State was that between Mike McCoole and Aaron Jones, which took place at Busenbark Station on August 21, 1867, when McCoole, the champion, retained the crown by knocking out his rival in the thirty-fourth round. Jones, who twice had given a good account of himself in battles with the great Tom Sayers, was imported to this country to train John C. Heenan for his fight with John Morrissey, who later entered Congress as a representative from New York City

At the time there existed a bitter enmity between the English and the Irish in this country and the former, eager to force McCoole into the background, backed Jones against Mike in a finish fight. McCoole, with a chip on his shoulder, took advantage of every opportunity to abuse the English, hence he was tickled silly when a coterie of British gamblers in Cincinnati arranged the fight with Jones. The battle, a "to a finish" affair, was to be staged in a turf ring, with the winner to take all.

On the day of the affair, about 3,000 persons flocked to the scene of the encounter, most of them business men who had expected a thrill in the venture and undertook to be among those present, but who later had ample reason to regret it. McCoole, at the time the terror of the saloons, was a perfect savage with the fists. He never stopped at anything once his ire was aroused. And so Mike, peeved because Jones was English, had murder in his heart when he tackled Aaron.

Mike, as in all his other mills, adopted a dashing-in style to finish his man quickly. He gave Jones little chance to show his cleverness. Jones put forth some pretty footwork and feinted cleverly, but every time he came in close, Mike's hefty wallops would drive home with terrific force. In the very first round, a crashing left to the cheek sent Jones sprawling on all fours. He also drew the claret and thus gained a lead that never thereafter was lost.

Jones had a nasty cut and a big bruise on his cheek in the second session and a wallop to the forehead put Aaron down in the third. From then until the twentieth round, both men went at it hammer-and-tongs with each showing the effects of the bitter blows. Jones was bleeding profusely from the left eye, forehead and cheek and Mike, from a deep gash in the right eye.

From then to the finish, Mike forced the fighting and never was headed. A stinging blow on the nose broke it, yet Jones was full of fight. After each knockdown he came up smiling. Although hard put to it by the powerful lunges of the Celt, Jones was by no means idle. He nailed Mike with many hard crashes, one of which cut deeply into the right cheek and another, cut the right eye.

The thirty-fourth and final round of the Mike McCoole-Aaron Jones fight. Jones crashed to the turf senseless and McCoole retained the crown

* * *

BUT the Irishman smiled at these wounds. He knew that his awful body smashes were wearing down the Englishman and that barring accidents, he must win, and that was exactly what happened. In the thirty-third round, the one before the last, Mike's eye had closed and had to be lanced. That seemed to have saved the day for Erin's son, for, to make certain that Jones would do no further damage to the wounded

HEAVYWEIGHT HISTORY

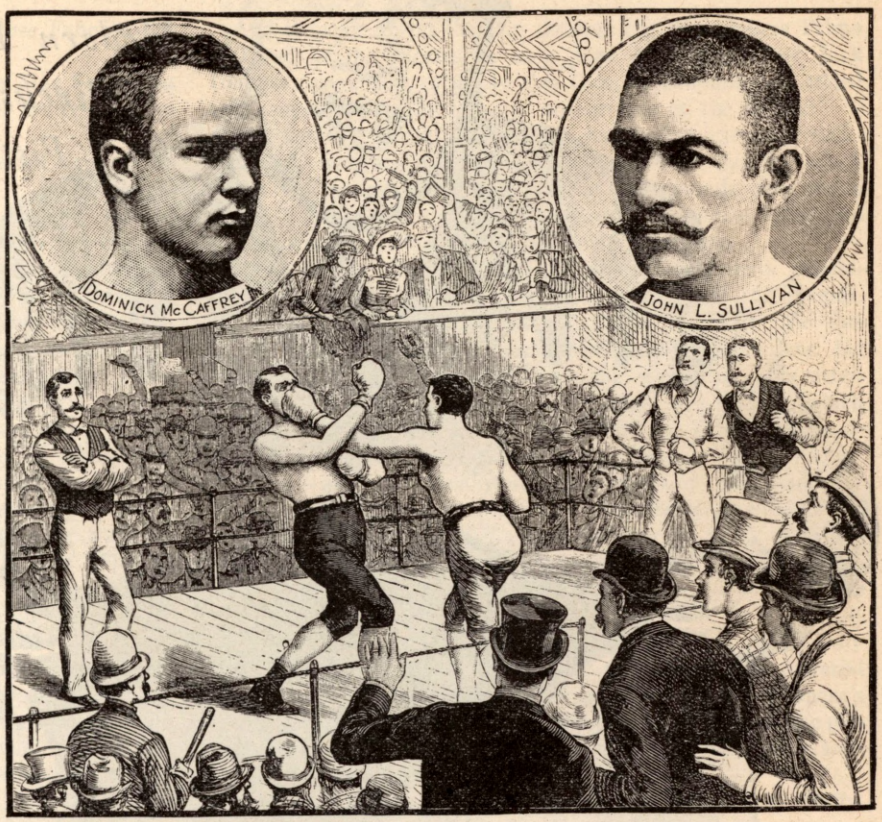
Battle Is Fourth for that Buckeye State—Sullivan vs. McCaffrey Willard Preceded It

By MARCUS GRIFFIN

optic, Mike set out to finish his man.

Coming out for the thirty-fourth round, McCoole drove home two terrific rights under Jones' heart and another to the forehead. Down went Aaron in a heap and lay senseless. He was carried to his corner but his head fell helplessly on his breast. His seconds tried desperately to "bring him to," but without avail.

When time was called for the next session, Jones could not continue, and thus, after twenty-seven minutes of desperate milling, McCoole won his toughest battle. Jones suffered two broken ribs, a broken nose, a cut lip and concussion of the brain which kept him in the hospital for several weeks. Thus ended the first championship heavyweight fight staged in the state of Ohio.



A scene in the Sullivan-McCaffrey battle at the Chester Park Trotting track, August 29th, 1885.

After the fight, the spectators were waylaid by the thieves and bandits who comprised about a third of the crowd. These expert gunmen plied their trade with impunity, with Jimmy Elliott, later heavyweight king, as the leader of the gang. So thoroughly did the crooks work, that for more than a mile along the road to the track, empty pocketbooks were strewn. Several fans who protested such treatment were battered into submission, and one was shot in the arm.

Such were the days of the gunmen's rule of the prize ring.

Five years later, on August 29, 1885, when John L. Sullivan was the American champion, he engaged in a titular contest with Dominick McCaffrey at Cincinnati, that being Ohio's second championship affair. The affair took place at Chester Park, on a half mile trotting track and went six rounds, with Sullivan declared the winner, but only after he had displayed steel-nerve and undaunting courage, for a wrong move on his part in the third round might have resulted in his death.

It was in that round, after Sullivan had landed many hard blows, that McCaffrey's brother, one of his seconds, whipped out a revolver and threatened to kill John L. Fortunately, several spectators grabbed McCaffrey and removed him from the stage. Had they not acted quickly, there probably never would have been a Corbett-Sullivan battle.

The fight was a bitter one and many of the spectators felt that McCaffrey had won or at least had earned a draw. When the award was made to Sullivan, Dominick vigorously protested and for years after the affair, he kept hurling abuses and challenges at the Boston Strong Boy. Pittsburghers to this day assert that McCaffrey should have been declared the winner and new champion.

For that contest an agreement was made that the victor should receive all the money and when Referee Billy Tate of Toledo awarded the verdict to Sullivan, he also handed him $5,300, the full amount of the purse. That is about one fortieth the amount Schmeling has been guaranteed for his fight with Stribling.

* * *

THE third and last heavyweight championship bout in Ohio was that in which Jack Dempsey relieved Jess Willard of the world crown on that torrid afternoon of July 4. 1919, at Toledo, and resulted in a three round victory for the Manassa Mauler. Willard was unable to come out for the fourth round. Unlike the two previous contests in which only the American laurels were at stake, the last bout involved the world championship as will the Schmeling-Stribling battle.

Dempsey gave the greatest exhibition of fighting ever witnessed in America in the tilt with Willard. Not in the memory of the oldest fan, had anyone recollected when a champion received such murderous punishment as did Willard from Dempsey. Yet Jess, responding as he did after every knockdown, by rising to absorb more punishment, showed that he was gameness personified.

He was not the quitter some critics would have us believe because he failed to come out for the fourth round. No man with a yellow streak in him would go through the agony, through the battering that Willard received. Willard, in defeat, gave a great exhibition of courage and gameness.

Before the first round ended, he was reeling around the ring dazed. He did not know where he was. He was absolutely helpless, at the mercy of his younger opponent, Dempsey.

Tearing into him, never giving up any ground, Dempsey almost had Jess out in that first round. The bell came to Jess's rescue. When it sounded, there he was, sitting on the canvas. mouth wide open, blood streaming from it, eyes glassy, blood shot, staring wearily and aimlessly into space. He was helpless and had to be dragged to his corner.

Pandemonium reigned. The crowd was in an uproar. The bell could not be heard. Not even (*Continued on page* 45)

CARNERA

Modern Ballyhoo Methods Made Circus Freak Outstanding Fistic Attraction Here

By JIMMY POWERS

Here's Carnera and here are his chief claims to fame.

"IRREGARDLESS," says my pal by way of cracking the story "irregardless of what you fellows think of Primo Carnera, you got to break down and admit that he stands a perfect example of modern fight ballyhoo!"

It did not take more than a hooker of brandy to encourage this pal of mine to continue, for he was quite warmed up on the subject of fisticuffs, having watched it closely from the days when Tom Sharkey sneaked over to Coney Island to train for his bout with Jim Corbett down to the present era. Now we find this Carnera person entertained at Palm Beach in houses neighboring those of the E. T. Stotesburys, the Harman B. Vanderhoefs, the Pierre Lorillards, the Napoleon Bonapartes, and the Count and Countess de Bertier de Sauvigny.

"Understand," says my observant friend, "Carnera has not crashed all the above names, yet. He has got within hailing distance of a lot of them and from some of the backyards at which he was entertained in Palm Beach, he could bang a mashie-niblick shot into the rock garden of the very elite.

"The way this ballyhoo is jacking the boys up there I would not be surprised ten years from now to see some of them listed in the boxing guide—and the summer social register under dilatory domiciles.

"Yes-siree, I can remember when the boys signed the papers in a back room around a case of champagne and then dashed off to some obscure spot where they puffed and grunted about for days in turtle-neck sweaters. They rolled great iron balls along the road and looked like dizzy bowlers escaped from a Dutch Turn Verein league night. They chased a two-wheeled cart drawn by an old seedy plug captained by their trainer."

* * *

BILL BRADY, the theatrical producer who handled Jim Corbett in all his bouts, stated that the old timers had to indulge in little tea parties of 40 rounds or more, I reminded my pal, but he waved me aside.

"I am not talking about the training so much as I am about the ballyhoo. Those old-timers were plenty tough. Jeffries, Corbett, Maher, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Slavin, Ketchel, Lavigne, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Bat Nelson—I would not say a word against them for the world. They trained for gruelling matches and got all the way from $450—which would not pay Carnera's Palm Beach caviar bill—down to a whack from a copper's billy for their end. I am not talking so much about the training as I am the ballyhoo.

"The old masters went into seclusion. They did not mix. Even boxers as recent as Dempsey popped off to Saratoga—a very fine spot incidentally, but hardly a subway ride. Tex Rickard had the right idea when he had Jack Sharkey train at 50th street and Eighth avenue for his fight with Jim Maloney. Of course camps right in the city, radio talks, parades, appearances at the Purple Cow Night club and the Lavender Duck Casino together with afternoon teas at the Vicount and Vi-

Product of *Caviar Age*

Countess de Chezelles or a soiree at the McClure Fahnestocks is bound to get on some fellow's nerves.

"Maybe Sharkey would not do that. Maybe Max Schmeling wouldn't either. But this Leon See and Bill Duffy—they're smart, see?

"They lug their good natured, snaggled-toothed ogre to all these places and they clean up!

"Have you any idea how much Carnera has made?" asks my bosom pally, leaning across the oaken table with one motion and gesturing towards Felix, our club steward, with another.

I reminded him that Carnera made $103,000 in his first ten fights on American soil. He began as a top-liner in Madison Square Garden playing to 17,896 persons who paid $67,141. He drew $70,000 against Chuck Wiggins in St. Louis. From town to town through the tanks he went setting new records. Five weeks of rain and a desolate tourist season was the only thing that set him back against Jim Maloney in Miami, although their previous contest in Boston was a rousing success.

I reminded him further that all this started from scratch. That Carnera had only doubtful affairs with Young Stribling and the sleepy Franz Diener in the rings of Europe. That in two short years this amiable awkward fellow who was gnawing stale bread and lifting weights in a French circus, doubling in brass and posing as the heavyweight wrestling champion of Europe stepped out in a full dress suit and bowed to the applause of his Social Register host at Palm Beach.

It was ballyhoo—modern ballyhoo—clever promotion—understanding of mob psychology by men who have never had a course of psychology in their lives but who instinctively knew what to do and when and how to do it.

"Ah, yes," agrees my friend, "I have been around and with these hazel blue eyes I have seen the Carnera ballyhoo work at close range in the various towns outside of New York.

"It is very interesting and it is very amusing. Leon See sends an advance man ahead to scout the town and make the usual preliminary arrangements. Then the training begins.

"There is actually very little to the training program because the fights always end in the early rounds—and besides some of the more shrewd citizens might take it upon themselves to satisfy their curiosity by paying 50 cents to attend a training exhibition and remain away from the bout itself.

"The mayor of the city is usually prevailed upon to give the key of the city to Carnera who stands on the city hall steps or backs up behind the mayor's glass-topped desk and poses for the photographers.

"There is an Italian band which meets Carnera at the station and parades him down the main street. There is an escort of honor which includes whole platoons of Boy Scouts, or if See's connections are good, they even call out the state militia (1,000 militia-men were ordered out last March at Miami, Fla.) Then comes a round of road houses followed by a radio 'interview.'

* * *

BUT the final payoff is rich—the press releases—my pal forgot to mention those. "Pete the Goat," who was Stanley Ketchel's side kick when that great fighter was in his prime, is one of the many part owners of the Italian Behemoth. Recently, Pete, who is the best press agent Carnera has, passed out a mimeographed sheet to the scribes who were watching Primo in action at Stillman's gymnasium in New York City and as proof that the Italian's army of managers are slick ballyhoo artists, this is what the sheet conveyed to the boys covering the workout:

"Primo Carnera is a big eater. For breakfast this morning he had a quart of orange juice, two quarts of milk, nineteen pieces of toast, fourteen eggs, half a loaf of bread and a pound of Virginia Ham."

Not all newspapermen are saps, yet every one printed the story because of the interest this form of press agenting had.

And then again, on the trip through the West where Primo gathered in the shekels as only John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey were able to do, to this form of ballyhoo was added that pertaining to the gigantic proportions of the fighter.

"He wears a size nineteen and a half collar, carries a walking stick weighing nine pounds, wears shoes size 21 which weigh 7½ pounds, tips the beam at 279 pounds and stands 6 feet 7 inches in his stocking feet", was the notice forwarded to the papers of Ohio when Primo exhibited there.

This, despite the fact that official measurements conclusively prove that Primo scales between 261 and 267 pounds, stands 6 feet 5¼ inches and wears size 15 shoes. So fine an advertisment medium has Primo become, that one big shoe concern with stores all over the world has contracted with him to show 21-inch shoes weighing 10½ pounds, which are on display in every city. To add to the interest, the advertisement accompanying the display reads:

"These are the shoes which this company has made for Primo Carnera," and they attract considerable attention.

* * *

BILLY TAUB, nationally known sports tailor who has among his patrons every fighter of note in the East, recently fitted Primo with four suits and a spring coat. Billy declares that he had to use exactly three times the material ordinarily required for the average person, and Carnera's mentors had found another ballyhoo medium—through the pictures of four tailors taking Primo's measurements, one standing on a ladder.

Yes, dear readers, such showmen as Leon See, Billy Duffy, Walter Friedman and "Pete the Goat" surely know how to relieve you of your hard-earned American dollars. They are slicker than the race track tout. Their agents go out to the city or town where Carnera is to display his "wares" and exhibit himself as the modern physical freak. They look the place over and catalogue it, not according to population or the possible draw—but according to the pork chops!

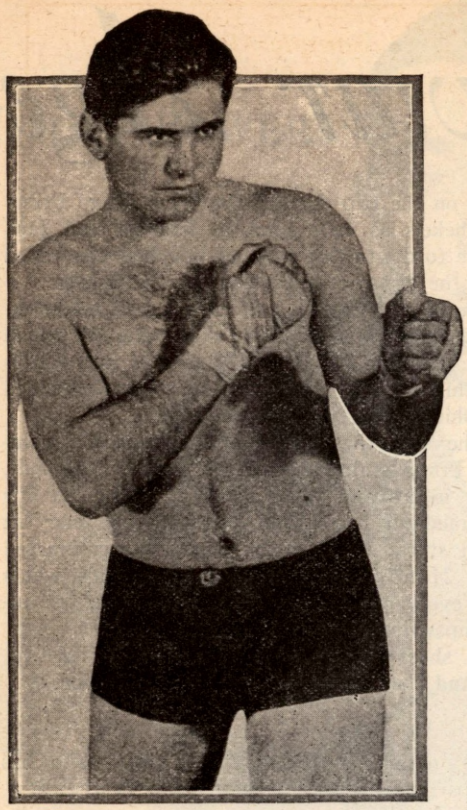
Then, if the place is a big one and the natives seem gullible, they release a story to the effect that the Venetian Gondolier carries a stick weighing 15 pounds; that his pajamas comprise 20 yards of silk; his bed is 12 feet long and he drinks 5 gallons of coffee. If the town is small, why they jump the pork chops up to 26 per meal; the size of the shoes to 23 inches and the bed to 24 feet.

And so it goes! Twenty-six pork chops, indeed!

The Venetian Gondolier in an Italian spaghetti house. It didn't take Primo long to learn where to obtain his favorite wine

What Does a

By WILBUR WOOD



Luis Firpo whose gastronomical exhibitions astounded American trainers. He was a tremendous consumer of rich food.

WHEN General Sherman said that war is hell, one of the things he may have had in mind was that when his army cut through the South on its march to the sea, it swept the country clear of everything edible on a path forty miles wide. Feeding that army was tough on the countryside. Many a manager of a heavyweight fighter has found it a tough job to supply his gladiator with provender. It requires a lot of food to satisfy the average big fellow. If Sherman's army had been made up of heavyweight fighters, the South probably would not have recovered the strain even yet.

Foreign heavyweights in particular seem to be heavy feeders. I recall a story related by Charles Rose, who took charge of Riccardo Bertazzolo when that Italian fisticuffer disembarked in New York for the first time. Riccardo, it seems, expressed a desire for food and Charlie led him into a restaurant of the better class, wishing to impress upon the boxer that he was dealing with a high class fellow.

They shoved their legs under a table and started at the top of the menu. Bertazzolo, according to Rose, went from soup to nuts and then started all over again. Charlie began to view the proceedings with some alarm. When the fighter started to wade through the menu a third time without showing any signs of satiety, Rose excused himself, explaining that he had to make a telephone call. Instead of making a call, Charlie retrieved his hat and overcoat from the check room bandit and made a hasty exit, leaving the boxer to extricate himself as best he might.

"He would have broke me before I ever got him a fight," explained Rose, "so I thought it best to let him find somebody else to manage him."

* * *

However, it must not be imagined that all heavyweights are tremendous eaters. On the contrary, the average big fellow among the fighters stows away no more food in the course of twenty-four hours than a man of similar proportions in any other of the trades which call for physical exertion. At least, not in these days.

Jack Dempsey has been pictured by some as a tremendous eater. That was not really the case. Now that Jack no longer is boxing, he watches his diet with as much care as a Hollywood film star and even when he was training for a fight in his ring days his dining was always done with moderation.

In the last ten years the sock market has evolved a new system in this respect. In earlier days it was customary for a fighter to take on food thrice daily. He had his breakfast at seven, lunch at noon and dinner at six. In these times the gladiator goes to the table only twice a day, taking a late breakfast at about 10:30 and sitting down to dinner at six.

Trainers are at odds as to the merits of the two systems. Jimmy DeForest, who probably knows as much about training a fighter as anyone else, holds that the old system of three meals a day is the better.

DeForest trained Dempsey for the Manassa Mauler's fight with Jess Willard and experts agree that no boxer ever was put into the ring in better shape. Getting ready for that battle, Dempsey followed the three-a-day plan. When he was trained by others for his later bouts, he adopted the two-a-day plan. Jack was successful using both systems, yet those who followed his career closely, will assure you he never again reached the peak of physical perfection that was his for the Willard brawl.

* * *

THE accompanying table, supplied by Tommy Loughran, a heavyweight of average size, is a good example of the training menu of the heavyweight of to-day. I hardly think any normal man of heavyweight proportions, leading an active life, would find any difficulty getting rid of the same amount of food. Many non-fighting heavyweights, I am sure, eat much more than that.

Luis Angel Firpo was one of the famous eaters of fistiana. He acquired this reputation through several gastronomical exhibitions which reporters were privileged to witness while the Wild Bull was preparing for his fracas with Dempsey.

Firpo was naturally a heavy eater and when he let himself go, he created tremendous havoc. One of his favorite dishes was an Argentinian vegetable stew, which he had served in a huge bowl. After stowing away a tremendous amount of that, Luis would call for steak and eggs. He might eat two or three steaks along with a dozen and a half of fried eggs, which he spread over the meat. When he had finished one of these tremendous meals, it was the Wild Bull's custom to stretch himself out on the floor and take a nap for a couple of hours.

There is no question but that Firpo overdid it while getting ready for the Dempsey fight. Body punches wrecked him in that fight and some there are who attribute his defeat to his indulgences at the table.

In his earlier fights in this country Firpo was trained by DeForest, who kept him on a strict diet. There are several stories reputing to give the reasons for Firpo's break with DeForest. One of them is that Luis broke off with Jimmy because DeForest held down his food allowance and forced him to eat rhubard and other helpful fruits and vegetables for which the Wild Bull had a distaste.

DeForest denies that such is the case.

"Firpo parted with me when some wiseacres convinced him that it would be unwise for him to let me train him for the Dempsey fight because of my former association with Dempsey and my friendship for the champion," says DeForest. "They told him, I suppose, that I might drop some dope into his food to make sure that he would not beat my friend Dempsey.

"After the fight Firpo realized that he had made a mistake in breaking with me and gave a dinner in my honor. But it was too late then."

Fighter *Eat?*

There Is No Set Rule—Some Use Moderation and Others Gourmandize

Sample Menu for Heavyweights

Upon arising—one large glass of pure orange juice

Breakfast, 10:30 A. M.

Oatmeal or other cooked cereal
Two poached or soft boiled eggs
Bacon (not too crisp)
Two or three slices of thinly buttered toast
One cup coffee
One glass milk (optional)

No Luncheon

Dinner, 6 P. M.

Thin soup
Steak, or two lamb chops, or roast
Three or four vegetables, as cauliflower, fresh green peas, spinach, string beans, carrots, squash or turnips
No bread or potatoes
Salad, without rich dressing
Tea

ONE of the most scientific eaters the heavyweight division has known was Gene Tunney. The Marine made a careful study of diet as he did of the fine points of the Queensberry art. It was in this way that Gene built himself up to heavyweight proportons. Milk played a prominent part in giving him added heft and endurance. After every workout it was Tunney's custom to drink a quart of rich milk. He took about half an hour to drink the quart, sipping it slowly.

Trainers say that it does not make a great deal of difference how much a heavyweight eats in training, if he works hard enough to get rid of the dead weight. The bird who eats heavily and works lightly is the one who suffers. It is just as harmful to eat too little and work too hard.

Professor Billy McCarney, who has dealt with heavyweights for several decades, tells me one about Jess Willard, when the Pottawatomie Giant was training for his comeback.

Big Jess always was a lazy sort. While training for the Dempsey fight he made the mistake of eating too much and working too little. He realized that when it was too late. When he decided to have another fling, he remembered that and while training, he cut his diet down to lightweight proportion.

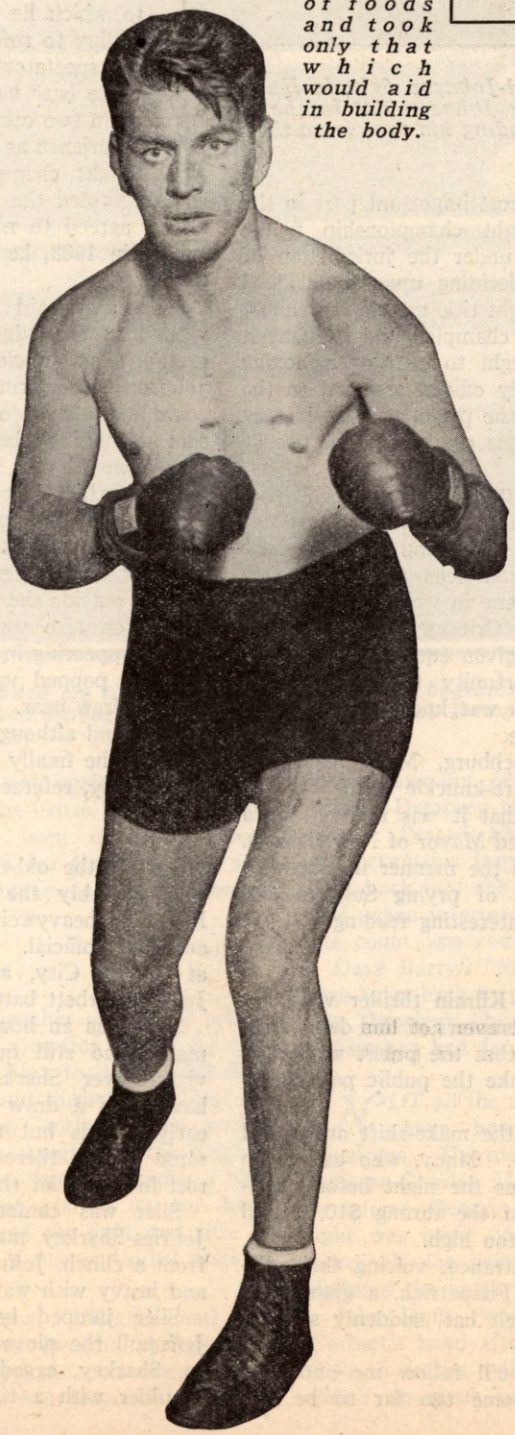
He also did little work in training. Still, he was losing weight. McCarney ordered the big fellow to eat more and also work harder and brought him into the ring with Floyd Johnson in remarkable condition for a boxer who had been on the shelf for so long.

* * *

MAX SCHMELING, McCarney's present heavyweight pride, is an unorthodox trainer in that he likes to take on a little food between meals. He sits down to the table only twice a day, but he is likely to nibble at a sandwich four or five times between meals.

I asked McCarney if he ever knew a heavyweight who was a vegetarian.

"I never knew a fighter of any weight who could get along without meat," he replied. "I had one amusing experience along that line. I had Freddy Welsh matched with Hock Keyes at Dayton. Freddy had just taken a course at some vegetarian institute. On the train to Dayton he kept telling me about the marvelous effects of a vegetable diet. He would not look at a piece of meat.



Gene Tunney was a scientific eater. He made a close study of foods and took only that which would aid in building the body.

"We had breakfast on the train and it was a laugh to me to watch Freddy. He ordered a double portion of oatmeal. When it arrived he pulled out a sack of some kind of nuts and stuck them here and there in the oatmeal. Then he went to work on it.

"That night, in Dayton, I urged him to take some meat with his dinner, but he would not hear of it. Not for him. No, indeed. Well, there was nothing I could do about it. After dinner I took a stroll over to see the promoter and Freddy retired to his own room.

"When I walked into the room an hour later I was astounded to see Freddy, the 100 per cent vegetarian, putting away a huge stake. I burst out laughing and Freddy looked very sheepish. That was the last I ever heard from him about the wonders of a vegetarian diet for a boxer."

* * *

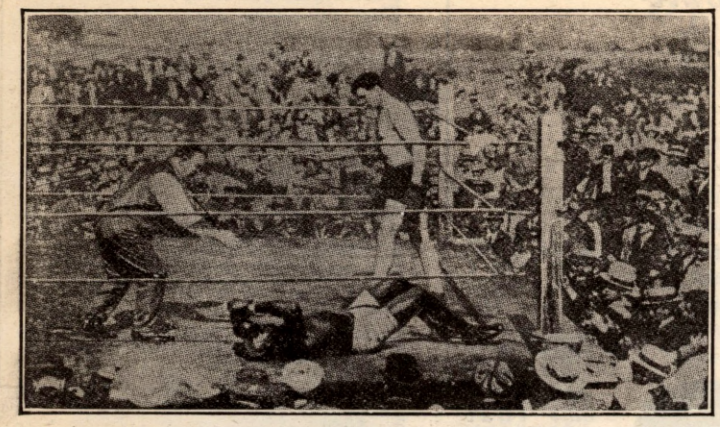
CARL MORRIS was a tremendous eater. According to McCarney, Carl was almost without limit when the food bill was being charged to general expenses. He went very heavy, Billy relates, on bread and gravy, often consuming two or three extra helpings of the staff of life.

Luther McCarty was the Babe Ruth of the fight game when it came to eating. For many years, you know, Babe was wont to consume ten or twelve hot dogs and numerous bottles of soda water during a ball game. On the train he destroyed huge quantities of sandwiches, pop corn and what not. He doesn't do it any more.

McCarty was the same way. He ate anything that came his way and it never seemed to have any bad effect on him.

The THIRD MAN!

By "LANK" LEONARD



The final scene in the Willard-Johnson fight in Havana. Referee Jack Welch counting Johnson out in the 26th round while the Negro was shading his eyes from the sun

REFEREES have played a most important part in the history of heavyweight championship fights. Before boxing came under the jurisdiction of State Commissions, deciding upon the "Third Man" for a heavyweight title match was almost as difficult a problem as signing the champion and challenger. Even today, strong pressure is brought to bear upon boxing solons in an effort to have a friendly official assigned to the task. It is interesting to turn back the pages of fistic history and review a few of the odd situations created on the eve of a titular contest.

When John L. Sullivan knocked out Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City back in 1882, the backers of both men argued for days over the referee assignment and in the end, a compromise was reached, such as occasionally had been agreed upon in other famous bare-knuckle contests, one in which two referees were selected, Alex Brewster of New Orleans and Jack Hardy of Vicksburg, Miss., and both were given equal power to act. Fortunately, Sullivan left no opportunity for the men to arrive at different decisions, as Ryan was knocked out in the ninth round and never had a chance.

The Sullivan-Kilrain fight at Richburg, Miss., unusually historical in that it was the last bare-knuckle battle for the title, was also unusually unique in that it was refereed by a man, who, three years later, was elected Mayor of New Orleans. John Fitzpatrick was the official and the manner in which he was selected for the strenuous job of prying Sullivan and Kilrain apart for 75 rounds makes interesting reading.

* * *

THE promoters of that Sullivan-Kilrain thriller were apparently no different than the promoters of this day. They knew they were staging a spectacle that the public wished to see and they were determined to make the public pay dearly for the privilege.

A high wooden fence surrounded the make-shift arena and a $10 fee was charged to get inside. Many, who had made the long train trip from New Orleans the night before, willingly paid the price, but to most of the throng $10, a real sum in those days, seemed entirely too high.

They milled about around the entrance, voicing their disapproval, but took no action until Fitzpatrick, a giant of a man, wearing a picturesque white felt hat, suddenly shouted for their attention.

"If you are men," he cried, "you'll follow me and take possession of this arena. We've come too far to be disappointed now. We came to see this fight and we'll see it."

In less time than it takes to tell, the crowd had swarmed behind him through the gate, and, when Sullivan and Kilrain, who had agreed to decide upon the referee at the ringside, each refused to approve the man suggested by the other, someone in the crowd yelled for them to "Pick the man in the white hat." The yell was taken up by the throng and Fitzpatrick was pushed toward the ring.

"Pony" Moore and Charley Mitchell, who had come over from England to second Kilrain, asked Fitzpatrick if he knew anything about the rules of the prize ring, to which he replied: "Not a damn thing! But I am willing to referee and see that every man here, fighters and spectators, get a square deal." And the "man in the white hat" was picked.

On two other occasions, men who had had no previous experience as arbiters acted as "Third Man" in a heavyweight championship bout, and, strange to say, both men promoted the bout they refereed. When Tommy Burns finally agreed to meet Jack Johnson at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1908, he and the giant negro argued for days over the referee.

Johnson, afraid that he would be double-crossed, finally, with rare shrewdness, suggested that Hugh McIntosh, the promoter and a close friend of Burns, should have the job. Johnson figured, correctly, that McIntosh, being an Australian, could not afford to jeopardize his position as a promoter in that country by being unfair, and Burns, thinking that McIntosh would give him a bit the better of it, readily agreed.

McIntosh had never previously handled a fight himself and after making several feeble attempts to break the men from clinches, simply let them fight as they saw fit. Johnson so far outclassed Burns that McIntosh might as well have remained outside the ropes.

Johnson also was responsible for the other inexperienced official appearing in the records. At Reno, Nev., the same old question popped up again when the day for the fight with Jeffries drew near. Finally Johnson suggested that Rickard be named, and although "Tex" pointed out that he was as green as grass, he finally consented and did a splendid job. "Tex," incidentally, refereed that fight under a stiff straw hat.

* * *

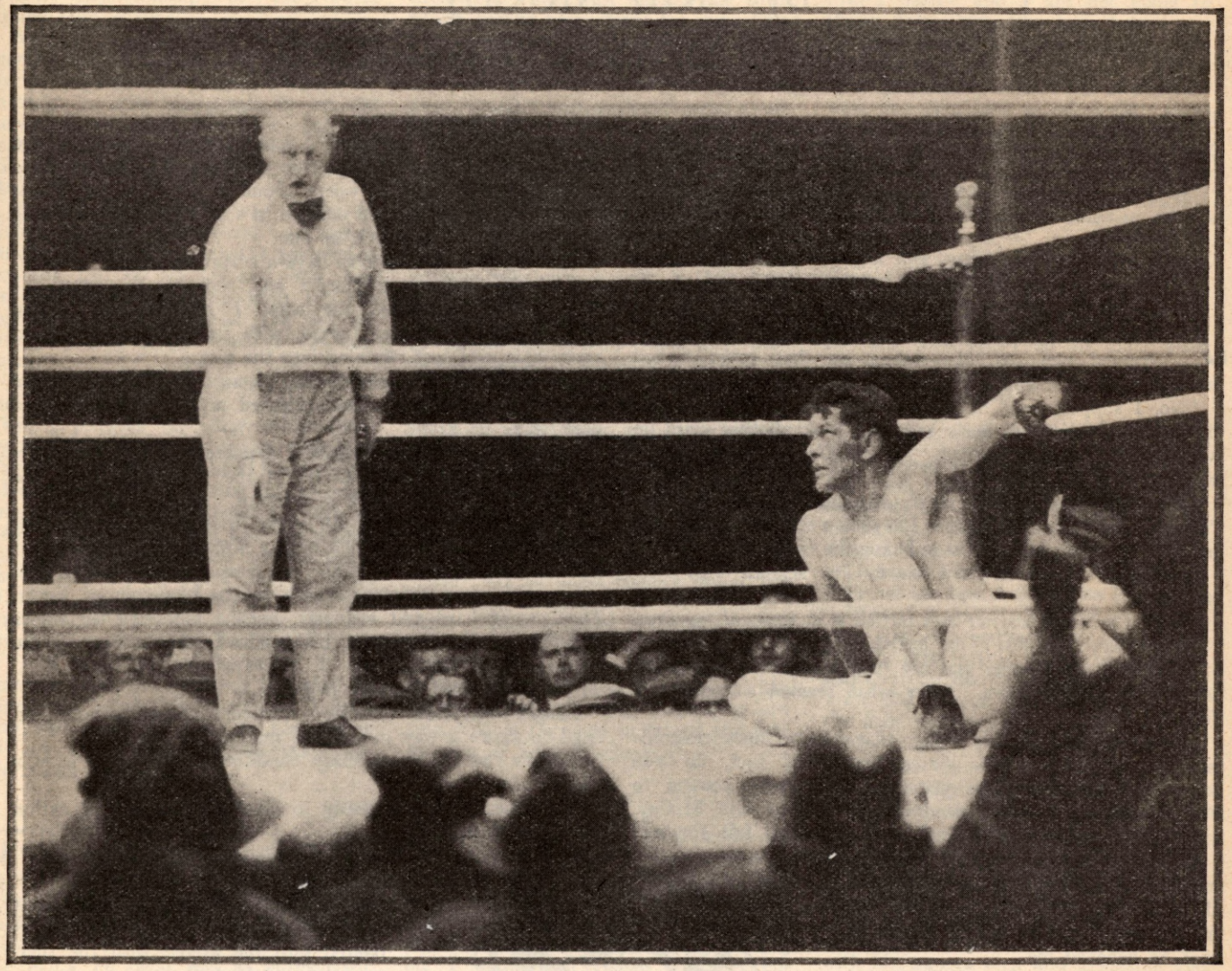
OF all the old-time referees George Siler of Chicago was probably the best known. George served as "Third Man" in heavyweight championship bouts more often than any other official. He refereed the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight at Carson City, and the Fitz-Jeffries, Jeffries-Sharkey and Jeffries-Corbett battles at Coney Island, N. Y.

Siler was an honest, straight-shooting official but there are many who still question his verdict that Jeffries was the victor over Sharkey. Many thought his decision should have been a draw due to Sharkey's sustained attack in the early rounds but the fact that Sailor Tom was never the same fighter thereafter, would indicate that Siler was correct in his belief that Jeffries had done the most damage.

Siler was confronted with a most unusual situation in Jeffries-Sharkey match. In one session, after being broken from a clinch, Jeff dropped his left hand and his glove, soggy and heavy with water, fell to the floor.

Siler jumped between the men and attempted to help Jeff pull the glove back on his hand. While he was doing so, Sharkey, egged on by his handlers, let fly over Siler's shoulder with a right aimed at Jeff's chin. Jeff raised his

Incidents That Placed the Spotlight on Referees in Heavyweight Championship Fights



When a champion almost regained his title. Referee Dave Barry beginning the count on Tunney, after five seconds had elapsed during which he kept chasing Jack Dempsey to a neutral corner

left hand quickly to parry the blow and again the glove flew off. Just then the bell rang, ending the battle. If some of our rattle-brained modern officials had been in Siler's shoes, Sharkey might have been disqualified for throwing that wild right and one of the greatest ring battles of all time would have been ruined as a result.

* * *

THE late "Honest John" Kelly, another of the old school, was faced with somewhat similar situation during the Corbett-Mitchell fight at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1894. Mitchell, by casting slurs at Corbett before and during that brief encounter, had the man now known as Gentleman Jim worked up into a wild rage. Corbett simply slaughtered the Englishman and in the third and final round, he let fly with a blow to Mitchell's head while Charlie was resting on one knee. Mitchell's seconds immediately claimed the fight and title on a foul but Kelly, sensibly, in view of the one-sided state of affairs, refused to allow the claim.

Ollie Pecord, Dave Barry, Johnny Gallagher and Jim Crowley were other referees of heavyweight championship fights, who, however, did not display the presence of mind shown by Siler and Kelly. Pecord was responsible for the long, drawn-out debate over the question as to whether the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo ended in the third or fourth round. Pecord, after counting Willard out in the first round and permitting Dempsey to start for his dressing rooms, called Jack back into the ring to further annihilate the helpless Willard, when informed that the bell had ended the round before the count was completed.

Dave Barry's "long count" at Chicago is of too recent vintage to re-hash in detail now, and the sooner we forget about Jim Crowley's "hesitation waltz" around the ring to discover if Sharkey had fouled Schmeling, the better.

NOT all the referees of heavyweight championship fights have, however, been called upon to meet unusual situations. The most exciting part of the memorable John L. Sullivan-Charley Mitchell fight at Chantilly, France, in so far as referee, George Angle, was concerned, took place after the fight was over. Angle was thrown into jail along with the principals for being a party to a prize fight, after he had declared the battle a draw in the 39th round due to darkness.

John Duffy, who had the distinction of holding up Jim Corbett's hand after Sullivan's collapse at New Orleans, had little to do but walk around the ring; and Georges Carpentier didn't do much other than look (*Continued on page* 45)

TRICKS *of the* TRADE

By "KID MCCOY"

As told to DEAN S. JENNINGS

Editor's note.
Kid McCoy, who is in San Quentin Prison, California, was one of the cleverest and most tricky fighters in ring history. Through Dean S. Jennings of the Call-Bulletin of San Francisco, the Kid, known in private life as Norman Selby, has consented to give RING *Readers, in a series of interviews, the story of fights he won through the tricks that are synonimous with his name. In this article, the second of the series, McCoy tells how he learned to take care of the Behemoths of the roped square.*

JAMES R. COOPER, the trainer who handled my affairs when I reached Africa, after seeing a picture in the "Police Gazette" which he felt certain was me, eyed me rather suspiciously when I informed him that the fighter on that cover looked like me but wasn't yours truly.

"No, I suppose not," he sarcastically replied as he looked me over from head to heels and then took another close up view of the cover, labelled, 'Kid McCoy, leading welterweight.'

"Say, who do you think you're spoofing?" he snapped out. "Do you think I'm blind or that I'm such a sap you can deceive me? Own up, Yankee, and stop hiding the truth.

"Somebody's been havin' a bloody fine sell-out with me," he fumed.

He held up the magazine and rattled it in front of my face. "Ain't that you bloke?" he leered.

My ears were burning and my tongue stuck in my throat like a dry soda cracker. After what seemed a century, I forced a laugh.

"That's funny," I told him, "that picture does resemble me closely, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, do you know that at least three persons on the boat coming to Africa told me I was a dead ringer for that Kid McCoy, the Yankee prizefighter. And now even you fall for it!"

Cooper looked at me for a moment, mumbled something and then laid down the magazine. He never mentioned the matter again and I became convinced that he believed me.

Some weeks later he called me and said he had arranged a match for one Billy Doyle. But that fight never came off. I became ill from the terrific heat, developed a fever and began to think my boxing days were over.

My temperature shot up and down like an elevator and I wasted away to a mere 135 pounds. But I fooled them and lived through the siege of South African fever, which usually knocked off unprepared white men as though they were pins in a bowling alley.

When I emerged, or rather staggered, from the hospital, I was a fine specimen of skin and bones. I could have taken a job as a human skeleton in any side show.

* * *

IN spite of my condition, they fixed up a bout for me. And in that fight, not so many weeks later, I learned about human giants and how to take care of them.

A group of fans in the mining district picked my opponent before I saw him.

This fighter, whom "Harry Eagan" (under which name I was masquerading) was to engage, would make Primo Carnera look like Little Lord Fauntleroy in comparison. He towered six feet eight inches and squashed the scales at 350 pounds.

He was a Kaffir, a native of the district, and his fists looked like two black freight cars.

In my weakened condition, I realized that I wouldn't have a chance with the behemoth they had selected for my fistic debut and I sat down to worry about it.

After thinking it over, I decided to visit the Kaffir's training camp and get a close look at him.

That decision was later to have a surprising result!

I climbed into a ginricksha and rode to the camp. I was totally unprepared for what I saw. As I walked through the gate, a huge negro, with shiny greasy arms and kinky hair, was just climbing into the ring.

The Kaffir was a magnificent physical specimen and the muscles of his club-like arms rippled and played under the dark skin.

Then his two sparring partners appeared. They were fully as tall and heavy and the trio in the ring looked like the performing elephant troupe in a circus.

I was anxiously waiting for them to start sparring, hoping to get an idea of this giant's boxing ability.

To my amazement, the other two men each picked up barrel staves and began swinging wildly on the mountainous Kaffir. They swung hard and viciously, but he blocked their blows with his massive forearms, his yellow teeth showing all the while as he laughed.

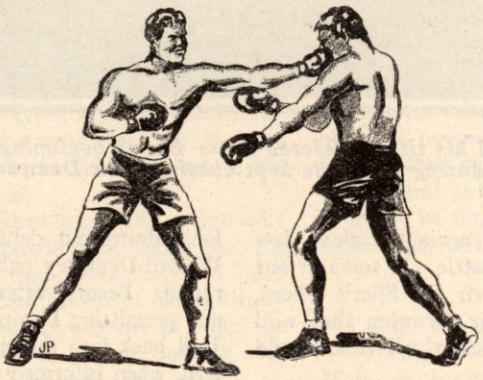
"Kid," I sighed, "you're in for it."

I slunk away from the camp, hurried back to my hotel and tried to figure a way out of the match.

I knew that under ordinary conditions, I wouldn't have a chance.

Then, just as I was ready to give up, the plan of action came like a flash!

* * *



McCoy's left arm came up with terrific speed and the Kaffir hit the canvas with a thud.

ON the day of the fight, hundreds of "pound-a-day" diamond miners poured into the arena, with the thermometer touching the 100 mark.

The Kaffir was a heavy favorite in the betting, while I had but two supporters. One was Dr. Summerfield and the other an American, William Doyle, who served as my second.

The Kaffir was the first in the ring.

It was a breathless moment for me as I looked at his feet. They were bare! I smiled to myself, everything was working out just as I had planned.

During the first round we ran aimlessly around, the Kaffir trying to plant pile-driver fists on my jaw.

"Bill," as the round ended, "we gotta act fast. This heat's got me dizzy; I'm panting like a fat woman running up hill!"

"Okay, Kid," he winked, "in the next round!"

With the clang of the bell, the Kaffir leaped to his feet and rumbled across the ring. I ducked a wide swing and got around to his rear. At that instant Doyle's arm shot out.

With a puzzled expression in his bulging eyes, the Kaffir leaned down and reached for his right foot.

As he began to straighten up, my left arm came up with terrific speed and I felt a sickening crunch under my fist! The black man swayed drunkenly and then, like a falling tree, he hit the canvas with a thud and was counted out.

And I thanked Doyle for throwing tacks in the ring at just the right moment!

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 27*)

accepted his offer to defend the heavyweight championship of the world against Jim Flynn!"

Accepted my offer! I hadn't made any offer! My breath was taken away by the swiftness with which events were moving: a little paragraph in an old newspaper, a single interview—and the match was made! Few parties, I might say, have been as enjoyable to me as that one.

The match formally was made on January 7, 1912, and articles were signed before the clicking cameras. I guaranteed Johnson $30,000 for his end, win, lose or draw. The stipulated limit for the fight was forty-five rounds. The date set was July 4 and the location was left to me.

I looked over some prospective dates but there were drawbacks to all of them. Then I received an offer, accompanied by $1,000 in cash for expenses, from Las Vegas, New Mexico, which lies between Alberquerque and Lajunta on the main line of the Santa Fe from Chicago to Los Angeles. I went to Las Vegas, met the leading business men of the town, the foremost of which was Charles O'Malley, an electrical supply man, who was guest of honor at a dinner and was presented to Governor McDonald.

"Jack Curley—and hereafter I am going to call you Jack—I am glad to meet you," said the Governor. "I hope you will bring the fight to Las Vegas. If you do, you may count upon any aid I can give you."

* * *

THE enthusiasm was so pronounced and the attitude of the Governor so cordial, that I was about ready to commit myself to Las Vegas. I hurried back to Chicago and interviewed Mr. Black, the General Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe, who was as enthusiastic as the citizens of Las Vegas.

The Santa Fe, he said, would run special trains. It would grant special rates. It would build an arena for me. As a private concession to me, it would ship my automobile from Chicago to Las Vegas by fast freight, so that it would reach me in three days. No less hearty was Mr. Ripley, the president of the road. I wired to O'Malley in Las Vegas accepting the town's offer and got $5,000 more toward my expenses.

Then Flynn and I set out for Las Vegas. En route, we stopped off for a day at Pueblo, Colorado. I do not say that Flynn had not been back home since the day he beat up the Chief of Police and two policemen and had made his escape on a switch engine he found near the station, as described previously in these memoirs but if he had the police had been unaware of it and this was his home coming.

The fugitive from justice had become a national hero, however, and was received with great acclaim.

* * *

FINE as our reception at Pueblo had been, that which we received at Las Vegas transcended it. Jim was assigned to training quarters in the magnificent Monticello Hotel just outside the town, which, having been closed for some time, was opened expressly for him. I set up my headquarters in the Hotel Castanado and Johnson, who arrived shortly thereafter, found a well equipped camp awaiting him.

Experience had taught me that no big fight is put on without difficulties and, with everything running so smoothly at Las Vegas, I began to wonder when the break would come. When it did come it impressed upon me anew that reputable business men, whose word is their bond in their dealings with men in their own strata, may be depended upon to be downright unscrupulous when their dealings touch on the world of sport.

In short, the promises given to me by Mr. Black and Mr. Ripley of the Santa Fe were broken and these officials, reacting to pressure put upon them by the reform element in the states through which the railroad passes, did everything they could to hamper me. The tip-off came when it required three weeks for my car to reach me.

This was an inconvenience but it was as nothing compared to the railroad's blunt refusal to build the arena—which Black voluntarily had said it would do in the first place—to run special trains or grant special rates. Moreover, Mr. Ripley issued an order forbidding any employee of the road to attend the fight on pain of being discharged!

* * *

THE first direct attack on me by the reformers came in a wire from Miss Helen Gould protesting against the fight in the name of thirty thousand members of the Christian Endeavor Society. I wired right back to Miss Gould telling her I would post guards at every entrance to the arena to make sure that no member of her society got in.

Then the opponents of the fight went to work on the Governor and he, who had promised me every assistance at his command, promptly threatened to drive me out of New Mexico. This, of course, threw everything into confusion and other cities that wanted the fight urged me to leave Las Vegas. One of these was El Paso, citizens of which sent me a certified check for $10,000 to bind the agreement.

The situation reached a stage where it was necesary for me to have a show down with the Governor and an appointment with him was made for me by O'Malley and the other citizens of Las Vegas who had stuck by me and whose money I had received and expended in building the arena and attending to other preliminary arrangements.

"Governor," I said, coming quickly to the point, "when I first came here you promised to help me. Now you have turned against me and are threatening to call off the fight. If you are going to call it off, do so. If you aren't, say so. I've got to know where I stand."

"I'd like to call it off," he answered.

"All right," I said. "Now listen: I have received and spent $6,000 of this town's money and I am not going to throw down those who have helped me. In other words, I'm not going to quit unless I have to.

"I have offers from other towns that want the fight and in my pocket there is a certified check from citizens of El Paso to induce me to go there. If I go, I'll use $6,000 of the $10,000 to pay back the money I have got here so that nobody in Las Vegas will lose any money on my account.

'But you've got to tell me to go—and remember there is no law against boxing in the state of New Mexico and you alone will be responsible. To be perfectly frank with you I do not think that, in the circumstances, you have guts enough to call it off."

* * *

HE glared at me and, no doubt, would have relished throwing me into the bastinado but I had put him on the spot, as they say these days and he knew it. After a long silence he said:

"I would like to call off the fight but I do not see how I can do so legally."

"Then," I said, "call in the newspapermen who are waiting outside and tell that to them so that it may be published and clear up the uncertainty!"

He did so and, after all my worries, the fight was secure.

My troubles, however, were not quite over. Four times I had made arrangements, on hurried trips to San Francisco, to have moving pictures made of the fight and four times these arrangements had been thrown out by persons hostile to me in the motion picture trust. Finally I made arrangements with Miles Brothers, an independent firm.

One of the brothers came to Las Vegas with his camera men and assistants and took all the preliminary shots, thereby using up most of the film he had brought with him, which was all he had had on hand in San Francisco. He wired to Rochester for an additional supply for use in the taking of the actual fight—and at one o'clock on the day of the fight, as the crowd was entering the arena, informed me that the film had not arrived and he had left of his original supply only enough to take ten rounds at most!

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

"I'll tell you," I said. "Watch me at the ringside. When I have my hat on, keep grinding. When I take it off, stop. When I put it on again, start. In that way I'll signal to you when to get the best action and we won't waste any time on clinches."

We got a great break. Johnson stopped Flynn in nine rounds and our pictures were better than the fight because they were all action!

The fight drew well in spite of the handicaps put upon us. After paying Johnson his $30,000 and clearing up all our other expenses, Flynn and I split $15,000 between us and said good-by to Las Vegas.

(*To be continued*)

Mastodons of Maul

(*Continued from page* 19)

giants of the ring, but none more colorful than this circus clown from Italy, the Venetian Gondolier, who, within the short space of six months, was able to accumulate $220,000 of which, after paying off his staff of managers, still left him $140,000 to take back to Italy. No fighter in the history of pugilism ever drew down such a huge sum for so short a time.

Freeman, Dempsey, Willard, Fulton, Fitzsimmons, Dunkhorst, Plaacke, Corbett and many other heavyweights who scaled six feet or more, never saw the gold trickle into their hands so easily as it has into the hands of this modern dinosaurous unearthed in Signor Mussolini's realm a little more than two years ago. Less than twenty-four hours after his arrival in New York, Carnera packed 'em in at Stillman's Gymnasium in New York.

In one week, without even exerting himself, this Italian clown received a little more than $5000 just to permit the proletariat to gape at him. He made his debut in Madison Square Garden, and no sooner was the match announced than the folk, just for curiosity, bought out the entire house.

Then started a tour of the sticks, and the same thing happened. Clubs in spots where a $4000 gate was a big intake, showed a gross of $10,000 or more. In short, Carnera, the Italian giant, had captured the American fight public—not through his fighting ability, for he still is green—but because of his size, his weight and his "color."

Dempsey had it probably more than any modern fighter and Firpo had it. Since their departure from the ring, not a heavyweight has come forth who could draw them in as did this pair.

Will Primo Carnera turn out to be another Firpo or another Dempsey as an attraction? To date he has shown wonderful drawing power. Although from time immemorial the fight fan has hesitated to believe that a fellow of such proportions as Carnera could be a real fighting man, the Italian if properly handled, which he has not been, is likely to be an exception.

Regardless of his defeat at the hands of Jimmy Maloney, he still has great possibilities. Jess Willard, the Pottawatomie Giant, weighed 242 pounds and was 6 feet 6¼ inches tall when he made his bid for fistic honors. Carnera is three quarters of an inch shorter and has scaled about 24 pounds more than Jess in most of his American battles. Willard reached the heights despite his bulk, yet Jess possessed no more fighting ability when he made his bid for fame and was much slower than is Carnera.

The Stalybridge Infant, Sam Hurst, a British scrapper from whom Jem Mace won the heavyweight crown; Ned O'Baldwin, one of Ireland's 6 feet 7 inch giants; Ed Dunkhorst, the Human Freight Car; Carl Morris, the Oklahoma engineer; Fred Fulton, the Minnesota Plasterer—these among others were supposed to terrify prospective opponents by their impressive appearance, yet, while some of them did win often and others proved themselves "hams", the fact remains they could not impress critics that mere size could outbalance ordinary skill.

Carnera, while only the third biggest man in the ring to-day, for he lacks half an inch to equal the height of Victorio Campolo, and is an inch shorter than Jose Santa, is the heaviest.

The biggest fellow who ever fought in a ring was Charles Freeman and, if you think Carnera is a giant, just take a peep at these figures:

"Height, six feet 10 inches; weight 323 pounds."

This Freeman person was looking down on folks around the period of 1841 in our fistic history. He was born in Michigan where he was known as the Michigan Giant. Among other things he did besides being an acrobat and a circus weight lifter, was to claim the American heavyweight championship at a time when he had never engaged in a ring battle in his life.

Induced by Ben Caunt, British champion, to invade England, Freeman, lacking fighting experience, went overseas in 1842 and there challenged the world. The British, ignorant of the imposter who claimed the American heavyweight crown, fell for this bunk. His campaign in London will be the subject of the second installment of this story on "Fistic Giants."

(*To be continued*)

Vale, Dempsey!

(*Continued from page* 28)

man who tore into an opponent and thrilled the spectators by aggressiveness.

It would have been a pity to see Dempsey in any other role. And that is why his friends are glad he has taken the bull by the horns, now that strong influence is being exerted to get him back to clash either with the Stribling-Schmeling winner or with Carnera, and has read his valedictory.

There are some who feel that Dempsey has announced his retirement because of his marital troubles. Although this may be partly true, a persistent loss of weight and a nervous condition, brought about through constant travel to fill engagements as guest referee throughout the country, is mostly responsible.

Although Jack had been warned that unless he eased up on the continuous strain which his public life had entailed, he would wreck himself physically, he still had a notion that he could come out of retirement and whip any heavyweight now parading before the public either as a champion or contender. There are thousands of fight fans who felt likewise, but those who were aware of Dempsey's ailment, knew otherwise.

* * *

JUST before Jack announced his retirement, assuring his friends that he never again would be a ring competitor, promoters in New York were urging him to come back this summer and tackle Carnera in a battle that undoubtedly would have grossed as much as did the celebrated Dempsey-Firpo mill. The Garden was prepared to offer him a guarantee of $500,000 for such a contest and Dempsey felt it would have been the easiest money he had ever earned.

But the Board of Strategy, Dr. D. M. Berman and Dr. Louis A. Buie of the Mayo Institute, have placed the ban on a return and Dempsey has wisely accepted their verdict. There is nothing seriously wrong with him but he needs plenty of rest. That is why, to set at rest for all time the possibility of a "come-back," Dempsey has broadcast his valedictory.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE RING, published monthly at Dunellen N. J., for April 1st, 1931

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of THE RING, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher The Ring, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: The Ring, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) NATHANIEL FLEISCHER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1931, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County. Cert. filed in New York County; No. 542. Registered No. 2P350 Commission Expires March 30th 1932 (SEAL)

The Comeback Kid

(*Continued from page* 29)

RING'S Annual Most Valuable Boxer Award for the year, ending with the last month.

This award, inaugurated in 1928, was first won by Gene Tunney. The following year, Tommy Loughran received an overwhelming vote and received a silver belt, and last year, Max Schmeling was honored with a nine-panel silver heavyweight championship belt.

Like all boxers just making their way along the pugilistic road, Canzoneri entertained varied dreams when a lad. He had his idol and one of his fondest wishes was that he repeat the feats and score the triumphs turned in by Pete Herman, the famous bantamweight who twice held the Championship. Today, Tony not only has had his wishes fulfilled, but has improved on Herman's mark.

It was at Joe Mandot's gymnasium in New Orleans where Canzoneri and his people were living at the time that Herman first started to show Canzoneri the how and why of self-defense. At that time, Herman was a master of boxing and he taught the tricks of his trade with a delight that comes only to those who believe in the promise of their pupils.

Sparkling ambition and a tingling desire to emulate his teacher, brought Tony along fast. The spare moments that Herman was able to devote to the willing and eager youngster cropped up several times a week. These sessions lasted for three years when Canzoneri, despite his youth, decided to make his debut as an amateur.

All the time that Canzoneri had spent in the gym with Herman came when the former was in his twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth years. When he started, there wasn't much to Canzoneri, but before he stepped on the canvas in a real ring for a real bout Tony had added a full 20 pounds to the 80 he had possessed before.

* * *

CANZONERI got his start at the Gayoso Athletic Club in New Orleans after adding two years to his correct age and fibbing that he was 16 years old. But his few years failed to hamper Tony for he clanged the gong of victory over a three-round decision in the 100-pound amateur class over Mike Bernard.

It was one victory after another and soon Tony found himself on the way to fistic fame in his own small world. Later this widened when he took on all 100-pound comers and added the city crown for that class to his laurels. Then he moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and his lessons from Herman came to an abrupt ending.

It wasn't until December 22, 1920, that Tony again saw Herman in action. Herman had gone on to New York to defend his bantamweight championship against Joe Lynch at the Madison Square Garden and saw to it that his former protege got a pass. That pass was responsible for Canzoneri's decision to enter the field of fisticuffs as a profession.

As a professional, Canzoneri's success came slowly but surely, and today he finds himself in an enviable position. Not many fighters can boast of having knocked out two champions and won two titles. Yet that is what little Tony Canzoneri has accomplished. In the record books he is listed as a 26-year-old fighter, but Tony is only 22.

Ohio and Its Place in Heavyweight History

(*Continued from page* 35)

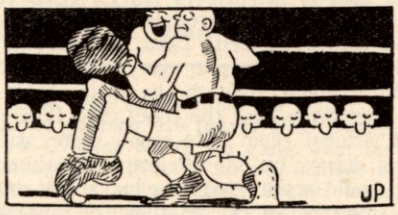
Ollie Pecord, the referee, was aware it had sounded to end the round, before Big Jess had been counted out. He raised Dempsey's hand after counting Willard out, and Jack, in his eagerness, leaped to the ropes, jumped from the ring and was on his way to the dressing room when he was hailed back. The referee had learned of his error and ordered Dempsey to return and resume the battle.

Blood was flowing from Willard's mouth. Two front teeth had found their way to the canvas. His right eye had begun to close and the right side of his head was swelling abnormally. He looked as though struck with a blackjack.

Yet when the bell sounded for the second round Willard feebly arose from his chair, ready to retrieve lost ground, if such were possible. Was this a sign of a quitter? Could Willard be accused of possessing a yellow streak under such gameness? Far from it!

He walked towards Dempsey, a pitiful object. His appearance was revolting, and many in that throng urged the referee to stop the fray.

Dempsey's cutting punches had found their mark on the left eye, until it was closed tight and then began a bombardment of the right, that swelled that considerably. Ollie Pecord was deaf to the shouts of the spectators and permitted the brutality to go on. Dempsey, in his eagerness to end the affair, fought himself out and was arm-weary when the bell sounded.



When the third and last round began, Jess looked like one being butchered. He was an object of pity. Blind, mouth cut, legs tottering, he presented an appearance never before seen in a heavyweight championship bout.

Strange as it might seem, Willard, desperate, came through with a rally that was difficult to believe. He jarred Dempsey with several powerful lefts to the mouth and for a time, it seemed that the tide would turn.

It looked as if Dempsey, in his eagerness to score a knockout, had spent all his energy. He had shot his bolt. He tried to increase his attack, but was too tired. The bell proved sweet music to both.

When Willard went to his corner he staggered into his chair and could not hold up his head. His seconds worked furiously over him, and before the full rest period was over, Jess called the referee towards him and informed him he could not continue. Jess's chief second, Ike O'Neil, tossed the towel into the ring in token of defeat, and the championship had changed hands.

Will the next Ohio heavyweight fray result in the crowning of a new champion?

Will the massacre of Toledo be repeated?

Will the title be brought back to America?

These queries will all be answered on July 3 at Cleveland.

The Third Man

(*Continued from page* 41)

pretty in his tennis flannels when he refereed the championship bout between Jack Johnson and Frank Moran in Paris.

Jack Welch, who counted Johnson out in the Willard fight at Havana, suffered only from sunburn, and Johnny Riley, who awarded Tunney the decision over Dempsey at Philadelphia, worried over little but the rain.

Jack Dougherty of Philadelphia, who handled the Dempsey-Miske and Dempsey-Gibbons fights, had little but routine work to do; and Johnny Haukup, who counted out Bill Brennan at New York after Dempsey had broken the Irishman's ankle with a blow on the chin, also had an easy assignment.

Harry Ertle, of Jersey City, probably had the easiest of all. Harry refereed the Dempsey-Carpentier affair at Boyle's Thirty Acres, one of the most one-sided and shortest heavyweight championship fights on record. Eddie Forbes of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had the Tunney-Heeney financial flop, should be credited with the best bit of officiating seen anywhere in years in a championship tilt.

In closing this story we have held out the name of Johnny Gallagher to the last. It seems fitting that we should do so. Johnny died a little over a year ago. He died alone, in a cheap rooming house in New York—broke. His name will always be linked with the most thrilling heavyweight fight of all time, the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New York.

Rules meant little in that encounter. Firpo had small knowledge of them, Dempsey completely ignored them, and Gallagher failed to enforce them; letting both men go on battling as long as they were willing to take as much as they gave.

The Solar Plexus Kid

(*Continued from page* 33)

the crowd still is out there cheering you. You made the biggest hit of any fighter we've had in here in five years."

A few days later Bob got a little note from Miss Edith. "I thought you would see the light after that disgraceful brawl the other night," she wrote. "But evidently you like your low associates and the atmosphere of the ring, so good bye and good luck, and I hope you live through it.

"Perhaps some other girl will like the idea of being the wife of a fighter, but it doesn't appeal to me."

He showed it to Harney. The old man sat thinking for a while. "How about it, Bob?" he asked. "Chuck it. You're losing the girl."

"Chuck it, hell, Bill. I'm not going to be one of those—what are they called? Yes, one of those gigolos. I've got to make my own way, and this is the scheme on which I started. I'm going to go through with it. If she loves me, why she'll wait. If she doesn't, this is a good time to find out about it.

"Bill, I can beat Lowrey. I should be spanked for letting him pull the wool over my eyes. I can beat him, and will beat him."

Three months of training this time, against a sparring partner who had that Lowrey trick with the left and the comeback with the right—a shifty manœuvre that first was publicized by Jim Corbett, the master of ring skill.

"Bill, this Lowrey is almost through," Glide said to his manager one evening. "He's still a great fighter, but his reflexes are impaired. You probably don't get me. Well, I'm going to strike for his solar plexus. You know, the punch that made Fitzsimmons champion against Corbett. I read about it the other morning. I'll keep hammering at the nerve centre. I have a theory."

"Theory or no theory, if you can deliver the way Fitz did at Carson that St. Patrick's Day—and me at the ringside to see it—if you can deliver that solar plexus, go to it, m'lad!" laughed Harney.

For three rounds they felt each other out. Glide was watching the left, Lowrey had a more wholesome respect for the Campus Kid's punching powers than he had had before their first fight.

In the fourth they mixed it at the ring centre and then Glide hooked his right to the jaw. Lowrey went down for nine, and got up smiling.

It was in the sixth that Lowrey feinted, then struck. It was the combination that had won the first time for him. But Bob had slipped a bit with the punch.

Bob arose at nine, appreciating that no matter how closely he watched, Lowrey was fast with his hands.

Glide then began to hammer at the solar plexus. He was stronger than Lowrey and worked him around in the close exchanges. Lowrey was puzzled. The attack for the jaw had ceased. Lowrey and his handlers believed that Harney had instructed Bob to fight for the body in an effort to get Lowrey to uncover his jaw.

"We'll fool those birds. Keep your guard high," Digger Stone told Lowrey as the gong rang.

Round after round Glide watched that left, and kept driving to the body. Lowrey was piling up points. Glide's supporters began to lose faith in their man. If it went fifteen rounds, Lowrey would be a sure winner.

It came in the tenth round. "After two minutes and five seconds of fighting," according to Joe Humphreys, the veteran announcer.

"Shift to the head for a few, then start again on the body," crafty old Harney had told Bob as the bell started the session.

Bob essayed a couple for the jaw and Lowrey smiled. Then, as the guard was lifted, Glide put everything he had into a terrific right to the solar plexus.

They were near the ropes, and Lowrey fell against them. He stood there, with eyes glassy, his mouth agape, paralyzed. He could sense what was happening, but his powers of locomotion, of speech, were gone.

"Finish him, Bob," the crowd shouted. But Glide appealed to Tim Halant, the referee. "That man is out, Mr. Halant," Bob said.

"I'll not start a count while Tom is standing up," insisted the referee.

Glide stepped up to Lowrey and merely shoved him. The fighter toppled over until it looked as if he were standing on his head.

"Well, if this isn't the funniest thing I ever heard or saw in all my life," said Harney after they had reached their dressing room. "Why, that's exactly how Corbett was licked by Fitz. The very punch, the very pose that Jim had when the fight was over. The old Solar Plexus Kid, that's what you are. Why, lad, you're good for a million. The Solar Plexus Kid!

"But I guess you'll quit. I saw that girl out there to-night. Yes, and here she is! Good night, Bob. Good night—and good luck, Miss Mavey."

And Bill Harney slipped out to join the cognoscenti in Melton's office.

* * *

AN hour later. They were hammering on the door. The fans waited to acclaim "the next champion."

"Let them hammer," laughed Bob. "Now remember, I am to go on fighting just as long as I see fit, and Miss Edith Mavey is not to object until somebody knocks me out. Then I am to quit.

"I also agree to retire when I have the money I think I should have to do the things I want to do. I am not to be bothered with social duties unless I volunteer for such. I am not to be asked time after time if I don't want to live off father. Is that all straight?

"Remember, Edith, I'm crazy about you. But I have a little pride."

"Bob, you're true blue," she laughed and she sobbed, too happy for words.

And there's your story of The Solar Plexus Kid. You'll find her at the ringside when he fights. And it doesn't look as if he'll quit on account of a knockout, either.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 31)

Tommy Loughran, the Wizard of Boxing

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, the Wizard of Boxing, has made good his boast of a year ago that he would be back, fighting with the leaders, for the right to battle for the world's heavyweight championship. When he was knocked out by a freak punch by Jack Sharkey, sports critics sang his swan song.

But Loughran thought otherwise. He had just completed a campaign in which he had forced himself down to a weight that had sapped his strength, and when he clashed with the rugged Sharkey, the weight reducing of the previous months had taken its toll. Did Tommy quit? Indeed not! He rested for many months, went out into the woods to recuperate, hardened his body by months of physical exertion and then started on a campaign to redeem himself.

That he succeeded as no fighter in years has, is evident by the string of successes against the cream of the heavyweights and is still going strong.

Those who were fortunate enough to watch Tommy against Campolo, were treated to one of the finest exhibitions of clever boxing seen in this country in years. Pitted against a Man-Mountain, six feet 6¼ inches, weighing 232½ pounds, with a reach of more than six feet, Tommy came through with flying colors.

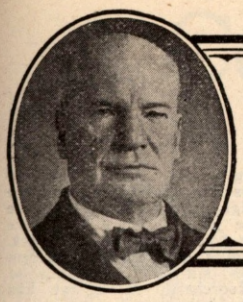
The Philadelphia fencing master, despite the forty-eight and a half pounds difference in weight which he spotted Campolo, boxed even better than he did against Baer and Schaaf, because he was in against such a big fellow and such a harder hitter than either of his two previous opponents, he had to be at his best.

Tommy fought the bravest, hardest battle of his career, and by his victory, he earned a return match with his erstwhile conquerer, Jack Sharkey.

As Jim Corbett, the Father of Modern Scientific Boxing so aptly remarked after Tommy had received the verdict:

"He was the personification of Art in boxing. That was as pretty an exhibition as I've ever seen. It was simply superb."

When they talk about the heavyweight championship, they had better consider Tommy Loughran. He has hurdled every obstacle in his path to a championship fight except Sharkey, Stribling and Carnera, and Tommy is most eager to tackle them to prove his right to a fight for the title.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Charles Neville, Sydney, Australia

Q.—Did Paddy Slavin ever hold the American heavyweight title?

A.—No. He was a great fighter, always a strong contender, but he never reached the top.

Samuel Mertle, Seattle, Wash.

Q—Where can I obtain a good book on bag punching?

A—The only one that I know of, is "Scientific Bag Punching" by Harry Seeback, who at one time held the world's championship. In his day, he was a marvel. THE RING Book Shop carries this book.

Angel Diaz, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Q—I am a beginner and want to study something about boxing before I become a professional. What books would you suggest?

A—"How to Train" and "How to Box". by Nat Fleischer; Modern Boxing by Bombardier Wells and Scientific Boxing by Tommy Burns. You can get all at THE RING Book Shop.

Christian Santiago, Daraga, Phillipines.

Q—When I run five miles, four times a week, I get a pain under the heart. What is the cause?

A—You are taking too strenuous exercise. Let up. Don't run so often and don't take such long runs. Cut them down to one mile. Perhaps there is something wrong with your heart. Why not consult your doctor? Take a good physical examination at any gymnasium before you continue your exercise.

John Stromberg, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q—How would you rank the following lightweights as to boxing ability? Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Charlie White, Leach Cross, Young Otto, Lew Tendler, Kid Lavigne? Also as to hard hitting?

A—Boxing ability—Gans, Leonard, Tendler, White, Lavigne, Cross. Hitting ability—Gans, Leonard, White, Cross, Lavigne, Otto, Tendler.

John C. Ferguson, Moueton, N. B.

Q—In your opinion who was closest to championship form among the four named: Sam Langford, Frank P. Slavin, Tom Sharkey, Joe Goddard. Please name them in the order of merit.

A—Langford, Slavin, Goddard, Sharkey.

S. E. Branan, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—Was Dempsey down for a count in the fight with Tunney at Chicago?

A—Tunney floored Dempsey in 8th round, and the latter was on one knee taking the short count.

Artie Fe'dstein, Bronx.

Q—Is Kid McCoy still in prison? If so where can he be reached by mail?

A—Address him at San Quentin Prison, California.

Joe Angelo, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q—Would weak eyes and hernia interfere with a boxing career?

A—Unwise to box under those conditions.

Morris Harrison, New York City.

Q—How many rounds did John L. Sullivan battle with Jake Kilrain?

A.—75 rounds.

Harry Burton, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Q.—Was the George Godfrey of old, the original Godfrey, a better fighter than the present Leiperville heavyweight?

A.—By far. The original Godfrey was one of the greatest heavyweights in American ring history.

Harvey Stoneham, Portchester, N. Y.

Q.—How many books on wrestling are there? Where can I get them and which would you advise for a high school boy?

A.—The best are George Hackenschmidt's Scientific Wrestling; George Bothner's Wrestling, Prof. Gruehn's Scientific Wrestling which is used in British colleges, and Gotch's Wrestling. Then there is a good book by Earl Liederman called Jiu Jitsu and Wrestling. All are in THE RING Book Shop.

Eleanor Webster.

Q.—Was there ever an English fighter by the name of Samuel O'Rourke? If so, when was he born, where did he live and how was he rated? I have been told that he was a neighbor of my grandfather.

A.—No. There was a Samuel O'Rourke who called himself the Irish champion who came here and became the leader of a gang of gunmen. He fought Deaf Burke at New Orleans where his gang went on a rampage and in 1845 he was killed in Ottawa by a man named Brady, with whom he had quarreled. Perhaps this is the fighter to whom you refer.

An interesting story on O'Rourke will appear in Nat Fleischer's latest book, "The Fighting Irish," which will shortly be completed. I do not expect that the book, a 1,000-page history of Irish fighters, will be published until next fall.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Mervin Wilkes, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—Was any heavyweight championship ever staged in this city?

A.—No. The nearest to your city was at Richburg, Miss., where John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain and at Mississippi City, where Sullivan relieved Paddy Ryan of the American title.

Shirley Donohue, Fall River, Mass.

Q.—When were women first permitted to see fights?

Q.—Sorry, I have no record on this subject. Women attended fights as far back as 100 years ago, for THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, has a picture in his office of the Spring-Langan fight at Worcester, England, which shows women in the front ranks of the rooters. The Fitz-Corbett fight at Carson City found Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons among the spectators. It was not, however, until after the World War, when Miss Ann Morgan started the charity fights, that women took an active interest in fights and since then there are as many women as men at the leading fights.

A Steady Reader.

Q.—What are the foul blows in boxing now?

A.—Pivot, kidney, open-hand, rabbit, ba[illegible]nd or heeling, elbowing, and low punching.

Q.—What is included in an examination before going in for a fight?

A.—Complete physical examination.

Q.—If a boxer has a defect, can't he box if he's good and wants to?

A.—It all depends on what your ailment is.

A RING Admirer, Rock Valley, Iowa.

Q.—What is the largest indoor boxing arena in the United States?

A.—The biggest active arena is the Chicago Stadium with a seating capacity of 22,000. The largest arena in the country is the Atlantic City Auditorium, but this has been used only once for boxing. It seats 40,000.

Q.—My measurements are: weight 100 lbs.; height, 5 ft. 2½ in.; reach, 61½ in.; neck, 12 in.; chest, 31 in.; waist, 27 in.; thigh, 16 in.; calf, 12 in.; ankle, 9½ in.; age, 15½ years. How is my development, and what will the figures be when I am 21?

A.—Good—you'll be a lightweight or welter.

A Shenandoah Reader, Shenandoah, Pa.

Q.—I am 14 years old, height 5 ft. 5 in. and weigh 153 lbs. Will I be good for boxing or will I be good for wrestling when I'm old enough?

A.—Either. Select the sport in which you are most interested. Your weight and height are O. K. You'll be a heavyweight at 21.

Austin Forelich, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Some time ago I tried to buy a copy of the Life of John L. Sullivan and the Roar of the Crowd and you informed me that they are out of print. Do you know where I can buy a copy of each?

A.—THE RING Book Shop just located a few copies of the Sullivan book which while they last, can be purchased for $3.00, but we cannot tell you where to get the Corbett book, the Roar of the Crowd. There are none to be had.

A RING Reader, New York.

Q.—I will be 16 years old on August 26th. Weight 98 lbs., height 5 ft. 1 in. What will be my weight and height at 18?

A.—Height 5 ft. 2 in. and weight 110 lbs. You are far underweight. Eat cereals and eggs. Read How to Train.

Q.—I fought in the finals in the Golden Glove tournament here. Promoters here tell me I have a fine future in boxing. My father wants me to keep at boxing but I don't like it. What should I do?

A.—Quit. Boxing is no place for a fellow who doesn't like it. Unless your heart is in any work, you can't possibly succeed. You won't do. You'll be a failure.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

EARL MASTRO, leading featherweight contender because of his victories over Fidel LaBaba, Kid Francis and Eddie Shea, will meet the toughest kind of opposition starting July after a series of tune-up fights following his eight-month layoff due to a hernia operation.

Managers Art Winch and Sam Pian are going after that featherweight title for their protege and they will stop at nothing to force the champion into the pit with Mastro. As their first step, they placed a $2,500 forfeit up with Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the National Boxing Association and chairman of the Illinois Athletic Commission, for a championship fight.

Nate Lewis, Chicago Stadium matchmaker, stands ready to offer the present champ $30,000 for a title match with Mastro at one of the local big league ball parks.

Mastro's first start on his return to the ring wars was a three-round knockout over Ward Sparks at Louisville, Ky., during Derby week. That was quite a feat because Sparks has mingled with the best of 'em, including Buddy Taylor, and he had never been counted out before.

An idea how good Earl looked during the Sparks fight can be gleaned from a story written by Warren Brown, Chicago *Herald-Examiner* sports editor and an unquestioned fight authority. In substance Brown said, "Mastro is better now than before his long layoff. He is punching harder and he is faster than ever before."

Harry Gordon, the former bantamweight star, is residing on the North Side with Teddy Bodkins, manager of Sammy Mandell and Wesley Ramey. Gordon, who lost his left eye while sparring with Charley Phil Rosenberg, the then bantamweight champion, trains Bodkins' fighters.

Henny Andrews, pilot of Bucky Lawless, didn't hesitate to sign for a quick return to Chicago's largest fight arena following his protege's defeat of Young Jack Thompson, the welter title-holder. Matchmaker Nate Lewis secured Gorilla Jones for Lawless' most recent performance at the big West Side sports palace. Andrews acquired Bucky only two years ago and he has piloted the easterner to a good string of victories over some of the best ringmen in the sport.

Clyde Chastain, the Oklahoma middleweight, is making his headquarters in this town subsequent to his split with Eddie Sears. Izzy Kline is taking matches for the popular Chastain, who is training at the Mullen loop gym. Clyde showed he is back in tiptop condition by easily defeating Joe Anderson at Indianapolis the other week.

Billy Cepak, Cicero Stadium matchmaker, moved outdoors to last year's stamping grounds, Jones & Baumrucker ball park. He was to rename the park this season.

Ring Flashes—Barney Ross, who injured a hand while defeating Billy Shaw, will be ready for lightweight action once more, very soon. . . . Floyd Fitzsimmons is angling for a Young Jack Thompson-Jimmy McLarnin welter title combat for one of his outdoor attractions at Detroit. . . . Tony Herrera is back into ring harness subsequent to being on the shelf with an injured right knuckle acquired in the Jack (Kid) Berg battle. . . . The first open-air show in this vicinity was staged by William (Pep) Kerwin at the Western Stadium. . . . Babe Barron, the newly elected mayor of Randolph street, is back in the loop from Excelsior Springs, Mo., where he spent three weeks with Tony Canzoneri. . . . Charley Retzlaff, Jack Hurley's Duluth Dynamiter, is a cinch to reach the top of the heavyweight fistic heap before many months have passed. . . . Barney Smith is a ticket seller, a notary public, a bookkeeper, and an accountant. . . . Mrs. Bourque is a real cook and she proves it by holding on to her customers in Mullen's gym eatery. . . . Kid Howard, Arcade gym proprietor, is all smiles these days because he has a new boxing instructor, and, he believes, the best he's ever had. That is Bryan Downey, of Columbus, O., and the fighing Downeys.

Nick Scialaba, the bantamweight Dempsey, is the most promising ringster developed in this vicinity in some days. Following his decisive defeat of his French foe, Henri Bruyere, in the 118-pound international championship, praise aplenty was heaped upon Scialaba. Nick is a natural fighter and he will be heard from when he enters the professional fight arena. The amateur show between the boys from France and the Chicago-New York Golden Gloves champions was a huge success. The Soldiers' Field show, which drew approximately 45,000 persons, climaxed the greatest amateur boxing tournament the game provides.

Lou Barnes, veteran ring builder, has been constructing rings nigh onto twenty years. Barnes' rings are used by almost all local promoters. Although he didn't have the honor of setting up the Chicago Stadium ring when the Chicago Golden Gloves champions and the New York G. G. champs met at the Stadium he did use and set up his best ring for the Soldiers' Field French-Yanks contests.

A good ring prospect was lost and the newspaper field gained a very capable reporter when Jimmy Segretti joined the sports staff of a local sheet. When he was sixteen years of age Segretti took to boxing gloves like a duck to water and experts in this locality praised him highly. However, when Jimmy, who is twenty years old now, left the Chicago Journal of Commerce as a copy boy two years ago to join the paper he is with now, he couldn't find time for the manly art of modified murder. Shades of Bill McGeehan!

Fistic Chips—Fred Gardner refereed a mat bout forty years ago in Chicago and the original Ed "Strangler" Lewis was one of the contestants. . . . Pewee and Johnny Gale, brisk bantamweight breezes from Three Rivers, Mich., are in shape for any ringster from 118 to 122 pounds in the country. . . . Jim and Ceaser Petrillo have a namesake in Dunmore, Pennsylvania, named Frank Petrillo. . . . Barney Abel says we let the Golden West have the sun after we are through with it. . . .Some records were registered when a card of seven bouts ended in knockouts. Thirty-eight rounds of boxing was scheduled but only eleven rounds were fought. The actual fighting time was 33 minutes. . . . Victor McGee is going somewhere in the fight game as well as in the art sport.

Joe Junta, 275-pound amateur glove-weilder, has a 15-year-old brother who weighs 220 and and 10-year-old brother who scales 130 pounds. . . . Johnny Baima and Ray Tramblie drew $1,400 in Cicero. Barney Ross holds the record. He and Young Terry of Davenport, Iowa, pulled $1,700 through the gates. . . . Johnny Coulon drew the worst crowd that ever saw an amateur show at the West Side Knights of Columbus clubhouse when he staged his opening production. He pulled $50.75 through the gate. . . . Ralph A. Wettstein is chairman of the Wisconsin Athletic Commission. . . . Jimmy Flynn, nee James Christopher, is all enthused over his latest youngster, Johnny Lullo of Melrose Park. Lullo scored kayo's in his first two pro engagements. . . . Ross's right monicker is Barnet Razovsky and he was born in New York. . . . Morrie Sherman is a ringworm right. Even while he was in Biloxi, Miss., on his vacation he took in a boxing show in which he saw Buster Mallini win a bout. He is at the College Inn and Beach View with his orchestra.

Jack McIsaac, the Mullen gymnasium barber, is very proud of his 38-year-old son although he hasn't seen him in 15 years. His boy is in British Columbia.

Johnny Croake, the South Chicago bantamweight, who was killed by a train last month, boxed a ten-round draw with Kid Jap at LaPorte, Ind., in his last ring engagement, three years ago. Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe, who managed Croake, advised Johnny to hang up the gloves after the Jap fight.

Johnny Toran, Chicago 113-pounder, is after matches with the best local flyweights and bantamweights following his return to the loop from Erie, Pa., where he hung up a good record. Among his most notable foes while in the Pennsylvania city was Frisco Grande, the Buffalo, N. Y., star.

Jim Mullen returned to the local promotional field with a bang. He promoted his own boxing show for the first time in several years, at Mills Stadium with Mickey Walker facing Yale Okun in the ten-round main event. He was to have George Courtney and Willie Oster in the semi. When Mullen received his new license he noticed that it was numbered 201. Jim was given boxing promoter's license No. 1, previously.

Harold Steinman, the Michigan fight manager, is making his quarters here because of his connections with Mrs. Len Levy, who manages her brother, King Levinsky, the former Maxwell street fish peddler. He is helping Mrs. Levy pilot Levinsky to the topmost rung of the heavyweight pugilistic ladder. Steinman has thrown Andy Shanks, Benny Duke and Jimmy Kerr into the King Levinsky stable as a starter.

Al Sweeney, the youthful local fight pilot, is now on his own. He was previously linked up with Eddie Long, the man who managed Bud Taylor to topnotch ring honors. Aside from booking out-of-town scraps for Hakon Hansen, the Norwegian middleweight, for Manager Eddie Siegal, he directs the ring destinies of Prince Saunders, South Side colored lightweight crack. Saunders has been going great guns in recent weeks. The Prince's six-round knockout of Spud Murphy of Moorehead, Minn., at Eau Claire, Wis., is a big feather in his hat.

Bix Six, the Cicero restraurant man, caters to the best people in the fight game. Fred Gardner, Illinois athletic commissioner, Billy Cepak, Barney Abel, Battling Bozo and Ed Stevenson are just a few of Big Six's guests.

Jimmy Hackley, the Indianapolis veteran who is enlisted at the Naval station here, has taken out a new lease for his ring life under the handling of "Jake" Jacobson, of Deerfield, Ill. Hackley, who boasts victories over such good ones as Jackie Purvis, knocked out Frankie O'Farrell in one round in a Chicago bout.

Some of This and a Little of That—Harry Dublinsky was born in Milwaukee and not in Chicago as many suppose. . . . Mike Fish's, Daily Times' boss photographer, has the initial J start his middle name. . . . Gerald Slaughter is Baby Joe Gans.

Jimmy Goodrich is not a Hebrew but an Irishman and his name is Eddie Moran. . . . Ed Gould, of the Gould Flower Shop on West Randolph street, is a rabid ring fan and dispatches flowery bulletins to most everyone in the fight sport . . . Joe Medill, whose right monicker is Clarence Bunnin, first saw the light of day in Russia. And he has quit the junior-welter class.

Dick Axman, writer of the column titled Fistic Facts, which appears daily in the Chicago *Evening Post*, is one of the most successful press agents in this town. He does p. a. work for White City, the South Side amusement park, Mike Harrison, local boxing promoter, Al Miller, the senator who is one of the best ring salesmen in this section of the country, and numerous others. Axman's success as a publicity man is obvious. He is well liked by everyone because he is not averse to helping a person when he needs a lift, among other good things.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—On Harry Hansen's Vancouver Card, Pete Ritter, Vancouver sensation, jumped another rung by chilling Cowboy Brooks, Texas middleweight, in the first round. Ritter is a fine prospect.

"Popeye" Sargant, 153, Vancouver, drew with Steamboat Jackson, Klamath Falls, in six in the main event. Tony O'Dell, Klamath Falls welterweight, decisioned Tommy Jeffers, Seattle Negro, in six. Tommy Gallas, 162, Vancouver, lost to Red Rader, 161, 'Frisco, in six.

For George P. Moore, Benny Pelz, Portland lightweight, drew with Pierre Pothier, France, in ten. Al Trulmans, San Diego, middleweight, beat Frisco McGale, Seattle Negro, in ten. Eddie Thomas, Bellingham, picked up a punch to flatten Albie Davies, Victoria, B. C., lightweight, in four.

For Ralph Gruman, Maxie Rosenbloom, world's champion clowner, slapped Leo Lomski, Aberdeep crowd-pleaser, for a decision in ten.

On Moores' card, Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, and Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho, drew in ten. Al Trulmans licked Bert Sampson, 148, Los Angeles, in six. Jumbo Davies, 127, Victoria, defeated Johnny Garvey, Los Angeles, in four.

JUMBLED JEMS—Ah Wong Lee, Pete Ritter, and Red Tingley are boys who are coming along—Ritter, in his 11 fights, has chilled his last 10 opponents.

At Klamath Falls. Frankie Klick, 'Frisco lightweight, decisioned Pierre Pothier in ten.

At The Dalles, Swede Nelson, Vernonia, and Red Rader drew in six.

At Marshfield, Joe Coffman, Coquille, nodded Jimmy Beck, Tacoma Negro, in ten.

At St. Helens, Tiger McGlone, 1431 Rainier, kayoed Siki LaHood, 145, Butte, in three.

At Coquille, Bud Bryant. middleweight, won over Kermit Shaw, in two by a foul. Chris Finnell, Marshfield, drew with Charles Farmer, Bridge, in six in the semi-final.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

NOW that summer is with us again there is a possibility that the fans will be treated to some excellent open air boxing bouts and maybe new prospects developed and some improvement in sight for boxing conditions.

Tony Canzoneri defended his title successfully against Jack Kid Berg by scoring a knockout in the third round but the defeat did not affect Berg's junior-welterweight crown. Berg recovered somewhat by banging out a win over Tony Herrera, the foremost 140-pound contender. Young Jack Thompson and Maxey Rosenbloom were beaten in over-weight contests, Bucky Lawless scoring over Thompson while Manley whipped Maxey. The remarkable victory scored by Tommy Loughran against Vittorio Campolo. These were about the outstanding features of the month.

In the heavyweight ranks, Tommy Loughran heads the list with his victory over Vittorio Campolo and now ranks next to Sharkey among the contenders. Charley Retzlaff continued his wonderful work with a four-round knockout over Jack Gagnon. Johnny Risko came through with a victory over Max Baer in Cleveland. King Levinsky and Emmett Rocco split a pair of decisions in their two bouts. Jose Santa kayoed Jack Beasley in one and Johnny Grosso in two rounds.

Paul Cavalier scored over Tony Galento. Harold Mays beat Con O'Kelly. Battling Bozo stopped Murrey Gitlitz in five rounds. Larry Gains kayoed Van Goale in Europe. Steve Hamas turned in a fine piece of work when he kayoed Al Morro in two rounds. Ike McFowler disposed of Jack De Mave in one round. Pat Redmond whipped Roberto Roberti. Ernest Guhring and Hein Muller fought a draw in Germany.

Armand Emanuel defeated Bud Doyle on the Coast. Moise Bouquillon kayoed Charley Herkowitz in four rounds. Andy Mitchell scored over Michele Bonaglia. K. O. Christner whipped Frankie Wine. Abe Callahan Lipschitz kayoed Buddy Howard in the fourth round. Les Kennedy stopped Al Konze in two heats. Add Warren whipped Dewey Kimrey and was kayoed by Ralph Ficucello in one round. Benny Touchstone defeated Walter Pickerd. Ted Sandwina drew with Pietro Corri and Tiny Powell scored over Gene Stanton.

Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight leader, after being beaten by George Manley, turned in victories over Leo Lomski and Don Petrin. Manley also whipped Tiger Payne. Payne drew with Bearcat Wright. Tait Littman defeated Willie Oster but was stopped by Lew Scozza in seven rounds. Art Weigand was kayoed by Jack Renault in five rounds and Charley Belanger in seven. Belanger scored over Pete Latzo while Pete retaliated at the expense of Matt Adgie. Rosy Rosales won over Chuck Wiggins and went four rounds with Tiny De Bolt in a bout which was declared "no contest."

Owen Phelps kayoed Joe Goeders in three rounds and won over Roy Williams. Williams scored over Patsy Pirroni. Baxter Calmes won from George Trenkle and drew with Dave Maier. Jack Denning kayoed Russ Rowsey in seven rounds. Buck Easterling kayoed Jud Jenkins and drew with Edgar Norman. Rattle Kitchline kayoed Joe Cavalier in one round. Harry Allen whipped Joe Zelinsky. George Pavlick won over Harold Scarney. Charley Massera kayoed Max Peltz in one round and won from Jose Vega.

Vince Dundee was about the most prominent middleweight in action during the month. Vince stopped Johnny Kerr in six rounds. Ben Jeby scored over Johnny Pilc. Harry Smith kayoed Tony Ferrente in two rounds. Gorilla Jones defeated Ham Jenkins. Ignacio Ara looked impressive in victory over Young Terry. Jack McVey drew with Vincent Forgione, whipped K. O. Kelly and was beaten by Joe Anderson. Anderson lost to Clyde Chastain.

Joe La Grey scored over Jack Rosenberg. Rosenberg won from Madison Dix. Benny Miller defeated Bert Colima on the Coast. Vincent Sereci kayoed Tony Tozzo in the second round. Laurie Peppin kayoed Mike O'Day in two rounds. Frank Battaglia disposed of Walter Durham in the first. Ray Tramblie drew with Johnny Baima and whipped Del Fontaine. Allie Wolff scored over Gordon Fortenberry.

Bucky Lawless whipped world's welterweight champion, Young Jack Thompson, but scaled one pound over the weight limit. Tommy Herman was beaten by Young Corbett and stopped by Andy Di Vodi. Andy also kayoed Bobby Vincent in six rounds. Lou Brouillard stopped Al Mello in eight rounds and finished Eddie Moore in two. Sam Bruce was beaten by Johnny Indrisano and Henry Firpo.

Jackie Brady won over Madison Dix. Paulie Walker outpointed Tommy Murphy. Young Ketchell scored over Gene Moretti but was beaten by Eddie Ran. Hans Mueller whipped Ole Nesheim and kayoed Sammy Baker in one round. Murray Elkins outpointed Angel Tejerio. Pee Wee Jarrell kayoed Morrie Bowman in one round. Louie Mays whipped Johnny Agrella.

Jack Kid Berg won over Tony Herrera and Ray Kiser in bouts that affected the junior-welterweight title. Herrera scored over Steve Haliako. Joey Goodman and Mickey Cohen battled to a draw. Tommy Grogan won from Billy Hoon and scored knockouts over Joe Rivers and Herman Perlick. Perlick defeated Maxie Strub.

Joe Glick fought a draw with Phil Rafferty and was beaten by Billy Wallace. Mel Aragon scored over Mickey Travers. Freddy Fitzgerald outpointed Eddie Anderson and Sid Silas scored over Eddie McKenna.

Tony Canzoneri remains the lightweight champion after his three-round knockout over Jack Kid Berg. Andy Callahan kayoed Lou Petrone in six rounds. Wesley Ramey stepped further into the limelight through his victory over Sammy Dorfman. Harry Dublinsky showed plenty of ability during the month in whipping Tommy Grogan, Roger Bernard and turning in a kayo over Jimmy Munsell in two rounds. Barney Ross, another bright figure in the lightweight ranks, showed plenty of class by whipping Billy Shaw and scoring kayos over Lud Abella in two rounds and Jackie Dugan in eight. Abella was also stopped by Billy Lynch in the fourth period.

Harry Blitman, now fighting as a lightweight, won from Young Firpo on a disqualification in the tenth round and lost to Lew Massey. Danny Delmont outscored Davey Abad while Abad bested Johnny Kaiser. Cecil Payne won from Tod Morgan and Joe Soldivar. Mike Sarko drew with Babe Herman and was beaten by Leo Dazzo and Tony Falco. Rocco Vigna won over Maxie Leiner.

Joey Kaufman and "Cannonball" Eddie Martin battled to a draw. Johnny Gaito whipped Sid Terris. Al Rowe stopped Sid Lampe in three rounds. Prince Saunders kayoed Spud Murphy in six rounds. Eddie Brannon disposed of Hal Murray in the third. Joey Costa kayoed Robert Servain in four rounds. Herman Folins whipped Carmen Roman. Jack Schweitzer scored over Johnny Felucci. Battling Gizzy outpointed Windy Meyers.

Benny Bass still heads the ranks of the junior-lightweights. He stopped Eddie Mack in four rounds during the month when Mack suffered a fractured jaw. Petey Sarron outpointed Mickey Genaro. Tony Morgano whipped Lew Lafferty and stopped Johnny Brown in three rounds. Dominick Petrone scored over Babe Ruth. Dom Volante kayoed Seaman Watson in six and Irish Bobby Brady disposed of Joe Curry in four.

Eddie Shea scored over Steve Smith in the featherweight ranks while Earl Mastro returned to action with a three-round knockout over Ward Sparks. Matty White was beaten by Tommy Paul and scored over Ad Elton. Bushy Graham turned in victories over Johnny Datto and Hymie Wiseman. Teddy Baldock whipped Terence Morgan.

Lew Feldman scored over Johnny Vacca. Nel Tarleton kayoed Angelo Agatensi in three rounds. Domencio Bernasconi has outgrown the bantamweight ranks, and as a featherweight kayoed Johnny McMillan in one round and drew with him in a return match. Eddie Cool scored over Joe Scalfaro. Vernon Cormier whipped Lew Farber and drew with Jackie Cohen. Johnny Peters kayoed Howard Mayberry in six rounds and Johnny Pena won from Roland Lecuyer.

Al Brown is still campaigning in Europe. He kayoed Julien Verbist in eight rounds. Pete Sanstol disposed of Frisco Grande in the sixth session. Art Giroux has outgrown the flyweights, and in the bantam class won from Willie Davies, Frankie Garcia and kayoed Joe Villeneuve. Harry Fierro scored over Jose Sino.

Benny Sharkey outpointed Emile Pladner in England. Dick Welsh whipped Johnny Brennan, stopped Sammy Farber in six rounds and drew with Pete De Grasse. Brennan drew with Antol Kocsis. Jimmy Thomas kayoed George Satak in four rounds. Jimmy Mack scored over Benny Schwartz. Ernie Hood drew with Raymond Montoya and Petey Hayes did likewise with Lew Pacion.

Midget Wolgast turned in a victory over Lew Farber. Phil Tobias stopped Antol Kocsis in two rounds. Speedy Dado scored over Judy Zuniga. Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, scored over Pablo Dano in the Philippines. George Ostrow whipped Ruby Bradley. Jackie Brown scored over Lucien Popescu for the European flyweight championship.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bantamweight—Bobby Leitham, Montreal, Canada.

Featherweight—Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, Mo.

Junior-lightweight—Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lightweight—Frank Bojorski, Erie, Pa.

Junior-welterweight—Murray Brandt, New York City.

Welterweight—Hans Mueller, New York City.

Middleweight—Joe Zeman, Cleveland, Ohio.

Light-heavyweight—Jack McCarthy, Boston, Mass.

Heavyweight—Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

The following are my ratings for the month ending May 20:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion MaxeyRosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Young Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Manley	Vince Dundee	Bucky Lawless	Tony Herrera
2—Tommy Loughran	Billy Jones	Ben Jeby	Young Corbett	Steve Haliako
3—Young Stribling	Jimmy Slattery	Tiger Thomas	Jackie Fields	Sammy Mandell
4—Vittorio Campolo	Lew Scozza	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Joey Goodman
5—Primo Carnera	Joe Banovic	Harry Smith	Lou Brouillard	Mickey Cohen
6—Tuffy Griffiths	Charley Belanger	Gorilla Jones	Johnny Indrisano	Tommy Grogan
7—Ernie Schaaf	Harry Ebbets	Ignacio Ara	Baby Joe Gans	Ralph Lenny
8—Charley Retzlaff	Rosy Rosales	Leo Larrivee	Billy Townsend	Young Firpo
9—Paulino Uzcudun	Bob Olin	Joe La Grey	Jackie Brady	Joe Glick
10—Stanley Poreda	Pete Latzo	Young Terry	Andy Di Vodi	Phil Rafferty

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Lew Massey	Fidel La Barba	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Justo Suarez	Roger Bernard	Kid Francis	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
3—Sammy Fuller	Al Foreman	Eddie Shea	Newsboy Brown	Victor Ferrand
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Santiago Zorilla	Kid Chocolate	Vidal Gregario	Phil Tobias
5—Andy Callahan	Mike Dundee	Earl Mastro	Archie Bell	Speedy Dado
6—Wesley Ramey	Johnny Farr	Freddy Miller	Art Giroux	Steve Rocco
7—Harry Dublinsky	Maurice Holtzer	Tommy Paul	Harry Fierro	Little Pancho
8—Ray Miller	Davey Abad	Bushy Graham	Judy Zuniga	Johnny Sili
9—Billy Wallace	Pete Nebo	Teddy Baldock	Benny Sharkey	George Ostrow
10—Barney Ross	Pete Sarron	Lew Feldman	Willie Davies	Ruby Bradley

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN Tony Canzoneri knocked out Jack Kid Berg in defense of his lightweight title in Chicago last month, it left an unsettled question which will be a subject for discussion for some time to come. Berg is recognized as the Junior-Welterweight champion, although the title carries little significance, and it was announced by the N. B. A. that Berg's defeat carried along his 140-pound crown.

It's beyond the power of the National Boxing Association to deprive a champion of his title when he has not lost it in competition and parallels the ruling of the New York Athletic Commission which decreed that Max Schmeling is not the heavyweight ruler. Schmeling won his title and cannot lose it unless he is defeated in the ring or retires.

Berg won the 140-pound crown when he stopped Mushy Callahan at the weight limit of 140 pounds. For the Canzoneri affair, Berg was forced to reduce to 135 pounds, which, for the champion of a higher division, is deemed unnatural weight and therefore made the lightweight championship match a handicap bout. If the weight limit were made at 140 pounds, Canzoneri would have won his right to both titles.

Berg returned to the Garden two weeks after losing to Canzoneri and partly redeemed himself by hammering out a ten-round decision over Tony Herrera, lanky Mexican, after a furious swatfest. It was a corking scrap and established Tony in this vicinity as a potential drawing attraction, something that the fans need right now. If Herrera won the verdict over Berg, he would have been the rightful junior-welterweight champion.

Ed Padian is making matches for the Dexter Park Stadium of Brooklyn, supplanting Johnny Attell who held that post last summer—Earl Mastro came back to the ranks with a kayo victory over Ward Sparks in Louisville . . . Eddie Shea is still having trouble with his hands . . . Apples Meyers snared a good one when he got Jackie Berg to open his Meyers Bowl at Braddock against Ray Kiser for his first show.

Johnny Buckley is having plenty of woe with certain happenings. While on the Coast with Ernie Schaaf he had his option on two young heavyweights, Steve Hamas and Al Morro and preferred the latter, taking him along with him. Hamas substituted on the Loughran-Campolo card and turned in a sensational feat by knocking out Al Morro of the Buckley stable. Hamas is being handled by Charley Harvey and Charley has a gem on his hands. The boxing world is rooting hard for Charley as he is one of the most likeable fellows in the boxing game.

Lew Kersch has returned from Hot Springs and is expected to return to the ring with Danny Brown handling his affairs—Kersch is a good looking fighter if he will only step into action . . . "Terrible" Terry Roth is still on the sidelines waiting for some good shots to develop—Tony Galento flattened three fellows in one night at the Detroit Olympia heavyweight beef tournament but stubbed his toes on Paul Cavalier.

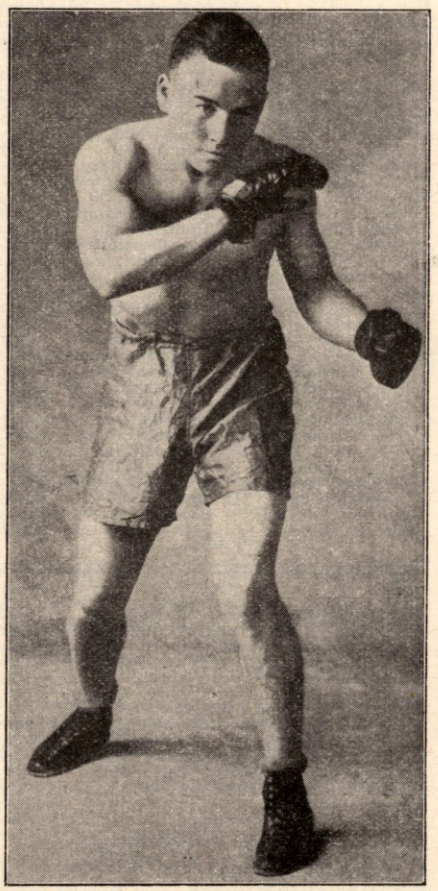
Ignacio Ara looked like a great fighter in whipping Young Terry on the Berg-Herrera show and Vincent Sereci showed his powerful right hand to good advantage when he flattened Tony Tozzo for the full count in the third round—Joe Kennedy will run shows at Shell Pot Park in Wilmington this summer—Gorilla Jones was injured the morning of his battle with Madison Dix in Cleveland when the plane that he was flying in crashed . . . Manager Suey Welsh was also damaged in the crash.

Two months back we printed a story about a novice, Charley Massera, who came to New York to be a professional pugilist. Without any amateur or pro experience to recommend him, he came as raw material into the hands of Hymie Cantor, one of the best if not the best teacher of embryonic champions. He trained assiduously in the gymnasium for two months before Cantor agreed to enter him against competition.

Massera has taken part in two starts. He flattened Max Pelz, a Pacific Coast veteran of seven years' experience, in one round and followed up with four-round victory over Jose Vega, a rugged Mexican, scoring three knockdowns during the bout. It is too early to make any predictions but it is our guess that Massera will be fighting regularly at Madison Square Garden before the expiration of 1931.

Joe Woodman has severed partnership with George Lawrence after many years of association and has hooked up with Al Mayer . . . They have opened offices in the Times Bldg., and will occupy suite 512 . . . Joe Marcus, Pacific Coast lightweight, is their outstanding star for the time being . . . Johnny Risko turned in another of his remarkable upsets when he whipped Max Baer in Cleveland . . . His previous victim was King Levinsky.

Tommy Loughran again gave the fans something to marvel at when he spotted Vittorio Campolo close to fifty pounds and a proportionate handicap in height and reach and gave him a thorough boxing lesson that should be of immense benefit to Campolo. Loughran is one of the marvels of the present age and is deserving of all the praise that is being heaped upon him.



Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver Walloper, one of the outstanding punchers of the age

Campolo, despite the defeat, looked great in spots considering his nine months layoff and pitted against a slower moving man would have been a sensation. Campolo cannot be overlooked in the heavyweight shuffle and with steady engagements will improve with each fight. The South American is deadly game, carries a terrific wallop and is a pleasing figure to watch in action.

Tony Paolillo will resume promoting in New Haven this summer and may possibly extend his activities to Hartford . . . Johnny Gaito, Yonkers youngster, added another scalp to his growing list when he defeated Sid Terris—Harry Mendel and Max Waxman will offer shows in Newark this summer . . . Waxman holds sway at Dreamland Park while Mendel controls the Newark Baseball Park . . . Milton Cohen, former featherweight, is now handling Lew Muriello, promising local lightweight . . . Morris Goldfarb, of New Haven, is touting Eddie Moore, hard-hitting Bridgeport welterweight, who scored kayoes over Sammy Baker, Tommy Lown and Tommy Jordan.

An Alphonse-Gaston portrayal was enacted in Philadelphia when Sammy Farber clashed with Dick Welsh with ultimate disastrous results for Farber. Welsh entered the ring with a bad eye and Farber did all he could to keep away from the injured optic while winning the fight. In the last round both boys butted heads and Farber came out of the mixup with a deep gash over his forehead. His face was covered with blood and with one minute to go the fight was stopped and the referee awarded the bout to Welsh on a technical knockout. After the accident had occurred, Welsh confined his punching to the body and refused to hit Sammy in the face and did not contribute to Farber's downfall even though he was behind on points.

Abe Callahan Lipschitz showed plenty of the pluck that goes to make future champions in his six-round bout with Buddy Howard in one of the preliminaries on the Loughran-Campolo card. Abe was dropped flat on his face in the third round and did not move until about the six count, finally getting to his feet at the count of nine. He survived the session and knocked his man out in the next round.

Joe Gross is handling Harry Wallach, Milton Hall and Solly Farina . . . Farina is the former amateur who looked like a miniature Sid Terris with his speedy legs . . . Tony Canzoneri is enjoying himself at Excelsior Springs with his faithful cohort, Babe Barron . . . The Canzoneri-Berg knockout was one of the most shocking upsets that has occurred in years . . . A weak spot in Johnny Buckley's armor is discovered when you mention his bright prospect, Jack McCarthy.

The National Amateur Championships were decided in New York this year and the sectional distribution of champions appear to be well divided. Here are the simon-pure champs for the year 1931.

112 pounds—Babe Triscaro, Cleveland.
118 pounds—Joseph Ferrante, Boston.
126 pounds—Tony Scarpati, New York City.
135 pounds—Al Gomez, Los Angeles.
147 pounds—Eddie Flynn, New Orleans.
160 pounds—Frank Fullam, New York City.
175 pounds—Tony Poloni, Reno.
Heavyweight, Jack Pallat, Cleveland.

Tony Poloni, heralded as a comer, did not waste any time about turning professional. He went to San Francisco and started his pro career against Hans Birkie . . . Eddie Mead is still struggling along trying to make promoting a success at the Grays Armory in Cleveland . . . Joe Lewis is running shows at the Public Auditorium . . . Solly King, race track expert, is handling Harry Baron, a pretty good looking former amateur star . . . Lew Stillman's new gymnasium on Fifty-Seventh St. ranks favorably with the best in the country. Barney Bennett is now handling Jackie Aldare, middleweight star from the Armories.

A youngster who is destined to make the grade around New York is Jack Rosenberg, young middleweight from the Bronx. Jack has been facing some stiff opposition and seems to have the proper stuff that will keep him improving against better opposition. He gave Joe La Grey a very close battle and followed up with a victory over Madison Dix.

Guy Turpin is running weekly boxing shows at the Arena Matamoros right across from the Rio Grande in Texas. He can be reached at 1320 Elizabeth Street, Brownsville, Texas . . . Johnny Sharpe, American manager, who went to England several years ago, is handling Kid Farlo, said to be a great looking youngster.

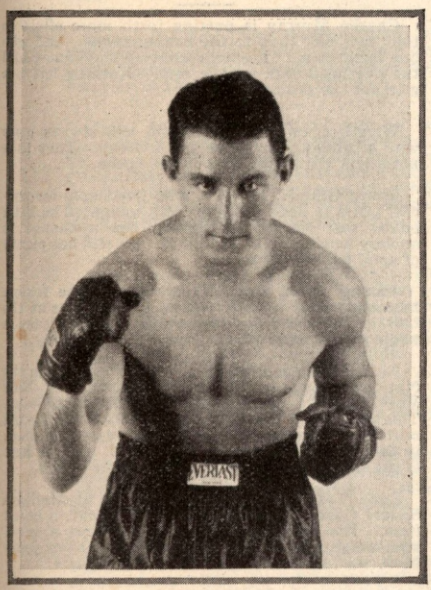
The two consecutive defeats suffered by Maxey Rosenbloom in overweight matches does not presage any good for the Gay Cavalier of the prize ring. Rosenbloom is the type that goes very fast and when they slide, the descent is very rapid. Billy Jones and George Manley who were responsible for his defeats are nothing to trifle with but still the Maxey of old would have had no trouble with them.

Harry Blitman seems to be the victim of too much fighting. In his last bout in Philly, Referee Tommy Reilly disqualified Young Firpo for not putting forth his best efforts in the last round of their bout. Two weeks before, Blitman was deprived of a clean cut victory when the officials gave the bout to Lew Massey.

Blitman expends too much energy with his fighting and should never fight more than once every three weeks. The pace is too terrific for him and he suffers in the subsequent encounter with dire results.

The Victoria Hotel is the outstanding hangout for the members of the fistic fraternity in the evenings around New York . . . It's too bad that Al Mello failed in his attempt to comeback against Leo Brouillard . . . Reports have Jackie Fields as the next opponent for Jack Thompson and if that is true, tab Fields as the next champion . . . Fields is too good a fighter to remain idle . . . Another one who should heed the call of the ring is Harry Ebbets . . . A great ring warrior if he cared to be but he prefers the race track to the canvas . . . A glimpse of Loughran and Campolo in action was like a mental photo of David and Goliath in action . . . Minus the slingshot.

Jerry Pelton was a brief visitor around New York for several weeks escorting his Coast bantamweight star, Judy Zuniga, and returned to "God's Country" after renewing many friendships . . . Frankie Donato, Deputy Commissioner of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission, has the faculty of making friends and keeping them in the boxing game . . . One of the finest personalities around Philadelphia, Max Waxman, is handling Tony Galento, roly poly Orange heavyweight . . . John Hernon is promoting open air shows at Hickey Park Bowl in Pittsburgh . . . John also promotes at the Motor Square Garden in the winter time . . . Robert Lee Clark, formerly a boxing promoter around Galveston, sends word that "Cowboy" Charley Cobb is fighting in the best form of his career at the moment on the Coast.



Solly Krieger, New York's promising middleweight

Some New York writers with favorite fighters . . . Dan Parker is for Jack Kid Berg . . . Bill Corum likes Jack Sharkey . . . Paul Gallico likes Max Schmeling . . . Hype Igoe goes for Kid Chocolate . . . Ed Frayne is fond of Fidel La Barba . . . Mark Hellinger prefers Al Singer . . . Harry Grayson favors Tony Canzoneri . . . Jack Kofoed's favorite is Tommy Loughran . . . Wilbur Wood admires Johnny Risko . . . Jackie Farrell's choice is Mickey Walker and Damon Runyon's is any young, unknown heavyweight that looks promising.

Mushy Callahan is still aching to make a comeback . . . It seems that the boys will never know when they have had enough . . . Types like Sammy Mandell, Joe Dundee, Phil McGraw, have had plenty of glory in their day but they can't absorb the idea that they are passe . . . Al Lang, on the Coast, is a strong booster of Judy Zuniga, young Mexican bantamweight . . . Ed Willard turned down Two Thousand Dollars for Ray Tramblie's contract . . . Which is plenty of money in these days . . . Tramblie is a young middleweight of promise from Chicago . . . Jim (Callahan) Raico is now handling Vincent Martucci, Cuban featherweight, and Willie La Moglia, New York welterweight.

Gene Fowler, former press agent of the Garden, whose latest best seller "Shoe the Wild Mare" deals with the prize fighting industry and he covers the theme authentically . . . Harry Bloomfield expects to interest himself in the Long Beach Stadium this summer . . . Conneaut Lake was the scene of many interesting happenings while Schmeling was in training there.

Now that the heavyweight championship talk is in the air, Harry Lenny proposes that Paul Swiderski's bout with Babe Hunt scheduled for Oklahoma City is for the heavyweight championship because Jack Sharkey refused $60,000 to meet his charge in Oklahoma.

Wesley Ramey turned in a fine victory when he whipped Sammy Dorfman. . . Ramey is a youngster with a flashy left hand . . . Plenty of ring science, speed and most of all, ambition to get ahead . . . Heinie Martin of the Grand Rapids Herald was one of the first to discover the possibilities of this kid and has been his most ardent booster and severest critic . . . Herman Perlick was knocked out by Tommy Grogan in Kalamazoo with a terrific left hook on the chin . . . There was no padding under the canvas and Herman's head struck the floor with a terrific thud . . . He was counted out without making a move and when he was picked up he revived quickly without any ill effects . . . Next day Perlick had a bump the size of an egg on the back of his head . . . One week later Herman whipped Maxie Strub, a fairly good lightweight in Erie.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton welterweight, is home again after a successful stay out on the Pacific Coast. His two bouts with Young Corbett the Fresno Flash, will live long in the memory of the fight fans out on the the western coast. In their first meeting, the verdict was a draw, and in their second bout, Corbett won by a slight margin.

Just before leaving for home Walker met Battling Dozier of Wichita, Kan. In this bout Walker was under a handicap of a sore shoulder. Rather than disappoint his followers Walker went on, the result was that Walker was beaten, but not after putting up a stiff battle.

As the newspapers quote it, a bad start and a lukewarm finish lost the decision for Young Terry in his bout with Ignacio Ara of Spain at the Madison Square Garden in a ten-round bout. The bout was one of the best seen in the New York sports arena in many months.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton bantamweight, won over Allie Podisco in a ten-rounder at Jersey City. In an eight-round bout at Wilmington, Brennan lost to Dick Welsh of Philadelphia. At New Brunswick, Brennan won an eight-round decision over Antol Kocis, former Olympic champion.

In a six-rounder between Al Checkoff of Trenton and Geo. Zurlo of Philadelphia, there were seven knockdowns, Checkoff scoring three and Zurlo four. In the last round Checkoff went down from a left and right to head, at the count of seven the bell sounded ending the bout, it was fully five minutes before Checkoff regained consciousness, Zurlo was awarded the decision.

Joe Sharkey lost two bouts in a week in out-of-town rings, one to Erne Tedesco of Newark at New Brunswick, and then to Jackie (Kid) Horn of Jersey City at Jersey City.

Young Harry Wills, Negro of Trenton, was knocked out in one round by Young Zazzarino of Jersey City at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City.

(Baby Face) Pullen, Hightstown southpaw, stopped Tuffy Godley of Trenton in the fourth round. Godley's right eye was badly cut and the referee halted the mill.

The boxing show sponsored by the Jewish Federation of Charities at the Armory was a huge success, financially and otherwise. Paulie Walker, in his first start since his return from the Pacific Coast, decisively defeated Tommy (Kid) Murphy in the feature.

Just before the windup went on, Trenton fans got a glimpse of Primo Carnera, the man mountain, who put on an exhibition of four rounds, two with Al Walker and Jack Anderson.

Joe Sharkey of Trenton won over Jackie Reily of Burlington by a knockout in the fourth round.

Pat Smith, latest importation from Ireland, impressed the fans by the way he polished off Dick Bishop of Trenton in three rounds. This Irish middleweight won't find it hard in getting work around these parts.

Mooch Murphy won over Bill Hart in a six-round bout, this bout was marred by Hart, who was either holding or backing away.

Kid Roth of Trenton and Fritz Schmelling of Princeton boxed a draw.

In the four-round opener, Young Andy punched holes in Ray Mangino, both of these boys are of Trenton.

Owing to the fact that this issue went to press five days earlier than usual, several news items arrived too late for use. The usual notes from all over the world will appear in the next issue.

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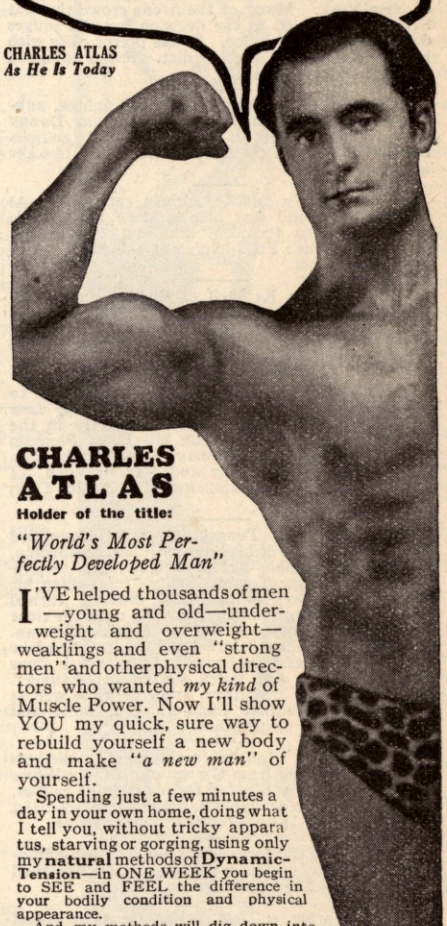

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

EDDIE MACK of Denver had hard luck in his Philadelphia debut against Benny Bass when the western lightweight suffered a fractured jaw in the third round and was stopped.

Mack started off slowly and was clearly outboxed in the first round at the Arena but looked pretty good in the second round. Bass had a hard time reaching the elongated Mack but kept piling up the points and finally hit him with a wicked left as Mack was going away.

Mack knew something was wrong with him when the blood started to spurt out of his mouth while he was resting on one knee. Referee Leo Houck counted him out. The westerner was treated at Mt. Sinai Hospital and the accident also cut him out of some other work in the east.

Tony Falco, lightweight stablemate of Benny Bass, was given a tough battle by Mike Sarko of New York. Many of the Arena crowd thought Sarko was entitled to the decision but the judges decided in favor of Falco. It was pretty close with Falco entitled to the verdict. Sarko weighed 134 and Falco, 134½.

Pete Shedrick, 152-pound colored fighter, substituted for Gene Buffalo, to win from Danny Devlin of Allentown, at the Arena in six rounds. Devlin did most of the forcing and looked like the winner.

Throwing body punches almost continually, Al Ettore, 175-pound star belonging to Max Hoff's stable, scored a technical knockout over Peggy Sullivan of South Philadelphia at the end of third round.

Young Johnny Ketchell of Chester and Eddie Ran of New York, put up a fairly even ten-round bout at the Arena with Ran being declared the winner. The New Yorker had to do most of the fighting as Ketchel was inclined to go into a shell.

Steve Nitchie took a trip from Lancaster to Atlantic City, only to be knocked out by Lew Hardcastle, one of Phil Glassman's boys in the second round. On the same bill Peter Pantello of Philadelphia, defeated Harry (Kid) Murphy, also of Philly in eight rounds and Eddie Cuden, of Philly, and Jimmy Lambertson, Atlantic City, drew in six rounds.

Young Firpo, of Pennsgrove, was disqualified in the tenth round of his bout with Harry Blitman, former Philadelphia featherweight star at the Arena, by Referee Tommy Reilly "for pulling his punches!" Firpo's purse was ordered turned back to the state commission. Up until the time of the disqualification Firpo was beating Blitman.

Firpo when taken before the Board, claimed he had hurt his hand in training four or five days before the bout but failed to tell his manager. His trainer Jack Blackburn knew of it, as well as Eddie Burns, another handler. Blackburn and Burns also drew suspensions.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo featherweight, had his hands full winning from the veteran Matty White at the Arena. Paul, noted for his dancing tactics, found White also a nimble, jab and get away artist but the Buffalo lad appeared in better shape.

Tony Stetz of the coal regions with a seven-and-a-half-pound advantage, outpunched Mike Marshall of South Philadelphia, in six rounds.

Sammy Farber of New York, was away ahead of Dick Welsh of Philly when a head-on collision opened a bad cut on his forehead in the sixth round and Referee Joe McGuigan had to stop the bout to save the New York lad, Welsh getting credit for a technical knockout.

Young Johnny Brown, formerly of England, was substituted for Benny Schwartz of Baltimore, and failed to last three rounds against Tony Morgano at the Arena. Morgano will be seen in a number of outdoor bouts this summer. His left hand tactics had baffled the majority of his opponents.

Two decisions were given in the bout between Ernie Caeser of Philadelphia and Phil Raymond, Baltimore, at Atlantic City. During the seventh round, referee Harry Ertle invoked the New Jersey rule by counting out Caesar who was on the floor claiming a foul. A few minutes later, Dr. Albert Alleyne examined Caesar and found he had been injured, so the Philadelphian was declared the winner on a foul.

Eddie Law, Philadelphia's globe trotter, is home for a short stay. After boxing in California for a time, Law invaded Manila and the Orient. Eddie drew with Max Tarley and Varies Miling and won on a foul from Kid Johnson, all three being Filipinos. In his other Manila appearance, Law scored against Charley London, an American, whom he stopped in the seventh round. He says he's going to take a trip around the world.

Junior-lightweight champion, Benny Bass, has purchased a farm near Berlin, N. J. The southpaw socker and his wife have been busy all spring getting things in shape at the five and a half acres, tidying up by painting and generally inproving. He says it will also be a great place to get in shape for his bouts.

Eddie Cuden, former Temple University star, made his professional debut by knocking out Jack Gorman in Atlantic City recently. Cuden decided to enter the pro. ranks in order to equip his dental office.

Matt Adgie, veteran West Philadelphia light heavyweight, helped Joe Kennedy close the indoor season in Reading, by knockout out Al Swilp of the coal regions in the first round. Kennedy had a proposition to stage outdoor shows in Wilmington this summer.

Vincent Forgione, South Philadelphia middleweight, made another successful trip to New England, by beating Jackie Willis at Portland, Me.

Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis will hold forth at the Phillies Ball Park with their usual run of high class outdoor shows, it is understood. Taylor is busy lining up some of the talent and has been spending much of his time in New York.

Eddie Dempsey, South Philadelphia middleweight, lost a ten round decision to Holly Allen of Charleston, W. Va.; at the latter's home city.

Kid Beebe who fought 639 bouts a quarter of a century ago, is now selling peanuts at the Philadelphia boxing clubs and Shibe Park. Beebe, who squared off with such famed little fellows as Tommy Feltz, Frankie Neil, Danny Dougherty, Jack Britton, Ad Wolgast and many others, claims the present day fighters spend too much time in the gymnasiums and not enough in actual road work.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

LEW HARDCASTLE knocked out Al Mason in three rounds in Atlantic City. Herb Brandow defeated Dick Clarke on the same card. Lew Seltzer defeated Vince Giudici and stopped Yonder McLoughlin in Millville where Lew is a good card.

Harry Blitman knocked out Calvin Reed in Atlantic City before a jammed house.

Nick Trignani, Welter, Harry Kutzer, bantam, Harry Lundy, bantam are three amateur champs who are turning pro, under the care of Jimmy Coster. Judging by their records in the amateurs, these boys should be stars in a short time.

Pete Pantaleo, former amateur with twenty-three consecutive victories since turning pro, recently defeated Harry Kid Murphy and knocked out Hughey Civatte in Atlantic City where Pete has a large following.

Herb Brandow, after a long lay-off, has developed into a welterweight and recently won three bouts in a row. The writer predicts a great future for this boy if he takes the game serious enough, for he has everything that is needed to make good.

The writer believes that boxing in Wilmington has got off to a bad start when the referee stopped the Johnny Hayes and Pinkey Kauffman bout in the fourth round as there was no doubt of the fighter's sincerity. This being the windup sent the fans home with a sour taste.

IN COLON PANAMA
By ANTHONY CHARLES

MARTINEZ FORD of Spain knocked out Marco Zorilla of Colon in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Alvin "Kid" Barber and Pedro Lemos battled six rounds to a draw.

Tommy White, "The Arizona Wildcat" defeated Martin Oroz of Spain and welterweight champion of the Isthmus by a wide margin in ten rounds.

Kid Slammer won by a technical knockout over Valentine Red. Santiago Alvarez of Spain defeated Benny Palmer in an interesting six-rounder.

Len Leonard and Kid Palacios battled six rounds to a draw.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THESE are dull days for boxing in Buffalo and vicinity. Only two shows have been staged here since January 1st and both proved unprofitable.

It appears to this writer that the only solution for the future of boxing is the development of new stars, who are willing to fight all comers. Good punchers must be unearthed if the thrill of the sport is to contniue. The public is fed up on those managers who insist on picking suckers for their fighters and who want the earth for the services of very mediocre boys. Some star bout fighters of today wouldn't rank as tenth raters with the real stars of a few years ago.

There is no question but its the big fellows who put the money in the house. Flyweight and bantamweights aren't worth a dime a dozen. True enough they sometimes put up exciting fights but the public does not go for them.

Heavyweights, light-heavies and middleweights are the boys who will bring back boxing. But good, sensational rinsters must be uncovered. Where they are no one seems to know, but they must be some place.

Before this article appears in print Lou Scozza will have had it out with Tait Littman, the Milwaukee star, in a ten rounder at Milwaukee. Lou knocked Littman out in their first meeting.

Scozza is still ranked high in the light-heavyweight division and is eager to meet Maxie Rosenbloom in a title bout. Lou has twice beaten the slapping light-heavy king and believes he can take the championship away from him.

Another foe Scozza is desirious of meeting again is Jimmy Slattery. This looks like the only "real natural" match that would draw any money around here. And its dollars to dimes Slattery wouldn't agree to engage Lou again.

Slattery, by the way, was offered a match with Tommy Loughran at Chicago. Whether he will take a shot at Sir Thomas remains to be seen. Jimmy won from King Levinsky at the Chicago Stadium several months ago. He also outpointed Tom Heeney, veteran New Zealander, in a six rounder here.

No doubt but Slattery can still make plenty of money if he wishes to work at his chosen profession. The tall Irishman is colorful and if matched right is by long odds the best drawing card Buffalo has ever produced.

Charlie Murray is putting forth more effort to the "rasslers" than to the boxing game. And who can blame him? Fighters want all the money and the overhead eats up the rest. Nothing left but grief for the promoter.

Wrestlers, on the other hand, will always work with a promoter and give him a break. They take nothing if the dough isn't in the house.

Frisco Grande, Filipino, who lived here for several years is back in New York again. The little fellow was popular in Buffalo but a change in scenery won't do him any harm. He still has plenty of good fights in him.

Johnny (Fool 'em) McCoy, one of the foxiest bantams in the ring, is looking for a chance at the best in the game at 118 pounds. It will take a mighty good one to lower the colors of Johnny.

Buffalo did not produce a single champion in the National amateur boxing tournament at New York. In the past such boys as Steve Halaiko, Tommy Paul, Christy Mueller, won fame in the big mitt fest, which up to this year, always took place in Boston. Joe Lyons, Lancaster lad, was the best of the simon pures from this neck of the woods.

Tony Tozzo got off to a bad start at Madison Square Garden when he was knocked out in quick time. His brother, Rocky Kansas, was a great light-weight and a big card in New York a few years back.

Dick Coffey, popular young Buffalo referee, is making good as an official. His work is splendid and he is deserving of important assignments.

Bert Finch, the 250 pound fight manager, has another good prospect in Joe Doktor, heavyweight.

Joe Miller has a good stable but can't seem to get a break. Some of these days Joe will dig up a real find and do the dictating.

The 106th Armory, one of the best in the world, burned to the ground here on May 7th. The big building was never used for professional sport but it would have been a dandy place. Located in the heart of Buffalo the big building could have seated 20,000. The fire, one of the worst Buffalo ever experienced, wiped out a number of dwellings besides the armory.

Good boxers of all weights who are not tied up with managerial contracts should write to Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. A chance to box in France and England awaits real topnotchers.

It is strongly rumored that the Velodrome A. C., inactive for several years, will be in the field promoting boxing and wrestling next season.

What Buffalo requires mostly is a club to seat about 3,000 and run weekly shows to build up new talent. The big shows at the auditorium carry a tremendous overhead and it is next to impossible to make money, unless the house is packed.

Tommy Paul has been boxing more regularly out of town this spring. With Buffalo promoters idle Paul stepped into Philadelphia to win three straight but lost a couple of decisions to Freddie Miller, Cincinnati star.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

AT New London, Willie Lewis, Stamford junior-welter, beat Bristol Brown, of Bristol in the star bout.

Turk Coolidge, Manchester heavy, won from Johnny De Stephano of New Haven in eight rounds.

Tiger Silvia, Fall River lightweight, won by a technical kayo over Johnnie Mack of New Haven in three rounds.

K. O. Joe D'Andrea put over a technical kayo on Johnny Thomas of New Haven in the sixth round. This was one of the best fights seen in New London in quite a while.

Snooks Lacey whipped young Comforti in four rounds. At New Haven Arena, Walter Cobb, Baltimore heavy, stopped Herman Heller of Germany in the first. Harry Sankey, New York Hebrew, gave Baby Bear, of Porto Rico, a lacing in eight rounds.

Mel Aragon trimmed Mickey Travers in another eight. Mickey Marino, of New York, stopped Willie Angelo in three rounds. Young Leonard of New Haven was no match for Trenton Vauglin, of Tampa, Florida, who subbed for Cliff Warner. It was stopped in the first round.

At Hartford, Bat Battalino won from Andy Martin amid boos and cheers. Kid Kaplan, Meridan Buzz Saw, punched his way to victory over Ralph Lenny, one of the best lightweights in the East. Kayo Morgan, Stamford's eccentric bantam, won an easy decision over Carmine Nacchio, of New York.

Romeo Du Bois, New Haven feather, whipped Kid Bori Bow of Waterbury. Du Bois substituted for Sid Lampe. Nick Christy of Bristol beat Rene Peloquin of Danielson in four rounds.

Marty Martino of Hartford won by technical Kayo over Harry Asit of Springfield in two rounds. Vic Dorr, one of the best lightweight prospects in Connecticut won in a semi-final over Patsy Sylvestri, of the Bronx, at the New Lenox Club in Harlem. Johnny Kop, Norwich, beat Harry Matinsky of the East Side, at the New Lenox.

At Stamford, Rudy Marshall, Connecticut leading middleweight, gave Billy Jenkofsky a neat pasting in eight rounds. Jenkofsky opened Marshall's eye in a previous bout and won by technical kayo. Johnny Kerr, Scotch middle, kayoed Jimmy Rossi, of Westerly, R. I., in two rounds.

Georgie Warner, New York bantam, lost on technical knockout to Phil Baker, of Norwalk.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's Deaf Mute lightweight plastered Frankie De Bone, Norwalk's fighting bellhop in a special four-rounder. Jules Sombathy beat Larry Escara, of Mt. Vernon.

Rudy Marshall, Stamford's sensational middle, stopped Johnny Leonard, of Georgia, in two rounds at Stamford. Billy Jenkofsky stopped Joe Bush in the first round. Al Manley stopped Al Woods of Norwalk in one round. T. C. Hayes kayoed Young Leonard of Bristol, and Phil Baker won from Rocco Muolo.

Jules Sombathy, of Bridgeport, won from Larry Escara of Mt. Vernon. Silent Barrett, Stamford Deaf Mute lightweight, scored a sensational knock-out over Al Brown of Norwalk in the fourth round.

At the New Haven Arena, Walter Cobb, Baltimore heavy, kayoed James Darcy of California in two rounds. Darcy, who substituted for Big Bill Hartwell was a pushover for Cobb. Mickey Travers won over Georgie Day of New Haven. Al Rowe of Philadelphia was awarded a technical kayo over Sid Lampe, of Baltimore, in three rounds. Trenton Vaughn, of Florida, won over Romeo Du Bois of New Haven.

Baby Bear of Porto Rico won from Joe Oliver of New Haven in six. Cliff Warner, of Hartford, knocked out Ted Flowers, of New Haven.

The fighters of Connecticut are welcoming Billy Prince, promoter of Newfield Park, and Lou Anger, dean of Connecticut promoters, with open arms. They use only fighters who fight and they never under-pay the fighters at their open air shows.

Rudy Marshall gets his chance to wrest the New England middleweight title from Frankie O'Brien, Hartford's southpaw middle, when he battles O'Brien at Stamford.

The Keystone Club lost no time in rematching the pair but owing to Strub's right hand being impaired, it will have to wait till some time in August. The injury to Strub's hand also cost him a match with Johnny Jadick of Phiiadelphia, for the lightweight championship of Pennsylvania. This was to be staged in the open air arena June 5th.

I. T. Battles, former middleweight amateur champion of N. W. Penna, turned pro, and won his first battle by a K. O. in two rounds. His victim was Mike Reach. Battles' next opponent is the high class middleweight Sailor Ollie Koski of Worcester, Mass.

Jimmy Dean, Bill Purdy's classy junior lightweight, defeated Harry Alexanian of Worcester, Mass. in a fast semi-final.

Phil Shapiro is in Erie with some very good boys from Worcester, Mass. They are Eddie Williams, 142 pounds; Sailor Ollie Koski, 152 pounds; Ero Peterson, 138 pounds and Billy Bruns, 168 pounds.

Tommy Freeman, the dethroned welter champ, is training in Erie, and also Chico Cisneros, good little featherweight. Both are under the watchful eye of Bob Sangster.

Matty Matheson, 117-pound baby face battler from Toronto, has appeared three times in Erie and has won all of them. He is a certain crowd pleaser.

The furniture stores of this town all have their representatives at every boxing show. Claude Miller, general manager of Lawrie Bros. Abe Daneman, President of The Reliable Home Furn. Co. I. C. Weil, President of The Wayne Furn. Co. Elmer Schade, sales manager of Half Bros. Sid Fleischman, owner of Fleischman's, Carl Anderson of Epp Bros. Furn. Co. and Harry Klick of The Klick Furniture Co., seldom miss a show.

The fans are now talking about a bout between Frank Bojorski and Maxie Strub. This is indeed a home town natural. Bajorski has won about 42 fights and has never been defeated since turning pro. Among his victims are Eddie Reed of Philadelphia, Billy Kowalik of Buffalo, Sammy Hackett of Toronto and Ray Collins of Erie.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

MAX BAER, the colorful California heavyweight put up a spectacular and very courageous fight against Johnny Risko at the Public Auditorium, and lost the duke after one of the best heavyweight fights ever witnessed in Cleveland.

Johnny Kilbane refereed the fight, and ruled in favor of Baer, while the two judges gave the verdict to Risko, as well as all the local papers.

Baer made a great hit and will be brought back before the summer is over, with Risko or some outstanding heavyweight.

Billy Wallace won over Joe Glick at the Equisttrium, before a small crowd.

Matt Brock's benefit was a frost financially, and the show was a corker with the exception of the main event between Ralph Brady, and Madison Dix, which wasn't so hot, with Brady getting the decision. Frankie Chatterton and Chet Smallwood easily stole the show, with Smallwood winning the decision.

Bushy Graham defeated Johnny Datto at the Gray's armory the week previous.

Dick Dunn has made many friends here in Cleveland and is busy lining up all the details on the big fight. Another angle creeped out last week when Attorney Joe Mellen started proceedings to stop the fight, but lost.

The Press, the only paper to knock the fight around here, is now favorable to it, and with the rest of the papers all boosting the show, Dunn will have an easy time from now on.

Babe Triscaro has turned pro. The Babe was a big hit at the last amateur show at Madison Square Garden, New York, and is bound to sell out the house here for Walter Taylor.

Paul Hamilton has taken the Bowl over and has renamed it Harvard Bowl—says he will run every week soon as the weather permits.

All managers with first class fighters are requested to write Paul Hamilton, 406 United Bank Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, as Paul and Paul only, has the say. I wish to correct any other article sent in to The RING.

All the fighters are on their vacation enjoying the races at Bainbridge where they will spend the next week.

Joey Goodman was given a raw deal in his fight out at Denver with Mickey Cohen, according to all the Denver papers, as he gave the Denver Hebrew a good pasting only to have the referee call it a draw.

Joe Levy of Los Angeles is anxious to have Goodman box Cecil Payne on the coast in June.

Tommy Freeman is back in harness. He has entirely recovered from the flu.

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

MORE than once in the column we have cited Lou Brouillard, a Worcester, Mass., French-Canadian boy, formerly of Danielson, Ct., as the heir-apparent to the New England welter title. He had it stamped all over him. May 15 saw him make good. That evening at the Boston Garden he encountered and defeated the game Al Mello of Lowell, Mass., holder of the title for several years, and forced the latter to stop after 1 min. 50 sec., in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-rounder. Brouillard came in at 145 1-2 pounds, Mello at 148¼, and the contest was a genuine championship mill, the first here in several months.

It attracted more than 10,000 spectators and a gate of about $14,700, the largest attendance and money about a Boston ring since the Maloney-Carnera contest of last October. Inasmuch as Mello also held the N. E. middleweight title, that went along with the other, so that today Brouillard is a double champion.

The outcome of the bout was no great surprise. As many may recall, two years ago in the Garden ring, Mello received a severe injury to a nerve center in a scrap with William "Gorilla" Jones and for months was unable to put up his hands. Long and skilful medical treatment finally rounded Al back into something like his old self. Fairly recently he tried two comebacks and made good—then allowed himself to be coaxed into a titular meeting with Brouillard. To some it seemed that he had a chance—he thought so himself—that his ring experience would prove too much for the Worcester youngster. But, it failed to so work out.

For five rounds Al did very well, had Brouillard missing, wild and somewhat uncertain. Then the tide turned. Brouillard came strong in the sixth—then heaped up a big seventh. Under the fire of the boy's attack Mello wilted very fast, and, at the end of the session he was done. Gamely he came out for the eighth. Just as a sure kayo loomed, Bobby Goldman, Mello's manager, rushed to the ropes, waved a towel and asked the referee to stop it. The fight ended—Mello was dethroned. The result will go into the records as a kayo—a "technical" kayo, as some are pleased to write it.

"Technical" kayo, as we view it, is merely explanatory—in reality, means nothing. A ringster is knocked out, or he is not. K. O. means, knocked out of time, therefore, when a boxer is unable to continue, or has been actually sent to the canvas and counted out, he is out of the time and kayoed—not "technically" so.

Though Mello is but 25 years old, the fight marked the end of his connection with the active ring. Following it, he paid a fine tribute to Brouillard—went out of his way to visit all of the newspaper offices to do so, also announced his permanent retirement from the sport. The game has thus lost one very fine young man—one of the real princes of the ring but, we feel, has gained another in Brouillard. The latter, about 22 years old, has the world before him and a big chance of winning his place in the sun.

At this writing there is but one serious contender in Brouillard's path as regards his New England titles—Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, held by many to be the uncrowned king of the 147-pound division. To date Indrisano has whipped more than one champion but, paradoxically, has yet to win a title. His champion opponents always kept their crowns in the safe. Johnny has challenged Brouillard—two clubs are in the field to make the match. It is possible that they will meet some time during the summer.

Another bout on the same card brought together Andy Mitchell of California, and Michele Bonaglia of Turin, Italy, the latter a much-touted performer despite the fact that he has yet to win a fight in this country. They collided in the seven-round semi-final, and failed to greatly impress. Though Mitchell received the decision, he is far from being the chap who fought and lost to Jim Maloney here about two years ago. The award was a close one—it seemed to many that Bonaglia had won, but few were much "het" up about it either way.

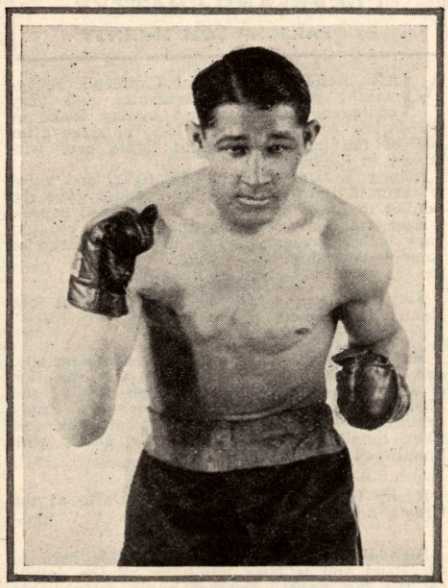
Starting with the May 15 show, the Boston Garden, long in the doldrums as a boxing Mecca, has decided to keep going and will discontinue the hot-cold policy to which we called attention in the last issue of THE RING. It plans to stage shows from now on every week, or once in every two weeks, all of its tournaments to be held in its North Station arena instead of outdoors during the summer season as in former years. It will mean a big saving in money and will be appreciated by the fans. With Boston's uncertain weather—one day hot, the next cold—sudden storms and such—the Garden's fine, well-lighted, comfortable arena is far preferable to the outdoor stuff. The latter is always a gamble.

Jack Sheehan, the veteran referee, a chap beloved and admired by many, is back in the ranks of the glad once more. A few weeks ago Sheehan was taken to the hospital very seriously ill, but his own good health and careful treatment dragged him by. Sheehan was up before 10 could be counted over him, but admits that he took a toll of 8 before he got onto his feet. "I am a bit weak in the pins and still wobbly, but will go the distance," Jack explained on his return to the fold.

The next big fight here, to be engineered by the Garden, will bring together Jim Maloney and Ernie Schaaf. All signs indicate that despite the talk of business depression, it will more than go over the top. The Garden has boosted its top price from $3 to $5, but is selling plenty of tickets. The heavies always have the big call in Boston, while the coming fray is a so-called "natural."

Another new policy at the Garden, which went into effect on May 15, was the offering of a bonus of $300, the same in addition to the regular purse money, to the pair of boxers putting up the best fight, this to be based on the stories of the sports writers appearing in the papers the day following a tournament. This bonus was won by Eddie Sullivan of Walpole and Young Nadeau of Somersworth, N. H., boys who competed in a torrid four-round prelim contest. Sullivan, the winner, received $180, and Nadeau, $120, which, with their regular purse, was not so bad.

Of course the wrestling game is going in Boston as good as ever. The last show here, a Paul Bowser creation at the Boston Arena, jammed in more than 10,000 for a $20,000 gate. In the feature, Gus Sonnenberg, the ex-champion, but always a card, defeated Count George Zarynoff two falls in 14:06 and 1:21, though lost the first in 36:41. It may have been an exhibition, as wrestling bouts are now being termed, but it was a wow all the way with not a booh, hiss or "in the bag" from the spectators. After Gus had lost the first fall, he wrecked the Count by tossing him over the top rope to the concrete floor, a drop of about nine feet. It took about all the wrestling out of Zarynoff—but, how he escaped with his life and all whole is the mystery.



Eddie Moore, Connecticut's hard hitting welterweight

A few nights prior to this affair, Ray Fabiani, the rival mat promoter, turned loose Hans Steinke and Tiny Roebuck in his feature fray at the Boston Garden, the affair attracting a large house. They mauled along nicely for a while, then someone got a tougher kick than was expected and a fight got going. Steinke bowled Roebuck over and was strangling him with both hands when Referee Herman Wolfe of Philadelphia rushed in and managed to get them apart. No sooner had he given Roebuck the award on a foul than Steinke, securing an inside crotch and lift, slammed Roebuck to the floor with great force. It was some crash, alright.

To complete the job, Hans resumed the strangling process. While Referee Wolfe was in the mix trying to pull the German's hands from Roebuck's throat, a coward's hand threw a bottle from the balcony. Presumably, it was meant for Steinke, but it struck Wolfe a glancing blow on the forehead, cutting a deep gash from which the blood flowed freely. Police and Garden attendants finally quelled the beginning of a general tumult. If Messrs. Steinke and Roebuck were merely fooling—doing an exhibition—it certainly didn't look that way.

It is possible that Arthur DeKuh, the Italian heavy, well-known to all readers of THE RING, will meet the winner. The tall Latin is now under the wing of Phil Schlossberg, former manager of Schaaf, and has become a temporary resident of Boston. He is working at local gyms—his manager is busy firing challenges, the same mainly at both Maloney and Schaaf. As Schlossberg is well liked here—is a fine chap, while big Arthur certainly rates as tough, the latter may be seen inside ropes before many moons.

Promoter Mack's last indoor tourney, an event at the Boston Arena, came the night of April 22, when Johnny Risko of Cleveland and Harry "Kingfish" Levinsky of Chicago, collided in a 10-rounder. Levinsky forced the going and was willing enough but was outclassed for the entire distance by the ex-baker boy. The sixth was the best round. In this stanza, Harry, spurred on by Mrs. Lena Levy, his sister, who was in his corner, tried to pull victory out of the fire. It was a good mix—one that had the fans in their chairs—but Levinsky was flayed to the ribs by Risko's right, and repeatedly thrown off balance by lefts to face. It was a game try but didn't result in anything more than a very fine stanza which, like the others, went to Risko. He received the award. In the semi-final, George Pavlick of Cleveland whipped "Unknown" Winston of Waterbury, Ct., in eight hot rounds. The tourney drew but 2500 spectators and was not a success.

During the third week of April, Primo Carnera, the Ambling Alp, was one of the lions among the athletic of the city. In addition to appearing at one of the local theatres, for which he is said to have received $5000, thereby equalling a prior record established by Jack Sharkey, he called on Governor Ely, Mayor Curley and other notables, also was the guest of various Italian and other organizations. He dropped in one day at the gym where Sharkey has been training on and off for several months, they shook hands and exchanged grimaces. Naturally, Leon See was hovering around, while Jimmy Johnston came over from New York for a couple of official visits.

Despite all the agitation, investigations, several thousands spent on the same etc. etc., the chances of anything definite being done by the State Legislature along the lines of improving boxing in this state seem somewhat remote. There is not a chance of any change in the personnel of the Boxing Commission, nor for draw decisions. The idea of encouraging the sport by giving small clubs a chance to live through a lowering of their overhead, has failed to impress in the slightest. Were it not for the amateur organizations and small out-of-town promoters, The Hub would be left flat for new talent.

The Boston Garden management has gone ahead with the foul-proof cup idea—has made it one of its rules that all main-bout performers shall be so equipped, and, is very likely to balk on paying off should a foul be called on a low blow in connection with a feature contest. It has yet to be called on to fight this issue out with the Boxing Commission as no serious fouls have occurred in its ring. It will be recalled that months ago the Garden announced that in case of a foul, or fake fight, it would use its discretion in paying the offender or offenders, all irrespective of what the Commission might rule.

There is a chance that sooner or later legislation may be put through whereby the rulings of ring officials—their votes—shall be made public immediately following a contest, furthermore, that championship bouts may be increased from 10 to 15 rounds. A limit may also be put to the hours and bouts in which amateurs may compete. As a whole, however, all the time and work put in to bring about changes in the boxing regime—to bring the sport back from the low plane to which it has fallen—have amounted to little.

The Sammy Fuller case, involving the Boston lightweight fouling Jake Zeramby of Lynn at Fenway Park, June 17, 1929, has finally been settled. Fuller's money was held up at the time, and, after months of dickering, he brought suit against the promoter for its recovery. After a hearing all concerned came to an agreement, presumably more or less satisfactory. In any event, the controversy is ended.

One of the busiest places on the map outside of Boston is the Highland A. A. of Brockton, Mass., where Jack Murphy, for several years connected with clubs at Lynn, is the matchmaker. He is staging shows practically every week at the Arena and the fans are getting a big run for their money.

Ring Larsen of Quincy, the Swedish middleweight who made very good in the amateurs, scored a fine victory at the Brockton club the night of May 1, when he won the decision over Mike Susinsky of that city. The boys fought 10 very rugged rounds. The contest was such a good one that the ringsters are likely to be re-matched.

Arthur Flynn of Lawrence, one time claimant of the N. E. light-heavy title, has passed up boxing for wrestling. He made his debut on the mat on May 11, against Joe Cook of Australia and tossed his man after 15 minutes of tussling.

Con O'Kelley of Ireland, now managed by Harry Kelley of Boston, Jack Sharkey's former trainer, drew a tough assignment in Harold Mays of Bayonne, N. J., though a native "Down Easter," at Portland, Me., May 5. The bout went 12 rounds, the full distance, and was rated as the best affair between heavies seen in the Forest City for some time. The popular award went to Mays.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

"DYNAMITE" Lou Brouillard, Worcester's bid for the World's welterweight championship, climbed another rung on the ladder of fame when he stopped Al Mello of Lowell to gain the welterweight and middleweight championships of New England in a bout at the Boston Garden.

Twelve thousand customers paid $14,700 at popular prices to see the "Dynamiter" batter Mello into oblivion in eight heats of a scheduled ten-spot. Mello's both titles were at stake as well as a diamond belt emblematic of the championship. The largest crowd to witness a contest in Boston since the Carnera-Maloney fracas turned out to cheer a real champion.

Brouillard is the toughest fighter pound-for-pound that ever came out of New England and that is said with the understanding that this section of the country has produced some pretty tough boys. Brouillard is the country's outstanding challenger for the 147-pound crown and his unorthodox southpaw style coupled with his hard-hitting power and ability to "take it" should garner him the title.

Andy Callahan, New England lightweight champion, invaded Worcester intent upon flattening Lou Petrone, local prospect. The melee was scheduled for ten rounds and it didn't take Callahan long to find out that he was in a fight. Petrone rallied from the third round on and was leading 24 points to 20 at the end of the fifth when he swallowed his mouthpiece in the sixth round and choked. He became nauseated and fell to the canvas without being hit and the referee awarded the bout to Handy Andy on a technical knockout.

Frankie Costello had his winning streak stopped by "Scoops" Rouillier of Salem in the fifth of a six rounder. Aldo Nocchi was stopped by Al Brouillard in seven cantos. They are welterweights and the bout was supposed to go eight rounds. Rene Fontaine stopped Joe Gelbo in the fourth of a six. They are bantamweights. Pete Savageau, Spencer featherweight, stopped Charlie Wilkie of Lynn in the first. Francis Carter stopped Joe Burke of Boston in the fifth of a six.

In a warm-up bout for the Mello affair, Brouillard stopped Eddie Moore of Bridgeport in two heats. Moore previous to meeting Lefty Lou had won 23 straight victories, 19 by the knockout route.

Suggestions for main bouts for the new club are Harry Devine-Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Devine-Sammy Mandell, Devine-Andy Callahan, Devine-Sammy Fuller, Brouillard-Baby Joe Gans, Brouillard-Johnny Indrisiano, Lou Petrone-Andy Callahan, Vernon Cormier-Steve Smith, Vernon Cormier-Stanley Winneryk, Vernon Cormier-Andy Martin, Billy Gonyea-Leo Larriviere.

Before we forget the wrestling fans. Here are the results. Jim Browning threw Jack Watson in two straight. Both falls were scored with flying body scissors in 12 minutes 9 seconds and 6 minutes 41 seconds. Joe "Bull" Komar pinned Boris Demitroff in 16 minutes 23 seconds. Archie Golembeskie threw Sam Skorsky in 3 minutes 59 seconds.

Archie Golembeskie's entrance into professional wrestling has come as a distinct surprise to his many followers. Holding down a steady coaching position with Providence College, "Golly" was the last one expected to enter the ranks of the pachyderms. Archie as football player with Holy Cross several years back was ranked among the best and as a coach he has also attained prominence. Plenty luck and good wishes "Golly".

Nick Lutze went to a 45-minute draw with Farmer McLeod. Axel Anderson was thrown with a flying body scissors in 9 minutes 57 seconds by Jim Browning. Charlie Lepannen was thrown in two straight by Ed George. The first in 30 minutes 50 seconds with a Wolverine slam and the second with the same hold in 9 minutes 50 seconds.

Anyone desiring information regarding this territory will receive same by addressing the writer at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass. Don't forget the usual stamped self-addressed envelope.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

JOHNNY PENA of New York won an easy ten-round decision over Art Chapdelaine of Springfield, Mass. in the main bout of a very good card at the Valley Arena.

In the other ten-round bout, Pete DeGrasse of New York won over Johnny Vacca of Boston.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke, Mass, was knocked out in the sixth round of an eight-round bout by Tony Canzoni of Utica, N. Y.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow sto, ped Jackie Dupont in the fifth round.

Young Wolcatt of Greenfield, Mass. won the four-round opener over Tony Murphy of Lodow, Mass. in a exciting bout crammed with knock-downs, too numerous to keep count of. It made a wonderful opener.

Midget Wolgast won a close decision over Lew Farber of New York in fast and furious session of ten rounds at the Valley Arena.

Patsy Pasculli of N. Y. threw too many punches for Victor Lotti of Boston and stopped him in the sixth round. Johnny Buckley, Lotti's manager would not let him leave his corner as he had severe cuts over his both eyes.

Billy O'Brien of Springfield, Mass, won a four-round bout over Teddy Bogash of Holyoke.

Young Jefferies won three rounds of a four-round bout, but lost the decision in the opener.

Jimmy Cooney of New York, former featherweight boxer was a visitor to Holyoke lately. Jimmy in his prime fought many a great fight in the City Hall.

Meyer Cohen former welterweight champion of New England, is training a number of boys at the Bijou gym in Holyoke Roland Lecuyer is improving very fast under Cohen's direction.

Baron Cohen of New York is still bringing up winners. The boys that he seconds are always relied on to make a good fight.

Alex Hunt, who created quite a stir in the amateurs last year in these parts, has not had much success as a professional, losing all of his three starts.

Young Jefferies is still anxious for another bout with Alex Plazza, which would make a good drawing card at Holyoke as both have a win over the other. The rubber match should draw.

Adam Oberhiem of Springfield, Mass. who runs the Brightwood Boxing Club, would like to see every boy with a boxing licence get more than one bout a year.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LICHTIG

TAIT LITTMAN gave Willie Oster a neat shellacking in ten rounds. Littman punched, hooked, jabbed the hard hitting Oster at will, thereby proving to some of the skeptical fans that he really can fight. Sailor Near and Vince Rockne fought six pleasing rounds to a draw.

Joe Azzarella returned to the ring after a long layoff and put the works on Young Shaw, knocking him out in one round. Martin Franks knocked out Herb King in the second round of a fast fight.

Mickey O'Niell is back from the coast and is again ready for action.

Roger Bernard was so impressed with Milwaukee hospitality, that he is now making his home here.

Promoter Joe Shweitzer of the Riverview A. C., has gone in for low priced shows. In doing this Shweitzer hopes to give the fans better shows at lower prices. This will also give more local talent a chance to show and develop.

Al Fain (man about town) is helping Green Bay promoters arrange their shows. They will feature Harry Dublinsky and Eddie (Kid) Wagner.

Johnny Gaudes, flashy little flyweight, is out challenging the world at 112 lbs.

Dave Maier, hard hitting 175-pounder, is trying to get a shot with Maxie Rosenbloom the champion.

Sal Serio completed another successful season as the matchmaker of the Sheboygan Eagles Club, his last show being witnessed by a capacity house.

Len Bernstein and Julius Cohn came through in big league fashion, winning the state title in their respective classes.

George Black, flashy amateur welter star, came through with two more victories, beating Tom Rodocha and Sam Cianciola.

Frankie Knauer came back from Chicago with the C. A. A. U. championship in the 147 lb. class.

Managers of good fighters wishing to show in Wisconsin, send your posters and clippings and pictures along and I will see what I can do for you.

Good fighters wishing to fight in Wisconsin can do so by getting in touch with the writer at 722 West Lloyd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wild Cat O'Conner get in touch with me as soon as possible.

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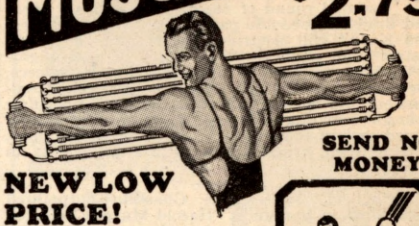

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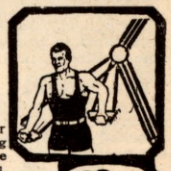

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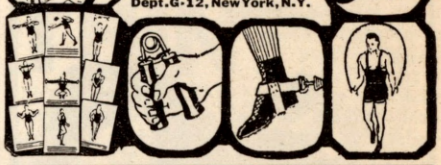

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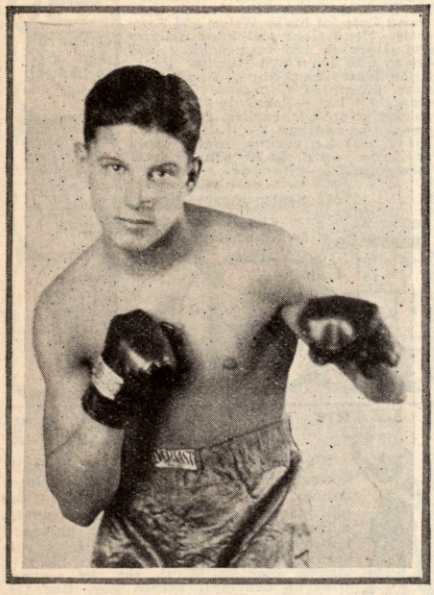
Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Jack Johnson made a few voodoo passes at Brad Simmons in the second round of their 10-round main event and Brad swooned and passed out. Wildcat Monte and Kenny Hill electrified the fans in one of the fastest and most thrilling fights between lightweights ever staged in Wichita. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, did not approve of the peaceful affair Johnson and Simmons staged, so he immediately issued each of them Bye, Bye, Blackbird Coupons, barring them from future fistic engagements in Kansas.

Springfield, Mo.—Clyde Chastain outpointed Jack Gibbs in 10 rounds. Harold Murphy defeated Chuck Elberts in 10 fast rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Paul Swiderski knocked out Pietro Corri in 6 rounds. Kid Granite won decision from Jackie Kress in 6. Jackie Goldman knocked out Mickey Mills in the third round of the opening bout.



Harry "Beebe" Baron, Solly King's corking featherweight prospect

Kansas City, Mo.—Gorilla Jones outpointed Ham Jenkins in 10. Mickey Cohen beat Joe Trabon in 10. Steve Ketchell won from Charley Patrick in 6. Johnny Owens shaded Carl Lawton in 6. Jack Slattery beat Ned Driscoll in 6 rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Johnny Nichols meditated too long in the second round of his bout with Howard Scott. Nichols stayed on one knee until the count of 10, jumped and wanted to resume fighting, but Sid Young waived him aside giving Scott credit for a knockout. Roy Stevens gave Tommy Scott a sound thrashing in 8. Madero Villareal won from Chink Piatt in 6. Mickey Thomas knocked out Buddy Bishop in 5. Glen Nute knocked out Frisco Linda in 4. Leo Selby knocked out Louis Villareal in 3 rounds.

Topeka, Kans.—Nig McLinn defeated Bus Chapman in 4 rounds on the big amateur one-night fight card staged by the Topeka Pressman.

Sedalia, Mo.—Frankie Smirl fought Joe Trabon 10 hard fast rounds to a draw verdict. Jackie Fell defeated Kid Kerr in 6 snappy rounds. Karl Lauten knocked out Danny Long in 4 rounds.

Hays, Kans.—A three-day Amateur Tournament just completed in this city and report an exceptionally fine bracket of bouts and a snug profit to the organization.

Watch this kid Bobby Raymond forge to the front! The master workmanship he displayed in polishing off the tough Billy Proctor in 2 rounds stamps Bobby Raymond as one of the best lightweight prospects in Kansas.

Sedalia, Mo.—Luther Ashford parked a hard right to the mid-section of Joey Price to win by a K.O. in the fourth round. Roy "Windy" Wilson beat Kid Kerr in 8. Clements Emery knocked out Battling Whitley in 5 rounds. Alec Whitley and C. Beaver fought 4 rounds to a draw.

Okla. City, Okla.—Eddie Murdock won a 10-round decision over Roy Stevens. Kid Granite drew with Jackie Goldman in 10. Lee Culbertson drew with Joie Abrams in 8. Windy Windham knocked out Frank Lapaz in 2 rounds.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the Kansas Athletic Commission, contributes this compliment to the RING and Lank Leonard, creator of fistic cartoons. Mr. Gilleece says of the cartoon "The Spirit of the Golden Gloves" on Page 1 of the May issue of the RING: "I only wish it were possible that every boxer could see this cartoon and comprehend its meaning, and that the pro boxer would enter each bout imbued with the thought to carry out the fighting spirit and tactics of the amateur. In a short time professional boxing would become the paramount sport."

West Tulsa, Okla.—Roy Rhodes has been appointed matchmaker for the Mid-Continent Arena of West Tulsa and staged the Zarro-Scott bout as his initial attraction.

Karl Applegate, prominent boxing promoter of Joplin and the Tri-State region, is starting an elimination contest between professional middleweights to establish a Middlewest Champion in this division. Entries up to the present time are: Walter Dunham, Jack Gibbs, Earl Mason, Johnny Wagner, Clyde Chastain, and Wilson (Indian) Dunn.

Liberal, Kans.—Les Showers, leading amateur promoter of the west, assisted by Harold Ripple staged a successful 3-day Amateur tournament here.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Gyp Zarro and Howard Scott fought a sizzling 10-round draw. Madero Villareal defeated Johnny Wallace in 6. Wilson Dunn beat Oliver Jennings in 6. Chink Piatt knocked out Frankie Stinson in 4. Jimmy Fogarty and Jimmy Craig drew in 4. Roy Donahue won from Eddie Leverette in 4 rounds.

Clay Center, Kans.—The American Legion staged its yearly combined boxing and vaudeville show, but used amateurs instead of pro boxers and drew a capacity crowd as usual. It was a highly entertaining show.

Springfield, Mo.—Tiger Fox defeated Brad Simmons in 10 rounds. Harold Murphy beat Floyd Herrington in 10. Lloyd Martin beat Ray Jones in 10 rounds.

Picher, Okla.—Harold Murphy knocked out Mike Dry in 5 rounds. Lloyd Martin beat George Windham in 10 rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Clyde Chastain won by a small margin over Walter Dunham in 10. Jack Gibbs shaded Johnny Wagner in 10. Hooker Boyer and Ed (K. O.) Smith drew in 6. Jackie Fell shaded Pete Brittenham in 6 rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Earl Wise defeated Hooker Boyer in 10 rounds. Harold Murphy won on a foul from Berl Busby in 3 rounds.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

FILLO ECHEVARRIA, plucky little flyweight, unknown and unheralded, came to Cuba several months ago from San Sebastian, Spain. With a great desire to gain recognition, he was forced to meet tough opposition, but proved his worth rapidly by his merits and earned a bout with Antonia, the hardpunching Cuban southpaw. Dropped in the first round, the mighty atom arose and with a relentless attack, ended hostilities in the sixth. Santana suffered a broken hand and severe blood hemorrhage. Two weeks later Echevarria drew in ten rounds with Kid Montana, the unbeaten Peruvian. Manolo Brana has a little champion in the making, and within another year the Cuban Pilot should be well rewarded for his efforts.

Antonio Dominguez is the newly crowned middleweight champion of Cuba by virtue of a fifteen-round victory over Pedro Proenza. Proenza, who has an enviable knockout record, had to make too much weight reduction which weakened him.

Henry Santos, known as "Baturrito" is Cuba's coming featherweight sensation. Within the month he knocked out Alfredo Perez, drew with Kid Salgado, and then scored a five-round knockout over Luis Hernandez the Mexican champion. Santos is a revelation. His incessant speed and dynamic punch has made him one of the most colorful ringsters in Cuba. He is being heralded as Kid Chocolate's only rival here.

Tomas Barredo, promising bantamweight managed by Adolfo Font, scored a three-round knockout over Esteban Blanco. Barredo is a great little boxer and popular with the fans.

Rogelio Oliver, local welterweight, with a heavyweight wallop, outpointed Sonny Boy of Panama in six. Joe Castro defeated Jesus Gomez in four, and Luis Hernandez scored a three-round kayo over Joaquin Torres.

Arena Polar, Cuba's Madison Square Garden, is about to be demolished. In its place will be built the Cuban War Veteran's Home. This historical stadium has been the scene of many famous battles where some of the world's greatest ring men such as Battling Nelson, Jack Johnson, Jack Britton, Johnny Dundee and Kid Chocolate fought. Plans are under way for the construction of a new arena with a large capacity.

Olayo Nebot easily beat Vicente Yince in six rounds. He proved master throughout.

Kid Tunero is Cuba's coming welterweight. He easily defeated the tough Genaro Caraso and is now signed to meet Battling Llano the undefeated Spanish welter. Julio Rivero takes the honors of being the first man to decisively whip Julian Mirave. Benny Rodriguez knocked out Kid Pelusin in the first, and Jose Canseco won over Ramon Valdes, and followed with a victory over Carlos deArmass.

Joe Garcia, Spanish lightweight, has started the old comeback role, and scored a three-round knockout over Kid Martinez. Garcia is a good scrapper and a popular boy. Kid Guachi and Lazaro Diaz drew. Juan Coto bested Sig Rodriguez and a week later defeated Franco Gonzalez. Emilio Padilla knocked out Damian Rabasa in two, and William Martinez kayoed A. Valdes in the first canto.

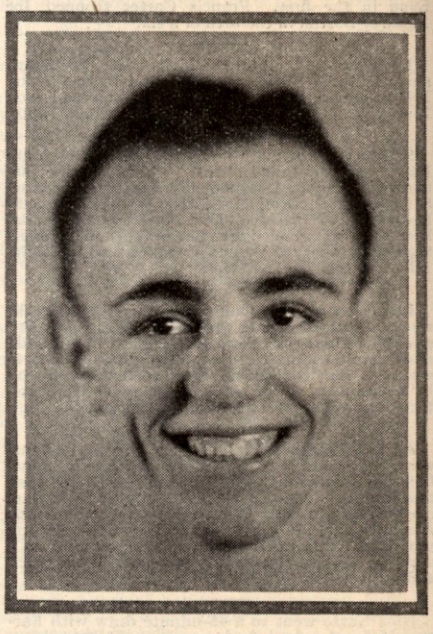
Ofelio Valladres, the fighting bank clerk, scored a good victory over Bill Dominguez. Ben Ponteau drew in four with Vicente Yince, and Black Bill Holginero drew with Felipe Corvo. Amador Garcia drew with Clear Chocolate in a special six.

Jose de la Paz drew in eight with Martin Perez known as "El Terrible Cocinero."

Ramon Perez, towheaded welterweight, decisively defeated Joaquin Rodriguez.

Pedro Proenza drew in eight hectic rounds with Jose La Paz. Both boys banged away steadily for eight rounds and won the plaudits of the crowd. Proenza will now fight as a light-heavyweight, and should make good his aim. Julian Mirave drew in six with Jose Gonzales, Mirave having the better of the argument throughout.

Joe Coego, hard hitting southpaw featherweight, easily outpointed Clear Chocolate in four rounds. Coego is about ready for the test now, and his manager Mr. Malayo, has him signed up for several lucrative bouts at the Miramar Gardens, and Tejar Stadium in July.



Bobby Clary, crack Buffalo bantamweight

Kid Montana is now under the careful and able guidance of Pepe Conte and seems to be making much headway. Montana is a colorful little scrapper and recently fought a sensational draw with Fillo Echevarria of Spain. Montana may meet Black Bill soon, and then hop over to Tampa, Fla., to challenge all of the bantams they have there.

Black Bill Holginero scored a three-round kayo over Kid Relampago. This dusky scrapper looks and fights like Black Bill, and will soon be on top of the division.

Commandante Enrique Recio the President of the Cuban B. C., is preparing an elimination tournament to decide the next opponent for Kid Chocolate. Henry Santos (Baturrito) looks like the favorite choice, and he should give the Keed a stiff argument for Cuban championship.

Jimmy Flynn, another corking featherweight, just returned from Florida, where he piled up a good record. Flynn is planning a Globe Trotting affair and will soon be on his way in search of dollars and fame. Good luck Jimmy.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

OPEN air boxing is all the go in these parts with the reopening of the arenas at Ocean City, Md.; Virginia Beach, Va.; Fort Washington and Pokomoke City, Md. A new arena has been constructed at Newport News, Virginia, and will get under way before we go to press.

Frankie Mann, Washington boxing promoter, has been appointed the matchmaker for the arena at Fort Washington, which will furnish Washington its boxing this summer. Toney Barbaria is again making the matches for the arena at Virginia Beach, Va., while Percy Lee, former jockey, is the key man for the Ocean City arena.

Gus Ludwig, Hagerstown, Md., promoter has invaded Cumberland, Md. In his opening show he featured Reds Barry, Washington lightheavy weight, with Buddy McArthur, of Pittsburg, Pa. The Washington Redhead scored an easy victory.

Sammy Patchen

Reds Barry won the nod over Eric Lawsen in eight rounds at Newport News, Va. Incidentially Barry was celebrating his seventeenth birthday on this occasion.

Nick Antonelli, New York featherweight, has taken Portsmouth, Va., by storm. His sensational three-round knockout of Al Peters, also of New York, has the Virginia fans talking.

Harry Kid Groves, Washington's veteran welterweight scored a four round knockout over Willie Fitzgerald, of Norfolk, Va., at Salisbury, Md.

Clarence Sloat, rough and ready lightweight, of Baltimore, Md., is one of the most promising young boxers in these parts. His recent good showing against Buster Brown also of Baltimore, stamps him as a comer.

Joe Finazzo is another Baltimore boxer who looks very promising. With the exception of his set back at the hands of Reds Barry, Finazzo has been making rapid strides. Joe is the best puncher in these parts.

Phil Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, flattened Jack Gallagher, of Philadelphia, in six rounds at Pokomoke City, Md. Raymond is a southpaw and the hardest hitter in this territory among the lightweights. That is why he has trouble getting matches.

Sailor Everham, all service featherweight champ, and Al Peters, of New York, fought an eight round draw at Newport News, Va.

"Tootsie" Bashara, younger brother of Joe and Tommy Bashara, promises to go further than either of his boxing brothers. Tootsie is quite a card in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.

Boxing in Roanoke, Va., has not been going so good here of late, but Promoter Joe Hanna continues to stick to his guns. Sailor McKenna and "Stumpie" Jacobs, lightweights will meet there shortly. Both these boys are very popular in the Virginia town and the match should help the game there considerable.

The writer's Mohawk Gym at Washington, is the Mecca for out-of-town boxers these days. Boxers looking for work in this vicinity should communicate with the writer.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

JACKIE ALLEN, the classy Negro welterweight won the State amateur honors last year, won his first professional start by handing a kayo to Jack Green, Lancaster in four rounds, at Sunbury. On the same card Tommy Rollo, Plymouth middleweight, surprised when he stopped Dory Shimar, Williamsport in the fifth.

Pete Latzo, former welterweight champ is showing good form. His victory over Mat Adgie, Philadelphia heavy, has placed him back in the front ranks of the light-heavy weights.

Adam Gayeski, Glen Lyon youth, made a great bid for the world's amateur featherweight championship recently held at the Madison Square Garden. Gayeski won his first two starts only to lose a close decision in the semi-finals.

Tommy Britton, Pringle featherweight continued his winning streak by trouncing Pedro Sanchez, Bethlehem in six rounds at Hazelton.

Tommy Britton's many sport followers will be glad to hear of his recent appointment as Chief of Police of Pringle Borough.

Pete Suskey, Scranton middleweight, lost a slashing ten-round bout to Bucky Lawless, Syracuse, at Pittsburgh. Suskey recently had some trouble with his manager and at the present is on the suspended list for not going through with his bout with Tiger Thomas before the local club.

Jackie Dillon, East End bantamweight and a good one too, is finding great difficulty in securing local matches. Dillon comes from Frankie Venchell's stable and is out with a challenge to any boy his weight in Luzerne or Lackawanna Counties.

Eddie Donahue, member of Times-Leader sports staff, recently made his debut as a fight judge, officiating at the Tiger Thomas-Al Ross bout at Shamokin. Donahue is well versed on the fight game and should prove an efficient official.

Freddy Haverlak, Plymouth lightweight returned home to show his wares before the local fans and lost a very uninteresting ten-round wind-up to Wild Cat O'Connor of Carbondale. Haverlak's showing was disappointing to his many followers who have watched his work in the metropolis rings.

Charley Russo, Pittston lightweight now making his home in Newark, N. J., returned to give Vince Murphy, Scranton, a boxing lesson in a six-round bout.

In the other bouts of the same bill: Johnny Lopaskey, Harvey's Lake, kayoed Weiner Wilch, Syracuse, 2 rds.; Gene Baldoni lost to Tony Stetz, 6 rds.; Young Spirita outpointed Jackie Allen 4 rds.

Marty Mellet, Newtown lightweight appears to be about the best prospect developed here in sometime. With the proper handling Mellet should make rapid advancement in the lightweight ranks.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WITH the coming of spring fighting activities have picked up, and New London with two shows during the past month, gave the Westerly boxers a chance for a little competition.

Johnny DeStephano, local lightheavyweight dropped a close eight round decision to Ted Coolidge of Waterbury. A fast finish by the Nutmegger gave him the verdict.

Al Lacy of Norwich beat Young Comforte of Westerly in four frames. It was their third meeting and the first win for the little colored boy from Norwich.

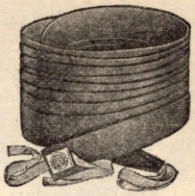
Joe Cook of New London, spoiled Joe Russo's comeback after a layoff of four months, when he was awarded the decision over the Rhode Island middleweight champion. Russo fought a fine battle, but tired in the closing rounds. At that he really won the scrap.

Frankie Callahan of Fall River, stopped Willie Lizzio of Westerly, in two rounds at New London. The local boy showed the results of an automobile accident in which he was involved a few weeks ago. He was slow and loggy, and the punch which dropped him for the count was not a very terrific smash.

Hookie Jackson of Westerly made short work of Leo Curley of Warren. R. I., when he kayoed the latter in the first round of a six-round bout. Curley lasted less than a minute against the hard-hitting Jackson, and was dropped three times before he went down for the fatal ten.

Arrangements are being made for the opening of the local outdoor arena, and the last week in June has been set as the week for the opening show.

SPALDING
Boxing Accessories



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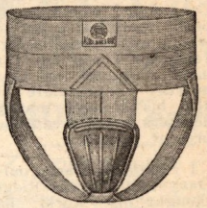

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

KID BERG'S K. O. by Tony Canzeroni caused a mild sensation here and particularly among the "know-alls" who considered it to be merely an "exercise canter" for Whitechapel Jack. It is all very well to be confident, but to overdo the stuff, is to ask for "it." Candidly, I would have liked Berg to "pass the post" first, but I am pleased that it was Tony who was responsible for placing the skids under Jack, for I can say that I have seldom met a more charming boy than the title holder and I heartily congratulate him on his victory, and also his 22-carat manager, Sam Goldman, who deserves much credit for chaperoning him to his present eminence.

I remember Canzeroni losing his first "ten" to Davy Abad at the Ridgewood in 1926, and Tony thought his "world" had ended. A few weeks later I saw him give Andre Routis a beating, and from the way he accomplished this, I felt that in him was the makings of a world's champion. Should Berg and Tony clash again, it will just be a case of 50-50. We here were extremely glad to read of Berg's fine "comeback" in his bout with Herrera. Berg is well liked here and why shouldn't he be?

I had hoped that Nel Tarleton and Dom Volante would have been on the way to Australia ere these lines appear in print, but owing to a hitch in the negotiations, their departure from here is delayed.

Dick Corbett sailed for South Africa on May 8th. He is to oppose Willie Smith in a return contest on June 6th, at Johannesburgh. It will be remembered that Corbett scored over Smith in London last year, and it will also be remembered that Smith outpointed Teddy Baldock in London, much to the consternation of Baldock's followers who imagined Teddy to be unbeatable then.

Fight followers here are delighted with the progress that Johnny Peters is making in U. S. A. Johnny has let it be known to his acquaintances in this country of the magnanimous way in which he has been treated by everybody whom he has come in contact with since setting foot on American soil.

The show which I organized to aid the "Greater London Fund for the Blind" was duly staged at The Royal Albert Hall on April 22, and from a boxing standpoint, it was the biggest success ever, but the financial result did not quite come up to expectations. Trade depression is very acute just now, consequently money is tight, still the fund for the sightless will benefit to the extent of about 1,250 pounds—($6,250). I regret to have to say that certain of the Press did not "roll up their sleeves" to help us any, but those who did, put in much good work and it is from no fault of the latter that more money was not gathered in.

All the boxers behaved handsomely, each one handed back 50 per cent. of his fees, and, as if to emphasize they weren't "in it" heart and soul, every "man jack" of them fought as though a title was at stake. Where everyone did so much, it is perhaps a bit "rough" to toss boquets to individuals, but I feel I must make mention of Dom Volante and Benny Sharkey as being the outstanding stars of the evening.

Seaman Watson who has been causing a lot of destruction among the feathers recently, and whose name has been freely mentioned as Johnny Cuthbert's successor, was opposed by Dom Volante, and if Lonsdale Belts were awarded solely for "grit," then Watson could win one every week. From the commencement and right up to round six when Watson surrendered, there was only one in it and it is amazing that the Seaman "stuck it" as long as he did. It has fallen to the lot of very few boxers to have taken so many counts as this plucky fellow did, and upon a couple of occasions he was knocked out of the ring.

Benny Sharkey and Emile Pladner engaged in one of the "hottest of hot" contests anybody could wish to see, neither boy letting up for a fraction of a second, and there was not a lot of margin in Sharkey's favor when the referee awarded him the verdict. In other bouts Billy Bird stopped Alf Mancini in the sixth round, Fred Webster and Eugene Drouhin (France) boxed a draw, Jack Pettifer stopped Van Vliet (Holland) in the third round, and George Brown outpointed Alex Martin (France).

I regret to have to record the passing of that popular Liverpool ex-boxer, Nat Williams. He appeared on the program at The Liverpool Stadium upon its opening night twenty years ago, and during his active career he fought many of the best men in the business. He ran Kid Lewis and Johnny Basham to draw decisions, but perhaps his best performance was his defeat of Herb McCoy, the Australian Champion, in the latter's home country.

Poor Williams had been in ailing health for a long time, and when I saw him last, a few short weeks ago upon the closing down show at the Stadium, he looked in a bad way. I thereupon took the opportunity to make an appeal from the ring for assistance for their old favorite, and within a few minutes, the local sports had handed up a sum amounting to approximately 100 pounds ($500 dollars). I little thought then, that Nat was so soon to "pass out." He leaves a widow and a large family to mourn his loss.

Reggie Meen had his revenge over Maurice Griselle recently when he received the referee's decision over his former conqueror. The margin was a very narrow one, at no time during the bout did Meen look impressive, and upon one or two occasions he was in close proximity to defeat.

Jim McHarg, Scottish flyweight champion, scored a clinking good points victory over Ted Griffin at Glasgow. The outstanding feature was Griffin's ability to take the "lash."

Glenn Moody, the new Welsh middleweight champion, won over Tom Benjamin when Tom was disqualified in the seventh.

Those stable-companions, Nel Tarleton and Dom Volante, have been "doing things" again. Volante stopped Tom Bailey, a fellow townsman, in six rounds, and Tarleton made short work of Angelo Agatensi, Italy, a prominent performer in his own country. Agatensi was no match for his opponent, and Nel scored a three-round knockout.

Panama Al Brown got a points decision over Jack Garland at the close of a 15-round bout that was staged at Belle-vue Manchester. While there could be no doubt as to the correctness of the decision, Garland provided the Negro with plenty to do.

Dick Corbett outpointed Petit Biquet, Belgium, at the Blackfriars Ring recently, but if the form he then showed is the best he can now "pull out," he won't go much further in his rise. Corbett's long lay-off has undoubtedly told its tale, and like many present-day boxers, he is inclined to make his "maximum his minimum". This kind of "stuff" is not "on", as he will find to his cost, because promoters can and always will pay the price demanded by the "big shots."

Freddie Morgan, the Welsh flyweight champion, caught a tartar the other day when he climbed in to oppose Cliff Peregrine at Ammanford. Although the title holder performed as well as we know he is capable of, Cliff was as good as the champion and the referee was unable to separate them at the close of the 15 rounds.

Dick Burke, the Liverpool flyweight star who is now within range for a title bout, further emphasized his power by stopping Archie Woodbine in the fourth round, at a Johnny Best promotion held at the Tower, New Brighton.

Many of the boxing fraternity here and also in the U. S. A. have sent congratulations to Jeff Dickson upon his having been decorated with the Legion of Honour in recognition of his services to sport in France.

Johnny Cuthbert knocked out Frank McAlorum, the Irish ex-featherweight champion, in the seventh round at Sheffield.

LONDON BOXING RESULTS

At The Ring—Ted Mason beat Al Rioux on points in 15 rounds, Phil Richards comfortably outpointed Tom Daly in 15 rounds, Fred Green defeated Alf Simmons in another 15-rounder. Jack Connell outpointed Bud Walley, Harry Vaughan and Curley Merrit boxed a hectic 15-round draw. Ted Mason outpointed Jim Campbell, Harry Brooks and Alby Kestrell boxed a 15-round draw. Len Beynon easily outpointed Fred Bebbington over 15 rounds, Teddy Berg (The Kid's brother), beat Wally Thornton in the fourth round.

At Kilburn—Tom Bailey outpointed Tommy Hyams in 15 rounds. Alan Perry stopped Wal Disney in 7 rounds. Billy Chilton stopped Bert Swaddle in the ninth round. Fred Chandler stopped Pat Delmore in round three. Tommy Little and Fred Chandler boxed a very even contest over 15 rounds to a draw decision. Dod Oldfield stopped Nipper Thompson in six rounds.

At The N. S. C.—Eddie Phillips stopped Jeff Wilson in the 5th round. Bert Taylor and Selwyn Davies boxed a 12-round draw, but the result greatly flattered Taylor. Harry Connelly stopped Jack Ellis in 11 rounds.

At Edmonton—Haydn Williams stopped Leo Wax in the 10th round. George Rose outpointed Lucien Lelong over the 15-round journey, but in doing so he did not cover himself with much glory. Slosh Saunders got a points decision over Alf Paolozzi (Italy) in 15 rounds.

At Holborn Stadium—Billy Reynolds easily beat Bobby Turnbull on points in a dozen rounder. Seaman Wakeling outpointed Jack Mansfield in 12 rounds. Dave Crowley knocked out Harry Paulding in the 9th round.

At the London Sports Club—Jim Carr and Jack Mansfield boxed a 12-round draw. Charlie Chew and Moe Moss also boxed a dozen round draw. Harry Vaughan stopped Tom Handley in the 9th round. Curley Merritt narrowly outpointed Donald Jones in a 12-rounder. Rob Roberts outpointed the veteran Sam Minto, and Les Ward very narrowly scored over Red Pullen in a 12-rounder.

At Plumstead—Con Tansey and Dick Stubbings boxed a very interesting 15-round draw. Bob King stopped Bob Nixon in the 11th round, and Frank Turpin and Joe Phelps boxed a 10-round draw.

At Ilford—Corporal Trinder outpointed Al Rioux over the 15-round route and Teddy Higgins stopped George Swinbourne in eight rounds.

At New Brighton—Paddy McGrath knocked out Paddy Jones in the 7th round. Young Fielding outpointed Benny Howells over 12 rounds. Jack Mallon beat Cyclone Ovey in a 12-round contest, and Joe Brown knocked out Jim Stewart in the fourth round.

At Manchester—Len Johnson easily outpointed Jack Etienne (Belgium) over the 15-round journey, thus securing revenge for his narrow defeat by the Belgium boy when the pair met a short while ago. Benny Thackery beat Johnny King on points in 15 rounds, and Dick Burke the Liverpool star, easily outpointed Joe Mendiola the Philippine Islander over 15 rounds.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Billy Smith outpointed Kid Socks in 15 rounds. Phineas John, ex-bantam champion of Wales, and Billy Smith boxed a very stylish 15-round draw.

At West Bromwich—Ashton Jones beat Tom Cartwright on a foul in round 10. Bert Taylor and Johnny O'Conner fought a good 15-round draw. Len (Tiger) Smith stopped Tom Cartwright in the 4th round.

At Birmingham—Cal Barton and Tiger Smith boxed a heavy 15-round draw in a contest that was billed as for the Midland Welter-weight championship.

At Plymouth—Seaman Fraggott defeated Jack Alder on points, Bert Tubbs and Gordon Cook the Welsh light-weight champion, boxed a scintillating 15-round draw. Young Fred Dyer outpointed Bill Hood over the 15-round journey.

At Bristol—In an eliminating Welter bout, George Rose easily outpointed Cal Barton over 15 rounds. Rose now meets the winner of the Archie Sexton and Harry Mason bout.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Ammanford—Dai Davies outpointed Idris Pugh over 10 rounds, and David Richard defeated Harold Crocker in a like manner.

At Blackwood—Jerry Daley, ex-middle champion of Wales, outpointed Young Anth over 15 rounds. George Williams beat Johnny O'Connor on points over a dozen rounds.

At Bargoed—Albert Bartlett K.Oed Chris Sheehy in the first round. Kid Terrence K.Oed Billy Hiles in round five, and Bob Smith outpointed Billy Whittaker in a 10-rounder.

At Bridgend—Al Clark K.Oed Idris Jenkins in the 3rd round of a dozen round bout, and Albert Bartlett stopped Harry Davies in the ninth round.

At Merthyr Tydfil—Dan Dando outpointed George Morgan over the 15-round route. Tom Thomas defeated Bryn Powell on points in 10 rounds, and Dai Dando stopped Harry Harvey in four rounds.

SCOTTISH RESULTS

At Glasgow—Willie Vint, the rising Scotch bantam, had to pull out his best to get a points decision over Alf Barrett. Willie Duncan stopped Dave Clarkson in 4 rounds. Joe McGonnagle stopped J. Hamilton in the 9th round, and Johnny Grant outpointed Young McFarlane in 10 rounds. Willie Duncan stopped Pat Hopkins in the 9th of a 15-round bout. Phil Malloy stopped Joe Lee in seven rounds.

Dave Forbes, the Scotch heavyweight, is in active training for his bout with George Slack, and if successful, he is out to meet the best heavies in Great Britain.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

BOXING shows for the summer will open their doors to the fans at Santa Cruz and Watsonville.

The California State Athletic Commission rates Young Corbett III as the welterweight champion of the state. In the meantime, Young Jack Thompson, world's welterweight champion, is a resident of Oakland, California, and Young Corbett is rated over him.

Chick Devlin, the State Athletic Commission's choice for middleweight champion, lost an unpopular decision to Billy Wagner. Chick won eight out of ten rounds, with two being even. Chick is still the state champion, the commish ruled.

Neal Wright, the Denver newsboy, heavyweight, is being trained by Sammy Cross, ex-veteran featherweight boxer.

Joe Conde, Fritz Rescherts fighting frihole, is due back in San Francisco from Mazatlan, Mexico, where he has won nearly all of his fights. He fought Chico Chisners, the feather champion, winning a decision over him. The title was not at stake, but Joe claims it anyway.

Caesar Attell, of the fighting Attells, is away in his fifties and believe it or not, he can make the youngsters step (for four rounds) Caesar is in the jewelry business and is doing very well.

Joe Dutra, manager of Paul Negri, and Lester Valva, has added a new member to his stable of fighters. His name is "Chick" Del Fointino, 126 lbs., and Joe claims he is a good prospect.

Jimmy Evans, who has just returned from an invasion of the east, won a ten-round decision over Kid Capley at National Hall. Evans won eight out of ten rounds but they were close margins. In the semi-final, Benny Gallop, won a six-round decision over Johnny O'Donnell, who subbed for Joe Mendez,

Ray Ravani won over Leo Piver and Al Citrino and Jimmy Fisher drew in four rounds. Lew Savin koed Ralph Pancoast in one heat and Al Johnson won over Al Greeg in the curtain-raiser.

Babe Marino, welterweight, who has been on the shelf for the past three months, due to a broken hand, made a remarkable comeback. He met Gilbert Attell, of the fighting Attells and gave him a neat drubbing for ten rounds at National Hall.

Big Jose Santa, won his first start on a K. O. over Jack Beasley, then promoter Louie Parente of Oakland imported Johnny Grosso from the eastern fistic wars. Jose disposed of Johnny, stopping him in the second round. 6,000 persons paid $8,000 to see Jose stop Grosso. Watta life, eh?

Frankie Klick, featherweight champion of California, is planning an invasion of the east, to make a drive for the featherweight world's title.

Frankie has defeated Ignacio Fernandez (twice), Santiago Zorilla. (three times), Ray Montoya, (who beat Kid Francis), Bobby Pacho, (who beat Goldie Hess), and Ward Sparks (who won over Earl Mastro.)

His manager Joe Doran, was offered $8.000 for the contract of Klick, but Frankie said that he'd hang up the gloves if his contract was sold.

Young Corbett won a ten-round decision over Tommy Herman of Chicago and Philadelphia.

"Battling" Dozier was given a ten-round decision over Meyer Grace of Chicago, but a draw would have been more to the point.

Andy Divodi, New York welterweight, has been coming back to the top in fast form. He scored a K. O. over Tommy Herman of Chicago in the seventh round. Herman's lip was badly cut and was unable to come out for the seventh round.

Dolph Thomas has a mighty hard puncher in Louie O'Neil, welter, who has won his last three bouts of his comeback.

Paul Negri, Joe Dutras welterweight, boxed to a draw with Leonard Bennett at Dreamland.

Jimmy Flinker, heavyweight, won a decision over Tony Fuente, the Mexican general.

Pep Norton, flyweight, will leave here with his manager, Frank Cassetta, for the east.

Ray Ravani, had a set-back, in his second bout of his comeback. He met his waterloo at the hands of Mickey Brown, who koed him in the first round. Previous, Ravani koed Brown.

George Simpson has returned from the eastern fistic wars and has placed himself under Tim McGrath's management.

Charley Hernandez, George Likas, excelsior steam roller, scored a Tec K. O. over Billy McMahon, in his first bout since he was defeated by "Battling" Dozier.

Johnny O'Donnell, of Dolph Thomas stable, is not getting the amount of ring work he deserves. Win, lose or draw, Johnny always tries.

Al Citrino, fast rising featherweight, who has just been fighting one year, has never lost a fight. He has beaten some of the very best local talent in northern California, winning twelve bouts, and being held even three times. Benny Gallop held Al even twice. Al also boxed a very good draw with Jimmy Fisher in his last bout, but Jimmy, it looks like, don't want a return match.

Bill Reimers and Hippo Burns have two good prospects in Silvio Boicelli and Benny Marquez, who are still amateurs. Silvio is a flyweight and Benny is a featherweight.

Bobby Andrews, "Moose" Taussig's lightweight, Koed Jack Rowe at Dreamland, in two heats.

Andy Divodi stopped Bobby Vincent in the sixth round of a schedule ten-round main event at Stockton.

Lloyd Phelps, Phoenix, koed Leroy Bordon of Oakland, in the fifth round of the six-round semi-final.

Mike Woolsey won over Paul Tauson, while Paul Mann won over Emil Caballero in four rounds. Midget McCloud koed Abe Nalista in the fourth.

Tony Gora, "Moose" Taussig's middleweight, stopped Larry Hoke in two heats at National Hall.

Roy De Gans, Clem Hammills middleweight, surprised by stopping Lefty Cooper in the fourth round at Dreamland. In a previous bout, his first in these parts, Roy copped the nod over Eddie Daniels.

Kid Avalino, Filipino featherweight, gives the fans a run for their money every time he shows,

Al Manfredo has the makings of a real good boy, fans, keep your eye on him.

Tommy Cello wants to know why he can't get any bouts. (Ask Fritz.)

Get in touch with writer at 923 Union Street, San Francisco for information on conditions in Northern California. For News, get the RING Magazine, every month. No fighter, manager, promoter should be without a copy.

IN WESTERN CANADA
By F. DONWELL

THE RING received the greatest boost ever given to a magazine when Warden C. Gladow, Regina, Provincial Jail, allowed it to be sent in to the inmates. This is the only jail in Western Canada where the inmates are allowed this privilege. The Warden said it was a fine magazine and of great interest to the inmates.

An exhibition of boxing was given at the Town Hall when a number of the guards from the jail participated in the festivities.

Billy Allen lost a close decision to Agnus Grant. Guard Baddell got the decision over Guard Allision. A splendid exhibition of club swinging was given by Guard Patrick Watson, as a clever exhibition of wrestling was given by George Porter and Guard Hill.

Kid Lees of Yorkton who claims the welterweight championship of Western Canada lost his title when he was knocked out by young Hamilton of Winnipeg in the second round.

Al Anderson of Moosejaw got knocked out by Bill Coxs in eight rounds.

Vic Skerlton and Freddy Yillison fought ten rounds to a draw. Vic is one of the best boys in the West at his weight and bars no one.

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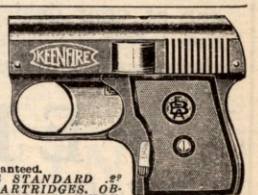

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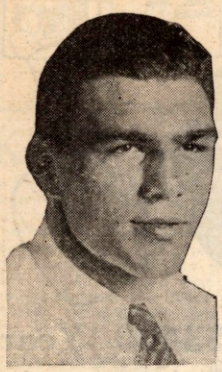

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ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

GOVERNOR CAUFIELD has signed the bill permitting 15 round boxing bouts to a decision and the bill will become a law sometime after the middle of August of this year. The decisions will be given by a referee and two judges appointed by the Missouri Athletic Commission. Title bouts are the only ones to be of 15 rounds according to the reading of the new bill.

The law regarding licenses issued by the Missouri Athletic Commission to promoters, matchmakers, managers, referees, fighters and seconds is unfair to the licensees. It now provides that all licenses shall expire on June 30 and new licenses must be taken out after that date which shall be good until June 30 of the next year. A manager or fighter might be licensed for a bout to be held June 29 and two days later, this license becomes worthless and new licenses must be taken out and paid for. This law should be changed to read that all licenses are effective for one year from the date of issuance.

The benefit boxing and wrestling card promoted by Tom Packs, premier wrestling promoter, proved a huge success. The Arena seating 21,000 was 80% full and the gate totaled $35,000. After expenses were paid, $29,000 was handed to the Citizens' relief committee. Ticket purchasers were treated to four and one-half solid hours of boxing, wrestling, singing and music. All of the talent were working for expenses alone.

Results of the boxing bouts were as follows; Davey Abad of St. Louis won from Pee Wee Kaiser, St. Louis in six rounds; Joe Lohman, Toledo light heavyweight won from Jack Barry, Chicago, in six rounds. In addition to these professional bouts there were four amateur boxing matches and four wrestling matches.

Battery A Arena opened June 1 with a boxing show. Three wrestling matches per month are planned for the Battery in addition to weekly boxing. Two boxing promoters will handle the Battery boxing shows and Tom Packs will make the wrestling matches. In addition Colonel Berger will promote wrestling at Sportsman's Park if his plans go through and Eddie Felix will also take a fling at wrestling promotion in his new Delmar Arena. It certainly looks like a busy summer for the St. Louis sporting fraternity.

The best prospects here seem to be Woodrow Williams and Johnny Tommazzi, featherwights and Frank Doxey, a flyweight. Each is a recent graduate from the amateur game here.

Captain Robert Sampson of Battery A, Field Artillery, Missouri National Guard, has asked me to serve as matchmaker for his outfit this summer. I was sorry to have to decline the offer due to press of business but appreciate the confidence Captain Sampson has in my ability. Captain Sampson will promote eight shows and the Artillery outfit will finance its own productions. They have some good talent lined up and the largest and best open air spot in St. Louis to hold their shows namely Battery A Arena.

Paul "Panco" Steadman, popular local featherweight, has started training for a busy summer "Panco" is esteemed as one of the most popular local boys to ever show here. Marital troubles bothered Paul during the past year and affected his ring work, but that is all past, and the aggressive little battler can again show his best form.

Lou Terry, dynamite lightweight puncher from the south side, chalked up two more wins this month. Tommy Pratt and Jackie Santer both went down to defeat before Terry's rushing attack. Terry seems unbeatable in his present form and has asked promoters to match him with Sammy Offerman, local Hebrew favorite. Offerman copped a newspaper decision from Terry some months ago, winning the earlier rounds by nice margins but Terry came strong at the finish, and had the fight been ten rounds instead of eight, Terry would probably have been the winner.

Eddie Terry, local lightweight and a recent graduate of the amateur game is out with a challenge to both Lou Terry and Sammy Offerman. Eddie has lost but one match since turning professional and that on a foul. He has a rapier-like left hand and will make either Lou Terry or Offerman step at their best to win. Despite the similarity of names Eddie Terry and Lou Terry are not related.

Pee Wee Terry, south side featherweight and brother of Eddie is coming at a fast clip. Pee Wee's latest victim was Buddy Baker who he defeated in ten rounds at Little Rock. He has also beaten Ollie Bartlett and knocked out Frankie Garcia in recent bouts.

Sammy Offerman ran into tough luck when his match with Joe Lynn of Indianapolis was called off. However Sammy tops the first open air show at Battery A Arena with his opponent likely to be Wesly Senn of Little Rock.

John Schwake, Webster Groves mighty heavyweight, is a national figure due to his win over Johnny Risko here. Newspaper men thought that Risko was fortunate to stay the limit with our John. Schwake has been signed for bouts in Cleveland, Boston, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee.

Dave Knost, local heavyweight ace, would give everything he owns for another crack at Schwake in a local ring. Big Dave is the original hard luck guy. A bad hand has handicapped him in most of his fights and just recently he scalded his entire right forearm. Despite all this Dave has officially lost but one fight and that to Arthur DeKuh.

Al Stillman's bad left hand has been set and is strong again. This injured mauley probably accounted for George Pavelick getting an unofficial decision over Al in a recent match. Stillman's match with Jack Barry of Chicago was called off but Al will get Barry or Joe Lohman on an open air show in June.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

EASTERN CANADA SCRAPS

By VERNON BOWER

PAT GRANT, brilliant little Prince Edward Islander, is showing well. Recently he took a T.K.O. over Buster Price in Bangor, Maine.

Billy Holm, the New Waterford fighter, grabbed a decision from Sammy Leonard of Springhill by sheer grit after fighting an uphill battle.

Carl Rector recently took a T.K.O. over Roughhouse O'Brien in the second round. Harry Ward earned a draw with Harold Osmond and Socky Leadbetter won from Herbie Terris.

Roy Mitchell, Nova Scotia's colored heavyweight who lost a hard fight to Sam Weiss of Philadelphia, a close one to Homer Robertson of Pittsburg and laced Thomford, German heavy into oblivion last winter, is again in favor.

Kid Hart, claimant of the Maritime featherweight championship, K. O.ed Clyde McInnes in the eighth at Moncton. Hart floored McInnes for a count of nine before the K. O. blow.

Johnny Dixon "Gunner" made his first pro appearance against "Buddy" Lewis, fighting as middleweights, after beating Kid Burns, Halifax athlete, in the amateurs. Frankie Cosgrave knocked out Young Casson, his old enemy in the third of a scheduled four-round bout. Joe Holt won a decision over Young Purcell in an extra round. Carpenter and McIssac fought to a draw.

It becomes the regretful duty of The RING's correspondent to record the passing of "Buck" Jones, game and skillful little colored boxer of Halifax. "Buck" was one of the cleanest and most sporting advocates of the padded gloves and a fighter of no mean skill.

At New Glasgow, Reg Harper took an aggressive fight from MacLean and a grudge fight between MacMillian-Allen was settled with Allen on the mat. The bell saved him but the verdict was a T.K.O. as he was unable to continue.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

WE are pleased to report in this issue, after a couple of months of steady grinding by Canadian promoters, that the good old game of sock 'em and rock 'em is showing signs of an upward trend, and once again coming into its own as the outstanding entertainment for the sporting public. Wrestling held the sway hereabouts for some time but the crowds are slowly diminishing from the game that gives scientific exhibitions in favor of honest to goodness contests, that are contests of skill, endurance, and all around ability in the ring.

Toronto has run off some real good boxing cards and featured the leading boxers available on the continent. Tom Heeney and Johnny Risko drew an $8,000 house, not much, admittedly for headliners of this calibre, but decidedly good for the time of year and considering the dormant state of affairs in business. The last attraction in Toronto, featuring Charlie Bellanger and Pete Latso, drew close to $5,000 and although the Shamrock club lost a little money on the venture, the turnout was very encouraging.

Big Larry Gains, clever, colored Canadian heavyweight champion is certainly going great guns over in Europe. His last win was a knockout over Charlie Smith, who campaigned on this side a couple of years ago, and the Negro made a tremendous hit with the British fans. So much so, in fact, that by the time these notes are read, he will have fought Phil Scott for the British Empire title, and we are predicting that the Canadian will emerge the victor.

George Sidders, claimant to the Canadian welterweight crown, is once again in great shape after a lengthy layoff. Illness prevented this likeable young fellow from defending his laurels against the challenger some eighteen months ago, when the commission ordered Jackie Phillips and "Red" Bragan to box for the title, to which the former succeeded. George has won a couple of good fights since he made his comeback, and now he says "bring on Mr. Phillips," or any other contender. Titles are won and lost in the ring, and Phillips has got to beat Sidders before he has a clear claim to the 147-pound diadem.

Art Giroux, the aggressive little Montrealer, knocked out Joe Villeneuve in Quebec for the Canadian bantamweight crown. The end came in the seventh when the sturdy Giroux floored the Quebec boxer for the count.

Jack Peppin, the Winnipeg matchmaker, writes to say that he will probably make a trip to Europe this summer with brother Laurie, the Canadian middleweight champion, and Steve Trojack, his heavyweight protege.

The western mailbag also contains a dispatch from George Walker, saying that he is now manager of the new Western Canada champion in the welterweight class, Hayden Robinson. Robinson and Hughie Lees met at Yorkton for the honors, and the former nailed Hughie with a terrific belt in the first session to send him to the canvas for the "referee's burial service." Les is a real good, honest, hard working lad.

Ottawa, Ontario, with Vic Wagner promoting is expected to open up soon now that the local headliner, Ronnie Headley, is back in harness again.

Joe Eng, a Chinese featherweight from Vancouver is the latest boxing arrival in Toronto. Joe has been showing some good form in the gym workouts, and the Oriental battler should be a good, as well as a novel attraction in Ontario rings. Joey tells us that he has had 26 fights and won 18. "Not bad for a start," says we.

An English featherweight, Jimmy Travis, is causing something of a stir in local circles. He has made quite an impression on the Toronto fans. Travis came to Toronto a couple of months ago, and outpointed the clever local Bobby Laurance and followed this with a win over Eddie Judge, then surprised everyone with a victory over Sammy Hackett, clever Toronto featherweight.

Playfair Brown, who is making quite an effort in stabilizing the game in Toronto, featured Charlie Bellanger, the Canadian light-heavyweight champion, and Pete Latzo. Bellanger, who appears to be boxing in the best form of his career, easily outpointed the rugged Scranton coal miner. The other half of the bill saw Jack Renault knock out Art Weigand of Buffalo in the fourth round with a terrific drive to the chin that laid the game Buffalo boy out for five hours.

The preliminaries were all sparkling and thrilling affairs. Jimmy Travis, the English featherweight, went on his victory march by eking out a close win over Sammy Hackett. Cosmo Cazano, Toronto lightweight, scored his seventh straight victory by outpointing the Buffalo veteran Fritz Meiler. The show drew around 5,000 but the club finished on the wrong side of the ledger.

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARTHUR GIROUX, one of Canada's greatest flyweights, and the Dominion's outstanding representative in the 112-pound ranks at present, is campaigning with success among the bantams with the increasing difficulty of securing opposition among rivals in the lighter division. Besides, Art scales around the 115 pound notch in top form and the work entailed in getting down to the flyweight notch is none too enticing for the smaller purses handed out to the 112 pounders.

The bantams are in popular favor hereabouts and there are some "naturals" awaiting the fans with such boys as Pete Sanstol, Bobby Leitham, and Giroux mingling with one another. Giroux has signed to meet Sanstol and they'll draw a real mob while a heavy gate is promised if Giroux and Leitham, both local stars, clash in the "Battle of the Factions" with the French of the East End backing Giroux, and the West End putting their dough on the line for Leitham. Here's hoping both matches are staged soon.

Giroux went up to old Quebec City to battle for the Canadian bantam title against Joe Villeneuve, the titleholder and idol of the Ancient City fans, and all Montreal was counting on Gene Brosseau's sturdy little protege to bring the title home. He justified their confidence in him—and how!

On Rosy Delisle's inaugaural card at the Forum Girous tasted sweet revenge by pounding out a close ten-round win over the clever little Charleroi Welshman, Willie Davies. One of Artie's few defeats was inflicted at the flyweight tourney in Toronto three years ago by the same Davies and it looked as though the smart Penn flyweight was due to repeat in the early rounds only to have the Montrealer rally in the last half of the battle to outpunch his foeman in decisive fashion. Delisle dropped plenty on the venture.

Bobby Leitham, Sam Gibbs' popular bantam flash from Verdun, copped an easy ten-round duke from the veteran Californian, Johnny McCoy, in the other half of the twin bill. McCoy seems to have slowed down aplenty or else Bobby made him look bad with his dazzling speed and smart ring generalship. Leitham made Johnny do the leading and then stabbed him dizzy which he also did when McCoy refused to lead.

Barney O'Connell, another Verdun lad, outsmarted Wilf Carufel all the way to catch the plaudits of the fans but Carufel's aggressiveness impressed the judges who decided on a draw. Eddie Beaurivage shaded his local welter rival, Bert Heathfield, and Henri Legros was given an unmerited decision over Paul Mecteau in the opener. Mecteau floored Legros twice and outboxed him all the way but Legros barged and butted enough to make the judges think that he was the aggressor. All three were six rounders.

Al Foreman is still feeling the effects of his seven weeks' illness and won't be seen in a ring for another month according to his brother-manager, Harry Foreman. The British Empire Lightweight king is straining at the leash over in England in order to engage in another defense of his laurels and the Lonsdale Belt which he will keep permanently by defending successfully once more.

Armand Vincent, enterprising local sports promoter, who earned fame with his noted marathon ventures, came back into the fistic limelight with two fine cards recently. His initial offering was at the St. Denis Theatre with Vernon Cormier, Worcester's blond blizzard, decisively defeating Lew Farber, New York bantam star, in the feature ten rounder.

Big Jack Murphy, Quebec giant, knocked out George Chevalier, lanky six foot seven local youth, in the comedy hit of the evening. It couldn't have been more comical if the boys had rehearsed it.

Harry Leibovitz, Raoul Godbout's flyweight find, battered out a technical kayo over Maurice Garneau, game and clever Ottawa lad, in three heats. Leibovitz is living up to advance notices to date and his next match with Harry Hill, former Canadian flyweight king, will be his acid test. George Sidders, ex-welter champ of Canada, made his first comeback attempt at the expense of Johnny Hellstrom, a rugged and willing Norwegian lad. Sidders got the nod.

Jimmy Thompson, local ex-amateur star, pulled a surprise by knocking out Willie Carruthers, his local lightweight rival, in the fifth.

Pete Sanstol, the blond bullet of the bantams, is on the road to world-wide titular recognition. The dynamic Viking speared Frisco Grande, tough Buffalo Cuban, in three rounds at Prospect Hall, one of New York's small clubs, and then returned to Montreal where he beat Archie Bell in 10 rounds.

Rene Loubier, Harry Rappaport's lightweight ace from Sherbrooke, fought to a torrid draw with Pete Lucci, New England star, in the feature six rounder at Rumford, Maine. They met again in the feature eight rounder at Sherbrooke with Loubier getting the award after another hot battle.

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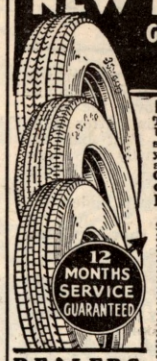

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33x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
34x4½	3.45	1.45	32x6.00	3.20	1.40
30x5	3.60	1.75	33x6.00	3.20	1.45
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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

CURTIS SANFORD has resigned temporarily as matchmaker for Post No. 1, of Birmingham. Sam Siegel has taken over the reins. Sanford turned in his resignation, after promoting successfully, because the Post has decided to promote wrestling exclusively for a few months.

Battling Bozo has signed to fight under the management of W. L. Stribling, Sr., for the next five years. It is reported that Stribling paid $5000 for Bozo's contract.

Gorgas Post No. 115, in Birmingham, who will promote all the boxing cards for the next few months, recently featured Petey Sarron and Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn., in a ten-round bout. The bout was held at the city Auditorium, and it drew well. Petey looked every inch a champion in trouncing Genaro. Jay J. Thomas, the matchmaker, will bring in Davey Abad, of St. Louis, next, for Sarron.

Claude Wilson, stable mate of Sarron, fought a furious eight-round draw, in the semi-final with Billy Vinson, Seattle Star pug.

In two other six-round bouts: Porky Saab, a very promising youngster, shaded Chick McMinn, of Mississippi. And Steve Sarron, older brother of the famous Petey, drew with Jimmy Box, now a coming youngster, whom he should have stopped.

The Gorgas Post recently put on a big Amateur show at the Birmingham athletic club, and of those entered, the Ensley A. C. showed best. It was represented by Andy Roberts, 108; Tiger Janazzo, 130; Joe Narro, 126.

Jack Tunney, Birmingham light-heavyweight, turned in a surprising kayo win over Jeff Carroll, Mississippi heavyweight, at Asheville, N. C., recently.

Curtis Sanford, now promoting at Huntsville, showed Eddie Kid Speaks, of Nashville, against Billy Fricks, of Evansville, Ind., in a feature 10-round bout, there. It was the first American Legion boxing show of the year.

Bill Cather, matchmaker for the American Legion Post at Decatur, got off to a good start there. Bill featured Jack Ausborne, the Bessemer little wildcat, and Horace Hooper, the trial horse of Birmingham, in a 10-round bout. Ausborne won handily.

In Decatur's second boxing show, promoted by Bill Cather, Jack Ausborne upset the dope by winning easily over Mickey Genero, of Waterbury, Conn., in a ten-round bout.

John Katan, heavyweight wrestler of New York, defeated Marshall Blackstock, Western heavy, in a two out of three fall match, at the Auditorium in Birmingham. In a one fall match, Chief Tommy Marvin beat Gus Bankart. It was the first wrestling card put on by Sam Siegel of Post No. 1. On a later card, Joe Cox beat Marshal Blackstock in a two out of three fall match.

NEWS FROM NORTH CAROLINA
By FRED HANEY

CREDIT for North Carolina's rapid rise from almost pugilistic obscurity to southern leadership in the boxing industry is due, in a large measure, to one family—the Warrens—of Durham. Playing principal parts in establishing boxing as a college sport in the Tar Heel state and then figuring prominently in providing clean entertainment for the paid customers, the Warrens have boxed themselves into the hearts of North Carolina's sports-loving people. And not being content with annexing their share of boxing laurels they have scored honors as collegiate wrestlers.

It was Addison Warren, now North Carolina and Southern heavyweight champion, whose effort it was to establish boxing at the University of North Carolina. His wonderful record both in college and later in professional ranks has resulted in him being named head boxing and wrestling coach of Duke university. His duties there begin next September.

Following on Brother Add's trail at the University of North Carolina was John Warren, a hard-hitting heavyweight. Brother Millard Warren selected Duke university as his Alma Mater and has been connected with boxing and wrestling there since those sports were recognized by the officials four years ago.

While moving into prominence among collegiate mitmen and grunt and growl artists, the Warrens did not let up on their academic work. Add studied law; John took a medical course and Millard is ready to enter the Methodist ministry. The three youngsters were inspired to higher things both in the ring and on the mat by their oldest brother, Dr. Bryan Warren, a practicing physician at Laurel, Md., who followed the sports while serving in the United States army during the World War.

Add is taking the professional game seriously. He already has had more than 100 fights, three-fourths of which were won by knockouts. Only a few defeats have been scored against him and in turn he has decisively licked each of the men who previously had scored over him. John already has had some professional experience and intends to gain more but his medical school work will keep him from turning pro altogether. Brother Millard expects to do all of his fighting when he finishes at Duke this spring from the pulpit.

The elder Warren first jumped into prominence in 1926 when he won the Southern intercollegiate heavyweight boxing honors in the Charlottesville, Va., tournament. He also won the heavyweight wrestling title of the conference that year and repeated in 1927. In 1927 Add won the Junior National A. A. U. heavyweight title and finished second in the light-heavyweight class. The tourney was held at Philadelphia. He also won both the Southern A. A. U. light-heavy and heavyweight honors at Baltimore that year.

Dick Welsh, classy Philadelphia bantam, who has been fighting in the South frequently

In addition to boxing and wrestling, Add was a star football player. He was named on several all-Southern elevens in 1927. He was a member of the Tar Heel track squad and engaged in a little baseball as a side line hobby.

John's bid for collegiate boxing honors came this spring when he went into the finals of the southern intercollegiate conference tourney. Millard won the North Carolina collegiate heavyweight title in 1929 when he, a middleweight, was moved up to the top spot and defeated his brother, John, in an extra round bout. While not fighting or wrestling for his school, Millard served as ring and mat coach of the local Y. M. C. A.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club continues to run its weekly shows and the crowds continue to patronize the game. During the past month the club showed some real good boys, including Dick Gore, Bob Godwin, Eric Lawson, Russ Rowsey, Cy Schindell, Tod Smith, Jimmy Reed, Tim Ahearn and Young Mickey Ford.

Dick Gore won from Tod Smith in 10. Eric Lawson won from Cy Schindell, Bob Godwin and Russ Rowsey fought to a draw. Jimmy Reed won from Tim Ahearn in 10, and a T. K. O. over Mickey Ford in 3 rounds.

Young Mickey Ford seems to have a jinx. In his bout with Jimmy Reed, he lost in the 3rd round when Reed tripped him and Ford's knee cap came out of place. Two weeks later he gave Wild Bill Parrish a beating. The following week he was leading Rufus Miles up to the 6th round when Miles charged into him and missed his punch and the force of his rush pushed Ford through the ropes and he landed on the back of his head on the ground. It was a great fight while it lasted.

Tim Ahearn is taking it easy for the summer but will get started again this fall.

Bob Godwin and Russ Rowsey fought to a draw. This boy Rowsey is a tough, game, and a clean fighter.

Carl Knowles, Georgia's K. O. king, put old Frankie Murphy away in two rounds. Referee Charlie Brown stopped the fight.

Sammy Lucas, a Savannah boy now located in Jacksonville, sure looks good to the writer. He is a cool fighter and can certainly punch for a featherweight. He is very popular everywhere he fights.

Monroe Porter, middleweight who left Savannah several years ago, is back home and he certainly is one game fighter and a great crowd pleaser. He is worth plenty of money to any promoter for he sure gives everything he has and makes the fans stand on their seats. He held Georgia's knockout king, Carl Knowles to a draw. He can be secured through Ed. Alexander or the writer.

Just a good word about Manley Sullivan, promoter at Sullivan's Bowl in Charleston, S. C. You can't deal with a better fellow but you have to fight. He has the best arena in the South today under 5,000 seating capacity. He is a square shooter and wants square shooters to work for him.

Chick Hill K. O.'d. Bobby Green in 3 rounds. He, Pat Flaherty and Young Abernathy are handled by Harry Tracy, Savannah, Ga. Tracy has just taken over Benny Stein, the fighting Jew from Newark.

Joe Knight knocked out Bob Godwin in 8 rounds. Better watch Joe Knight. He will give Maxie Rosenbloom fits if they ever meet.

Pat Flaherty, Chick Hill and Jackie Wilson have made a big hit in Charleston, S. C. Young Abernathy, Kid Sharpe and little Meyer Sable have also pleased the fans there. Sable is on almost every card.

Bulldog Downs finds it hard to get opponents that are not too big for him. Lee Broushue is laid up with a broken rib.

Eric Lawson had a close call with Schindell in the first round but came through with an easy decision in 10 rounds.

Georgia fighters and promoters who want to get in this column, send in the dope to me, care of Chatham Athletic Club, Savannah. Unless you let me know what you are doing I can't write about you. Good fighters who want to work here, write Ed. Alexander, matchmaker for the club, and he will use you if possible. Unless you can and will fight, don't bother to write in. The Boxing Commission here will not let you fight unless you can produce the goods.

THE SUNNY SOUTH
By V. DUCKWORTH

THE outstanding puglistic entry of the South today is no other than Joe Knight, light-heavyweight champion of the South, and the best prospect the South has developed since the early days of Young Stribling. Knight has come along through the power of his fists. Recently he knocked out Bob Godwin for the southern championship in eight rounds at Daytona Beach, Fla.

Knight is 21 years of age, five feet eleven inches in height and scales around 166 pounds. He has scored forty-six knockouts in seventy-six bouts and forty-two of the kayos were scored before the fourth round was reached. Knight is advancing with each bout and the entire country will be familiar with the name of Joe Knight before this year will have expired. He will be seen in the Garden of New York this summer.

CHARLOTTE BOXING BOARD

Charles E. Lambeth, newly elected Mayor of the City of Charlotte, has appointed the following men to serve on the Charlotte Boxing Commission for the incoming term:

Mr. A. P. White, Chairman; Mr. Paul B. Guthery, Commissioner; Mr. Brevard Garrison, Commissioner.

James M. Huggins was re-appointed as Secretary and Treasurer.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

LOCAL boxing received a real boost, when nearly 1,500 members of Abu-Bekr Shrine and their guests contributed toward a near capacity house at the Masonic Temple, for the first of a series of semi-annual stag parties. A red-hot boxing program was the feature. The bouts were arranged by Tom Brislane, and Eddie Morris, and were approved by the Abu-Bekr entertainment committee, which consisted of such well known Sioux Cityans as James Back, Charles Bartels, Emil Rosenstock, L. C. Hudson, Clyde Stevens, Dr. A. E. Berquist, R. B. Searing and A. C. Echart. The remainder of the program consisted of a buffet luncheon, and a musical and dancing skit.

Rev. Austin Pardue, well-known Sioux City minister, introduced from the ring the present and past stars of Sious City's fistic world. Included in the list for introductions were Tuffy Griffiths, heavyweight contender, Connie Curry and Earl McArthur, former bantamweight stars, and Eddie Morris former middleweight boxer. The results of the boxing bouts were as follows:

Jimmy Thomson, local feather won by a T. K. O. over Francis Gatewood, Decatur, Neb., in the fourth round of their sixer.

Jerry Kid Howard, So. Sioux City Neb., feather, evened a previous defeat, by a six-round victory over Newsboy Joey Rich of Sioux City.

Jimmy Johnson shaded Doty Turner in four rounds, and Ted Mersch lost to Kid Whitehall in four.

Ted Zanfes was the third man for all the bouts, G. Adolph Olson, Verne Hagstrom and Jack Coughlin were time-keepers.

Fargo, N. D.—Mickey O'Donnell, clever Sioux City lightweight, fought six fast rounds to a draw with Babe Herman of St. Paul, Minn.

Newsboy Joey Rich, local bantam, has broken away from Louie Tattleman, and has placed himself under the management of Connie Curry, former boxer.

Shennandoah, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sious City welterweight star, won from Daddy Hanks of Shennandoah in ten-rounds of hard fighting.

Nate Dax closed the indoor season at the World Theater, with a good set of bouts. In the six-round main event, Buzz Smith, Liberty, Neb., feather shaded Johnny De Otis, of Sioux Falls, S. D. Doty Turney, Negro, lost a fast four rounder to Pete McGinnis, veteran welterweight of the Chuck Donovan stable. A youngster by the name of Kid Moore, made the wise ones take notice, when he uncorked a right-cross on the chin of Johnny Lambert, knocking the veteran welter out in the second round. Billy Goodyear, showing improvement, defeated Kid Whitehall in four fast rounds.

Announcement is made by Harry Jones, Boxing Promoter at Riverview Park, that in the future, all boxers appearing on his programs must undergo the probings of a medical examiner. He has obtained Dr. Martin J. Ryan, and Dr. J. M. Kringsten for the task.

Shennandoah, Ia.—Young Bobby Rogers, Sioux bantam, won from Benny Floyd of Shenandoah in four heats. Rogers looked real good in his first start here.

A capacity crowd turned out for the athletic show presented at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. In the boxing bouts, Francis Holdgrew drew with Les Peterson in three rounds. Phil Montgomery won over Kid Lamb, and Pete McGinnis had too much experience for Bud Lymer. In the wrestling bout "Dutch" Pritchett, former Morningside College athlete won over J. G. Huber in straight falls.

Fargo, N. D.—Red Hagerty, Bemiji, Minn., lightweight decisively defeated Kid Rippatoe Sioux City colored lightweight, in a six round main event. In another sixer, Mickey O'Donnell, Sioux City, lightweight won a decision over Harold Segel of Minneapolis.

A new boxing club, known as "The Sioux City Boxing Club," has been formed here during the past month. Bert Kavanaugh, well known Des Moines, Ia., manager, and formerly associated with Dave Fidler of that city, will have charge of the match-making. Kavanaugh has such well known Iowa boxers, as Henry Falegano, Pep Jennings, Baby Carnera, and others. It is the plans of the new club to stage monthly shows at the Auditorium.

Mapleton, Iowa.—In the six-round main event of a fistic card staged by the American Legion, Kid Carr, with a fourteen pound weight advantage, was only able to earn a draw with Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight ace.

Clinton, Ia.—Tommy Grogan, Omaha, Jr. welter, won a ten-round newspaper decision over Billy Hoon, Rock Island boxer. Louie Mays Des Moines, Ia., middleweight, defeated "Chief" Elkhart, of Chicago, in six.

York, Neb.—George Kenard, Omaha, Negro welter, did his best to even a defeat at the hands of Ray Mann, Sioux City, but was only able to turn in a draw during their eight round rematch.

Honors for the best prospect of the month rest on the sturdy shoulders of Jerry Kid Howard, So. Sioux City, Neb., feather. Howard a member of the Earl McArthur stable, has looked real good during the past month. He has a punch and is learning how to use it.

Last Minute Sparks—Dr. A. J. McLaughlin, former chairman of the American Legion Boxing Committee, has been appointed manager of the Monahan Post band . . . Sammy Sacco, local feather, has started training after six weeks of rest . . . The American Legion of Rock Rapids, Ia., will stage boxing shows . . . Wet weather caused Harry Jones to call off his boxing shows at Riverview Park, three times in a row . . . Ham Slitsky, former Sioux City manager and promoter, answered his call in the "RING" . . . Sam is now located in St. Louis, Mo. . . . A number of Sioux City boxers would learn a heap, if they would buy "How to Box" and "How to Train" from the "RING" book shop . . . No news from Andy Jensen, Omaha manager this month—? . . . Jimmy Thomson, local featherweight star, finds it a hard job to keep dinner engagements. Trinity College, where Tuffy Griffiths did his markings on the board, has taken up interscholastic boxing . . . Howard Dobson, sports writer on the Sioux City Journal pounds out some very interesting fistic dope . . . Well, well, time to put this in the mail—see you some "hot" day this summer.

IOWA WRESTLING NOTES

FAILING to get started with his boxing, on account of wet weather, Harry Jones, Riverview Park promoter, opened up the out-door season with a wrestling show. In the main event Ray Richards of Nebraska won in straight falls over Earl Wampler, of Scranton, Ia. The husker heavy won the first fall, in 15:07 with a flying tackle and body scissors, and the second fall in 12:35 with a half-nelson. In the semi-windup, Roy Gillis, Sioux City detective heavyweight, pinned Emil Hasson, of Ohama, in straight falls. The time was 15:18 seconds for the first fall, and the second in 6:35½. Gillis won both falls with a head scissors and double wristlock. In a one fall bout Charley Paulson, of Sioux City, won from Young Parker, Renwich, Ia., heavy in 21:46 with a body scissors.

J. Jimmie Amann, of Cincinnati, has a fine prospect in Johnny Stote of Schenectady, New York. Stote would be a good match for Henry Kolln, Sheldon, Ia., middlweight. There is no doubt but what a Stote-Kolln match would pack the Riverview Park arena, or any other arena around here, for that matter.

Cherokee, Ia.—Henry Kolln, of Sheldon, defeated Earl Wampler, of Scranton, Ia., in the main event of a wrestling program staged here. Kolln took the first fall with a head scissors and arm lock. Wampler the second with a short arm scissors and Kolln the third with a double bar arm hold.

Out of town correspondents can mail their notes for this column to 2206 North Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia., not later than the 16th of each month.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Fred Grebmeyer, Des Moines, Ia., heavy, lost to Jimmy Londos in two straight falls. Londos used his airplane spin to defeat the Iowa wrestler.

Lincoln, Neb.—Ray Richards, former Nebraska University football player, used a flying tackle with Frank French of Renwick, Ia. French took to get two of three falls in his wrestling match the first fall with a double toe hold in 25 minutes. The Husker heavyweight won the second fall in 13 minutes and 50 seconds with a flying tackle and body scissors, and the deciding fall with the same hold in 25 minutes. Richards, is a protege of Joe Stecher.

Cherokee, Ia.—Earl Wampler, Scranton, Ia., grappler, won a one fall match from Roy Gillis, Sioux City heavy, before a large crowd of fans. The bout lasted for one hour and 45 minutes, before Wampler pinned the tough Sioux Cityan with the short arm scissors.

Charley Paulson, of Sioux City, who won his first start as a heavyweight wrestler is a former heavyweight boxer. Paulson's big splash in the fistic sport, was a knockout over "Big" Munn, the late heavyweight wrestling champion, when the latter started out to be a boxer.

Anton Stecker, brother of Joe, the ex-heavyweight champion, is doing the matchmaking for Harry Jones, at Riverview Park.

Minneapolis, Minn.—John Freeburg, of Minneapolis, defeated Charles Peterson in two straight falls. Both men are heavyweights.

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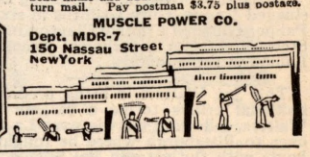

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

SOUTHERN Ohio was a very quiet spot during the current month in the boxing game. The wrestling brigade has got the run on the fighters.

Jim Dowling, Dayton's premier promoter, staged the Jackie Moore-Jimmy Neal ten-round scrap at the Eagles arena, with Moore being returned the victor. Neal started a last-minute spurt, but fell short of the margin the Chicago boy had piled up in the previous sessions. The men fought in the lightweight class.

Babe Dare, Dayton's veteran welterweight, outpunched Eddie Fischer, another local boy, in the six-round semi-windup. Young Sailor, Dayton, defeated Ed Liebisch in another six; Sonny Darcy punched out a win in four rounds over Lew Barney while Joe Rappo and Jimmy Stocker drew in the opening bout of four rounds.

Jim Dowling, Dayton fight promoter, bulletins the scribe that he has been offered a post of matchmaker this summer at an outdoor arena which will seat about 5,000. Dowling is figuring on a great drawing card in the hard-hitting Coleman Johns, Dayton light-heavyweight who has yet to be turned back. Johns recently knocked out Joe Packo of Toledo, O., in two rounds. Dick Barnett is John's manager.

"Dude" Jacobs, for his feature card in Springfield, O., brought together Joe Walters, Springfield negro middleweight star, and Pete La Crosse, Ft. Wayne, Ind. It was a whale of a battle, with Walters winning the nod.

In the supporting bouts, Bulldog Drummond outslugged Young Tuffy Griffiths in six rounds; Chad Palmer trimmed Frankie Clayton in six and Jimmy Stewart won on a technical knockout from Ray Louder in three rounds.

This Joe Walters is being predicted by leading sectional critics to be a second Tiger Flowers. Walters, following his win over La Crosse, hopped over to Pittsburgh where he fought two slashing bouts with the veteran Pal Silvers, of New York. In the first bout Walters was given a draw after ten rounds with Silvers. The mob thought he won but the draw decision stood. About a month later, Walters returned, this time he won on a technical knockout in the sixth round. Zendon Jacobs, Springfield, is his manager. Jacobs also has Knockout Jenkins, a hard-hitting welterweight.

Patsy Pirrone, of Canton, O., seems about to be one of the best heavy men this state has had since Gus Ruhlin. Following his great bout with Maxie Rosenbloom, all of the leading light-heavyweights have dodged the Italian. A return bout with the title at stake is Pirrone's goal.

C. M. Jones, Clinton, Ind., manager has a nice looking bantam prospect in Kid Burton. Burton made a very impressive win streak while in Florida last winter. His latest bout was a win in eight rounds over Chuck Templeton, of Sullivan, Ind. Jones is also manager of Frankie Hughes, the Wisconsin junior-welter, who is going great guns.

Jack Reynolds, world's champion welterweight wrestler, recently purchased a string of race horses from Miss Blanche Watson, Kentucky sportswoman and the very next day after the sale, Negodale, one of the stable won, paying $2.22 to $1.00. Millard Rauh, long associated with the champion in mat business, will handle the same end in Reynolds' new concern.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . Jack Davis, Cinci manager, has moved his stable across the river to Bellevue, Ky. . . . Jack says it's an enterprise . . . we wonder . . . the walking bill board of THE RING . . . G. C. Williams . . . up and down, down and up Vine Street G. C. strolls . . . up to the minute news and dope says G. C. . . . we agree . . . none better . . . why not match up in a ten-rounder Nix Denton of the Times-Star, and Bert Collyer of the EYE . . . all the wise boys figured Freeman would keep his crown against Thompson and there was a plenty of cash changed hands at the result. Billy Griffiths has another lightweight in Curtis Beaver, Haskell football star. . . .

The Quality mat club moving its quarters to the Havlin Hotel . . . wandering into the Federal building we ran across Tex Rickard . . . excuse me . . . it was Charlie O'Neill of the Post . . . a great likeness . . . even to the cigar eternal . . . the Times-Star twins . . . Bill Honing and Nix Denton, plan to do an act soon on the proposed outdoor battle between Herman K. O. Katz and Joe Hurricane Glaser . . . this is a "natural" . . . it would pack Redland with the boxing elite . . . want me to reserve a ringside Eddie Borden? . . . Danny Davis signing Charley White up to mix among the lighties. . . .

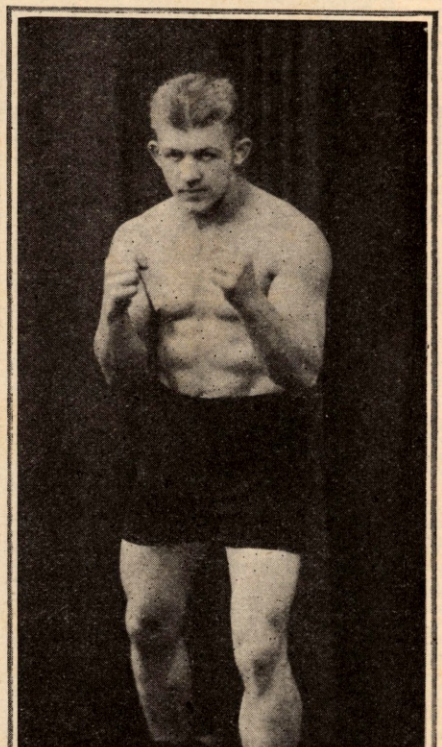
Harry Stottard, Kentucky banker, an enthusiastic fight fan . . . the scribe picks the German to retain his title . . . nice prospect, Pat Mosher, a lightweight . . . Larry Dillon, amateur star doing his daily dozen on the U. G. & E. trouble truck . . . the ten best of their weight respectively . . . Joe Sekyra, Joe Anderson, Joe Walters, Vince Hambright, Billy Rose, Jim Kelly, Freddie Miller, Johnnie Brown and Young Heebe . . . the engagement of Maxwell Katz, Cincinnati matchmaker, was announced recently . . . congratulations Mac.

A. J. Conrad's smoke shop on Vine between Ninth and Court Streets, always plays THE RING to the front . . . Conrad has been handling same for last four or five years and proclaims to be a great seller . . . Redland will open on June 11th with Shea and Miller . . . remember when Herman Katz operated the Washington Platform dance pavillion . . . G. C. Williams was carving steaks and chops at Vernon Manor. . . . Jack Moran, a prelim boy at the old Peoples . . . K. O. Mars was our lightweight pride and Joe Anderson was coming along as the schoolboy flash . . . when Sport Heney was over at the Riverside and Rosenberg and Pettingil fought over the bantam limit . . . oh for those good old days.

Jackie Vaquero, Danny Davis's San Blas Indian lightweight champion, is due in these parts soon. By special bulletin, Bill Edwards of Little Rock, Ark., says that Vaquero, after a four-months' absence due to an automobile accident, returns to the ring on June 12th, meeting the tough Jackie Donahue.

Manuel Castro, Mexican lightweight, defeated Joe Marciente of Brooklyn, at Dayton, O.

Information on the boxing game around this section of the country can be had by enclosing a return stamped envelope in addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Fighters with good records and no managers get in touch.



Joe Simon, rugged welterweight from Cleveland

WRESTLING NEWS

THE feature match of the month was the Jack Reynolds-Silent Rattan world's welterweight championship tilt which was held at the Music Hall arena. Reynolds won the match when the Texan was hurt during the second session trying for a flying head scissors, the same hold with which he won the initial fall in 33 minutes and four seconds. Both men were injured as the match ended. A rematch is in the making. Millard Rauh, matchmaker of the Cincinnati club secured this match after several months of dickering with Rattan who had held Reynolds to two hour draws in San Antonio. A return match will fill the ball park.

Iota Shima, Jap welter appeared in two of the leading matches. In one Shima downed Scotty Williams in two of three falls but lost the other match to Johnny Carlin, of Sweden.

Some of the preliminaries to the above matches and results are as follows: Bobby Chick pinned George Lee in 20:41 with a slam; George Gable won over Red Lindsay via a decision in 30 minutes; Bobby Chick slammed Walter Stratton in 16 minutes' time; Red Lindsay downed Lou Smith in 7 minutes with a body pin; Joe Domard threw Charlie Carr in 13 minutes with a series of Sonnenbergs.

Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y., welterweight is the sensation of Middle West rings. Battling Johnny as he is familiarly called has had over eight matches up to this writing and has won them all, except one a draw. Stote is but 22 years of age and only weighs in the vicinity of 150 pounds. He spotted both Pete Becker of Utah, and Dan Morris of Detroit, over 10 pounds and beat down both. Becker twice, by fall and decision, and Morris by fall. Battling Johnny also threw Kid Wesley in 15 minutes and drew with Scotty Williams in 45 minutes. His other matches all ended in less than the ten-minute limit.

With Clarence Ecklund announcing his retirement from the mat game, Hugh Nichols retains the sole right to the world's light-heavyweight crown . . . Gus Kallio the middle champion is recuperating from a broken jaw on his farm in Louisiana . . . Gus is scheduled to be back before this writing goes to press . . . Heywood Allen packing them in down in Louisville . . . Millard Rauh is his aide in the Derby Eve double championship card . . . with Londos and Reynolds defending their titles . . . except twenty-five grand gate . . . wrestling dope can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Gus Kallio please get in touch with me. I have a letter for you.

Gus Lessie, New York light-heavyweight, pinned Tiger McKee of Louisville, in two straight falls at Empress Theater on May 15. Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y. speed boy, made the hit of the night as usual. Stote, weighing only about 148 pounds won a 30-minute decision over Mike Chacoma, Oklahoma City, who weighed 174 pounds. Soldier Mack, Louisville and Fred Kupfer, Nashville drew in 45 minutes. The smallest crowd of the indoor season attended and Jack Tibbets was referee.

Jim Londos, recognized heavyweight champion, threw Taro Myaki, Japan, in two straight falls which was the feature match of the Derby Eve card at Louisville, Ky., on May 15. Jack Reynolds, world's welter champion, and Hy Sharmen, Utah, wrestled a draw after each had gained a fall. A crowd of 7,500 was present, and Millard Rauh, of Cincinnati, was the promoter. Heywood Allen was the matchmaker.

Jim Londos still retains the lead in the heavyweight race. Londos on a tour of the country pinned many of the leading contenders, among them being Taro Myaki, Fred Carnone, Ray Steele, George Zaharias, and Paul Jones. Dick Shikat advanced to second place in my ratings with wins over Sergi Kalminoff, Rudy Dusek, Omar Mulain and Jim Clinstock, while Henri De Glane the Frenchman ousted Ed Lewis from third place by a win over him.

Lewis turned back Jean Le Deaux. Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, won from Bill Demetral and Abe Kaplan and drew Karl Zbyszko and George Zarynoff. Zbyszko drew Rudy Dusek and beat George Mack. Glen Wade threw George McLeod, Al Morelli bested Jack Albright, Ed George beat Lee Wykoff who in turn trimmed Bob Wilke, Renato Gardini pinned Hy Gander and Milo Steinborn.

Steinborn also lost to Herb Freeman. Wladek Zbyszko won from Wallace Dugent and drew Rudy Dusek, Jim McMillen beat Taro Myaki and Ivan Vacturoff and drew with Earl McReady, Ray Steele threw Bill Root. Karl Pojello came through with wins over George Zaharias and Joe Cox, Bibber McCoy beat Bob Ling, Jim Browing defeated George Watson while John Pesek beat Al Baffert.

In the light-heavyweight division, Hugh Nichols ranks first, with Pinky Gardner a close second. Bobby Chick cut a big swath in the ratings with wins over George Logesky, George Lee, Kalla Pahsa and Johnny Carlin, Red Lindsay beat Lou Smith, but in turn was beaten by Cowboy Hansen and Les Fishbaugh. Fishbaugh also beat Domar. Gus Lessie beat Tiger McKee, and George Soldier Mack and Fred Kupfer drew.

Gus Kallio the middleweight king is laid up with a broken jaw. Johnny Stote made hay while the sun shone with two wins over Pete Becker and also threw Dan Morriss and Mike Chacoma. Young Sherry beat San Vermiller, Joe Domar beat Charlie Carr and George Gable trimmed Red Lindsay. Harry Killns came through with a win over Ralph Parcaut. Billy Thom beat Red Lindsay.

Jack Reynolds, welter champ, safely defended his title in bouts with Hy Sharmen, Silent Rattan and Iota Shima. Shima beat Scotty Williams, Art Perkins, but lost to Johnny Carlin. Johnny Stote and Scotty Williams drew. Stote beat Merle Dolby while Walter Stratton downed Pete Becker.

My rating of the wrestlers compiled the month ending April 25, follows:

Heavyweight—Jim Londos, Dick Shikat, Henri De Glane, Strangler Ed Lewis and Gus Sonnenberg.

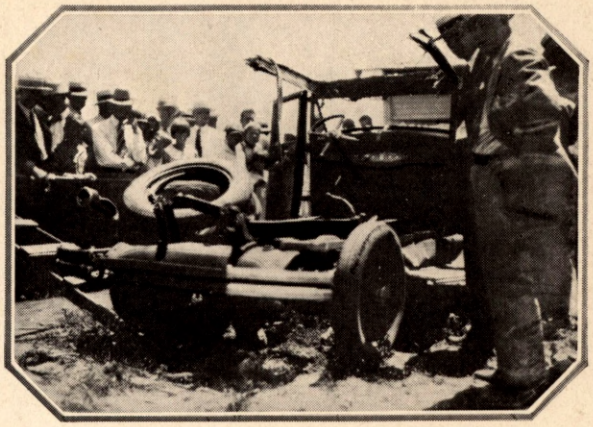
Light-heavyweight—Hugh Nichols, Pinky Gardner, Bobby Chick, Joe Banaski and George Sauer.

Middleweight—Gus Kallio, Ralph Parcaut, Billy Thom and George Cable.

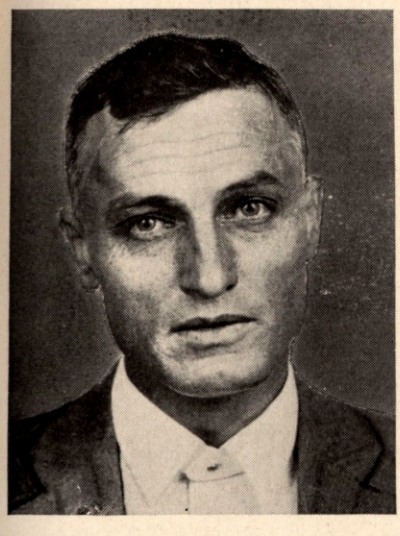
Welterweight—Jack Reynolds, Hy Sharman, Silent Rattan, Johnny Carlin and Iota Shima.

DEATH TRAP *ON WHEELS!*

The Complete Fact Story of the Amarillo, Texas, Motor Murder Mystery



IT was a lovely morning in Amarillo. As Mrs. A. D. Payne, happy wife of a prominent attorney, started out in the family coupe with her young son for a shopping expedition, there was no portent of disaster. Even in the midst of routine household duties life was pleasant—there was contentment in the very atmosphere as the little car sped on its way. For six blocks they rolled along, Mrs. Payne and A. D. Jr., and then—



A. D. Payne, the victim's husband

A terrific detonation shook that section of the city. The car—or what was left of it—veered from the pavement and crashed into the wall of a garage, its motor still running efficiently in weird contrast to the shattered remnants of wreckage that a moment before had been the body. Mrs. Payne died—instantly—and the boy suffered injuries from which he can never entirely recover.

What tremendous force had wreaked its deadly energy on the coupe and its occupants? Was accident or the diabolical ingenuity of a fiend in human guise responsible for this tragic interruption of the happy journey? Was there enough of the coachwork left to provide even the basis for an investigation? And if so, could the tragedy ever be explained?

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(Above) Mrs. A. D. Payne whose life was forfeited in the explosion. (Top) All that remained of the machine immediately after the detonation

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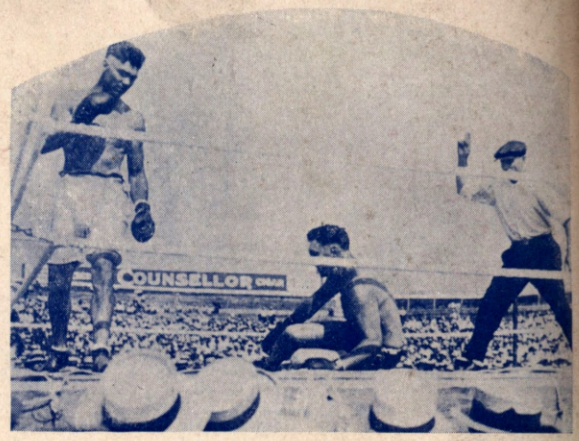

who knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

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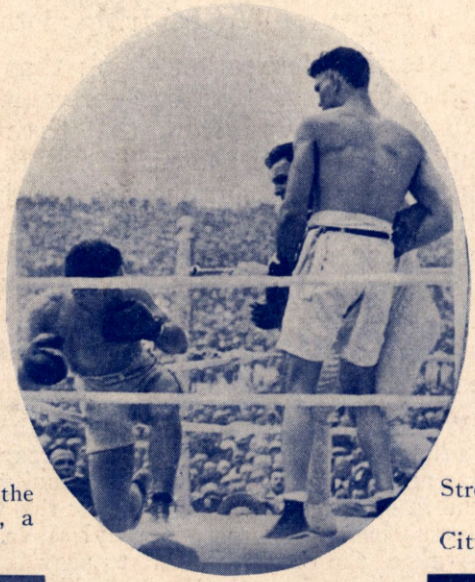

The first million dollar gate. Dempsey knocking out Georges Carpentier

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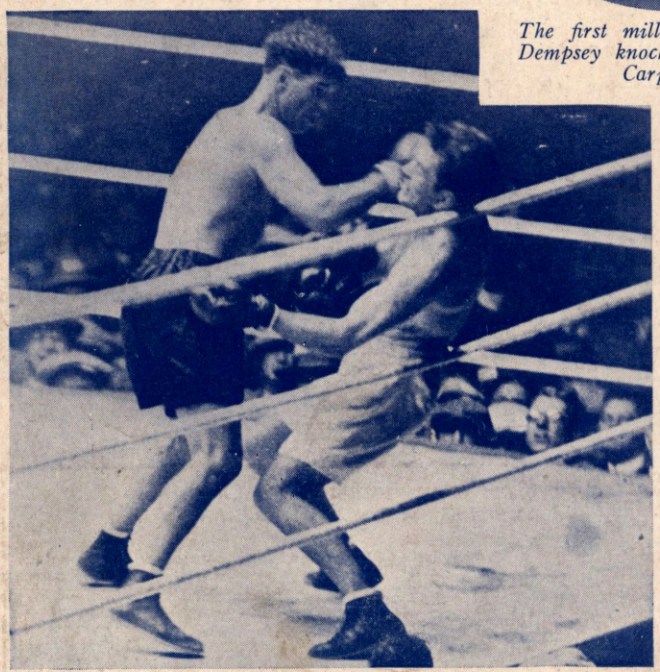
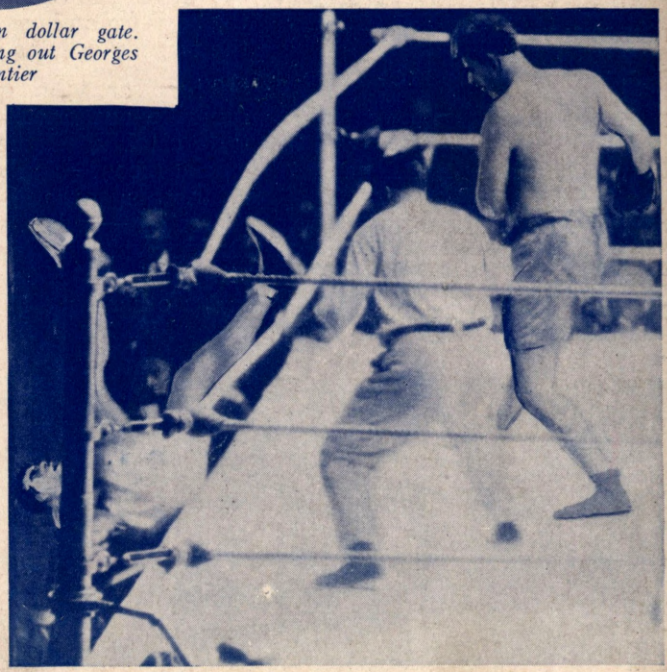


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops